

T H E
Dean of COLERAINE.

A
MORAL HISTORY.

Founded on the

M E M O I R S
O F A N
ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY in *Ireland*.

Translated from the F R E N C H .

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S .

V O L . I I .

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MORAL HISTORY

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Illustrations of the

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in THREE VOLUMES

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T H E
DEAN of *COLERAINE*.

B O O K V.

IN the Confidence, I had inspired into *Rose*, and with which I was filled myself, we heard with Joy the Noise of a Coach, that arrived a few Minutes before the Hour appointed; and having nothing to delay us, we agreed forthwith to go off with a Man of a good Mien, who made himself known to me on the Part of the Count of S—, and handed my Sister into the Coach. Having seated himself with us, he told ~~me~~ that the Coachman had his Orders from the Count, and that we should be in less than two Hours at the Place where we desired to be set down. My Sister had nobody but her Chamber-maid with her, and I was attended by a Valet of approved Fidelity and Zeal. We were scarce out of *Paris* when I heard the Noise of some Horses at our Backs, and a few Moments after I thought I heard further the Voices of several Persons, who seemed to

dispute loudly behind us. Our Guide, to whom I observed my Uneasiness, answered me naturally enough, that they were the Domesticks of the Count, who composed a Guard for the Security of our Journey. I had no other Subject of Alarm in a Carriage that I thought myself Master of, and we arrived in about two Hours at the Gate of a House, the outside of which the Darkness of the Night did not give me room to observe.

Suspecting nothing, I went in with as much Satisfaction as I must necessarily feel from the Belief, that my Sister was now in a Place of Refuge, which afforded her both Security and Tranquility. The Guide shewed us into a commodious Apartment, being composed of many Chambers that might serve to lodge us together. This, said he, is the Apartment the Count has ordered for you. They served up Supper; and I was surprized not to see my Valet appear. They told me that being seized with some sudden Illness behind the Coach, he chose to walk on Foot, having taken Instructions about the Road, and that indeed it was surprizing he was not yet come up. I was easily persuaded that he might have met with some Delay on the Road. Night being too far advanced for me to think of other Cares, I left my Sister in her Chamber, and retired to mine.

Having rested well, I was in the Morning invited by the View of a pleasant Garden before my Windows to go down and take a few Turns in it; but I found my Door locked, and endeavoured in vain to open it. I passed through a Closet of Communication that joined my Chamber to that of my Sister's, with the Hopes of finding another Door on that Side; there was one there indeed, but it was locked as well as mine. *Rose* was yet asleep, I returned to my own Chamber, without the least Fear or Suspicion in my Mind. My Complaints only fell upon the Negligence of the Count's Servants, whom I blamed for having thoughtlessly carried away the Keys. I passed alone  an Hour, till *Rose* awoke, and employed many

many fresh Favours, for which I thought myself indebted to the Protection of Heaven.

At length, believing my Sister was awake, I made noise enough to rouse the Servants; but they did not heed me of a sudden. I waited above a Quarter of an Hour longer; and having knocked several times with some Impatience, at last I was heard. The same Man, whom I called our Guide, opened the Door, and having first carefully locked it again, he advanced and asked if I had any Commands for him. I want nothing, said I, but the Liberty of going into the Garden. He answered me civilly, that I was absolute Master of the House, and that he had Orders to obey me in every Thing; except that for powerful Reasons, of which I should soon be satisfied, neither my Sister nor I could have the Permission this Day to go out of our Apartments. Though I found something whimsical in this Declaration, and upon the whole in the Care they took of locking us up without Notice, yet I could without Difficulty imagine, that the Count thought this Precaution necessary for our Security, and that what was disagreeable in the Execution of it might proceed from the Rudeness of his Servants. I entered voluntarily, said I, into all the Views of the Count, and going into my Sister's Chamber, I told her in a merry Air, that for certain Reasons that apparently tended to the Success of our Measures, and to the Tranquility of our Retreat, we were condemned to be shut up for the rest of the Day. She had the same Thoughts that I had of this mysterious Conduct, and we did not thereby find less Pleasure in entertaining ourselves upon the happy Alteration that a Day or two had made in our Fortune. My Valet was not yet arrived; but all my Disquiet on that Account was only on the Score of his Health.

Towards the Evening, at the Time I was diverting *Rose* by running over with her this Concatination of Circumstances, which had conducted us to the Point we now were in, and exhorting her to render herself worthy of so many Favours, that Heaven

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seemed ready to heap upon her, one came to tell me, that I was waited for in my Chamber by some Persons whom I knew. I had no doubt but it was the Count; but willing to give him the Pleasure of believing that he had surprized me, I prayed my Sister to wait alone till I went to meet him. I had only a Closet to go through, and I locked the Door that joined *Rose's* Room: My Astonishment was indeed great to see upon entering my Chamber not the Count *De S—*, whom I was prepared to embrace with all my Might, but Mr. *de Sercine* and his Lady, with another Lady unknown to me. The Air of Joy, which had already spread itself over my Face, gave way to a good deal of Embarrassment and Constraint. I had not forgot the Vexations, that Mr. *de Sercine* had before raised me, and his Presence was an Omen that I immediately explained in a Sense quite contrary to all my Hopes.

He prayed me civilly to be seated, with an Air of assuming some Authority in the House, and of taking upon him to do the Honours of it to me. Seeing me wait in Silence till he should open himself, perhaps you are ignorant, said he at length, that you are in a House that belongs to me; but I should be grieved if you had any doubt of the Satisfaction I have in seeing you in it. I did not hear till yesterday of your Return from *Ireland*; for you have carefully concealed it from your Friends. Nevertheless the King of *England* is informed of it, and it is by his Orders that I came to signify his Intentions to you. Then renewing every Thing that had preceded the Duel of my Brothers, and descending to a Detail of what had followed, he put together a Number of Facts ill understood or unfaithfully reported, a Romance without Probability, such as it pleased my Lord *Linch* to acquaint the King with, and from whence the Conclusion was, that this Prince approving of his Views on my Sister, and remembering that my Brothers and she had consented to them, not to mention a new Consent written with the Hand, and signed by the Name of *George*, his Majesty
had

had forbidden me to oppose any longer a Marriage so suitable, and to abuse my Authority over a Sister young and fearful, to make her fail of an Establishment that ought to give full content to my Ambition. He added, that my Obedience should be rewarded, and that the King, extending his Favours even to me, had taken the Resolution of bringing me about his Person in the Quality of Almoner in ordinary, with a Promise to use his Interest at *Versailles* to procure me immediately a Benefice.

In finishing his Discourse, he fastened his Eyes upon me to discover before-hand my Thoughts in mine. I own that in the Distress such a strange Adventure had raised in me, uncertain of the Place where I was, convinced that I was betrayed, and not even daring to suspect him of such an unworthy Artifice, one Moment was not sufficient to recover my Spirits, and to give a reasonable Form to my Answer. I continued some time silent, as much to collect my Thoughts, as to range my Expressions in Order. In fine, from the Place I was in, and from the Treachery in finding Mr. *de Sercine* in Lieu of the Count *de S—*, which exposed me to the Persecutions of the Court, I had not the least doubt but that this Plot was hatched by my Lord *Linch*. This Reflection, that I could not make without recalling to my Mind all his Foolhardiness and Violences, gave me more Impatience to speak, than I had before Pain in breaking Silence: I had less trouble to find Expressions than to moderate them. I have been irresolute too long, said I to Mr. *de Sercine*, looking on him with a steady Eye; I ought not to dissemble with you my Sentiments, which are just before Heaven, and consequently cannot stand in Awe of the Censure of Men. My Sister is dear to me without doubt, and I wish to see her married happily; but had my Lord *Linch* a Crown to offer her, I would disdain him with his Project. This Contempt of Grandeur that is not accompanied with Virtue, may on first Sight convince you, that Ambition moves me less than has been represented to you. If you accuse me of a Failure of Submission

to the King's Orders, I answer, that it is from his own Mouth I desire to hear them; and I promise myself from that Justice, which animates all his Sentiments, that I shall soon be happy enough in seeing him approve mine. It is true, continued I in the same Tone, that I have not been always so ill disposed for my Lord *Linch*. My Brothers, and my Sister herself, have shewed him great Esteem, but it was at a Time they knew him less. Give me leave to inform you what it is that has cooled us. I shall not be his Enemy nor his Accuser; but another would detest him with the same Reasons; and if we had nothing to upbraid him with but his Perfidy in putting us into this Prison.—— Mr. *de Sercine* interrupted me smiling; you give too harsh a Name, says he, to the innocent Artifice of a Lover, and if you have no other Offence to reproach him with, you will have but indifferent Success in perswading us to approve of your Aversion. These Words provoking me yet more, I could scarce forbear declaring openly every Thing that ought to make me look on him as the most odious Man in the World; but a Sentiment of Religion made me fear, that I should give too great a loose to Hatred, should I reveal the Death of *Des Pesses*, and so many other Excesses, that would expose him to just Punishment. I applauded myself also, that I did not in the Heat I was in let any Thing escape me that might expose the Count *de S—*, and confining myself to the Proposals they came to make, I protested with great Vigour that nothing was capable of making me alter my Resolutions.

Mr. *de Sercine* having demanded of me with a peevish Air whether I intended seriously to persist in these Thoughts, and drawing no other Answer from me, made a Sign to his Wife to retire. I remained alone with him. He added some other Exhortations which I let him end without giving him any Interruption; and not forbearing a Reply, I prayed him only, if it was true that I was in his House, to let me know what Treatment was intended me in it, and if it were designed to bereave me of my Liberty for a long Time.

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He answered, that he could not explain himself further before he had made a report of his Commission to the King, whose Orders he had only executed. Our Discourse had coldly spun itself out to a length, and had began to fall on different Matters, during which I thought I heard some Noise in my Sister's Chamber. I stopped speaking to lend an Ear to it; it is nothing, said Mr. *de Sercine*, you need not be under any Apprehensions for her. A Moment after, the Noise redoubling with a good deal of Confusion, I could hear the Voice of the afflicted *Rose*, who cast out shrill and piercing Cries, calling me to her Aid. Perfidious Monsters! cried I in my first Transports, and disengaging myself from the Hands of Mr. *de Sercine*, who made some Efforts to hold me, I made haste to gain the Door of the Closet. My Sister was on the other Side, endeavouring to open it; I obtained my End more readily than she, insomuch that having thrown it open, I found on the other Side my dear Sister, who was ready to fall into a Swoon in my Arms. She had the Air of one in a Fright, and her Eyes were brimful of Tears. Being extremely moved with this Spectacle, I could not forbear casting out bitter Reproaches on Madam *de Sercine*, who was behind her with another Lady and some Servants. Ah! cried out *Rose*, what has she to do with me, and by what right does she pretend to force me to follow her? She would have me leave you, and go with her to *St. Germain*; and upon the Repulse I gave her she has shamefully set her Servants on me to drag me to her Coach whether I would or not!

Mr. *de Sercine* was at my Back, and immediately began to condemn this Violence. We supposed, said he to his Wife, that Madam ——— would consent to follow us of her own Accord, and you ought not to have made her any other Proposal. Then inviting my Sister to be seated, he conjured her not to be under any Constraint in confessing her true Sentiments: I know, said he, to whom the Order of Birth obliges you, and I am not at all surprized to find in a virtuous young Lady a perfect Submission to the Councils of an

elder Brother; but you have on your Side the Authority of the King, who deigns to favour your Inclinations; you have the Consent of another Brother, whom after all you ought to look on as the Chief and Head of your Family, seeing it is upon him that all the Rights of it fall; so you are free to return to the Choice you have made, and with which you heretofore appear'd very well contented. The Heart of my Lord *Linch* is not in the least changed. He has demanded you of the King, as the only Price of the Services he has done that Prince. On your Marriage depends even the Fortune of Mr. *Dean*, for whom his Majesty hath promised to make an honourable Establishment on this Condition. Speak without Fear; consent to your Felicity, and make even your Brother happy whether he will or not.

This Manner of Speech appeared to me very worthy of a Man of Honour. I left *Rose* to the Care of defending herself. She had Time to recover her Spirits to enable her to explain herself without any Embarrassment: so that she did not wait for my Assistance. She declared in a few Words so plainly her invincible Repugnance for my Lord *Linch*, and the Perplexity she had in not being able to enter more fully into the King's Intentions, that Mr. *de Sercine* intirely lost all Hopes. He had a Difficulty nevertheless to recover from his Surprise. But, Madam ———, repeated he over and over, you had not always the same Aversion; I have seen you otherwise disposed at *Soissons*; my Lord *Linch* builds, I know; upon some Promises, by which you have bound yourself to him in consideration of the Pains he has taken to procure your Brother's Liberty. I reproach myself for them, interrupted she briskly; and did he at the same time tell you what Conditions I annexed to these Promises? I confess, replied Mr. *de Sercine*, that this Adventure perplexes me. Be assured, that far from thinking to offer you any Violence, I should have excused myself from the Commission I accepted, if my Lord *Linch* had not informed me, that it was to do you Service as much as himself, and to deliver you from the rigorous

gorous Tutelage under which you groan: For Mr. *Dean*, added he, passes for a Man, whose Maxims are a little uneasy to a Lady of your Age. I did believe, that if your Brother made any Difficulty in corresponding with the King's Goodness, that Madam *de Sercine* would infallibly prevail on you to take with us the Road to *St. Germain*.

While he spoke with this Politeness, I did not desire to mix one Word in the Conversation, being fully satisfied to see him return of himself to that Moderation, which he had departed from with me. In the mean time it came into my Mind to profit something by this Alteration, in order to discover by what Artifice we had been betrayed. I spoke like a Man recovered from my Fears, and who began to rely upon the Civilities, which he continued to heap upon my Sister. These Stratagems of a Lover, said he to me smiling, leave you under some Vexation, and I perceive you will find a Difficulty in pardoning my Lord *Linch*. He then apprized me of all those Circumstances I have already related, and in which my Lord *Linch* gloried at the King's Couchée. It was without the Participation of Mr. *de Sercine* that this rash Man had formed the Design of carrying us to his House at *Chatoux*, a Village not far distant from *St. Germain*. Having committed the Care of stealing us away to some Persons devoted to him, to whom he had given his Orders, he appeared boldly at Court, where he discovered his Intentions not only to Mr. *de Sercine*, who had been a long Time in his Interests, but to the King himself, whom he had the Address to bring into his Views by the specious Turns he well knew how to give to his Pretensions. This Prince, who is Goodness itself, and who was persuaded, that the Resistance of my Sister proceeded only from my Councils, looked on the Treachery with which he charged himself very freely, as an Adventure of Gallantry, and the Project of the Marriage, as an Enterprize equally profitable for her and for me, by the Advantages which would redound to *Rose*, and by those he proposed to do myself. After

having proceeded these Lengths, *Linch* found no Difficulty in obtaining the Orders, with which Mr. *de Sercine* was charged. They reckoned at *St. Germain* to see *Rose* arrive there before Night; and all People who were favourable to *Linch's* Interests, had not the least Doubt but she would immediately surrender to the Attractives of a shining Fortune, when the King should interpose to make her shake off the Yoke of my Authority.

I found two Things altogether surprizing in this Relation; one was, that my Lord *Linch*, after so many Experiences of the little Relish my Sister had for him, could flatter himself that he might yet please her, and freely obtain her Heart; for it could be nothing but such Hopes that had made him renounce his former Design of running away with her, in order to force her to a Marriage against her Will. Might he not have executed that Scheme easily, when he had betrayed us; and at a Time that it would be impossible for me to separate myself from her to procure her more Liberty by my Absence, could all my Efforts be capable of giving it the least Delay? He that will not with me look upon the Change of this Project as a Favour from Heaven, who watched over the Protection of the innocent *Rose*, must acknowledge in it the strange Power of Self-love in a Man fierce and haughty, who perhaps fancied that no Woman could refuse sincerely to love him, or who thought at least his Triumph certain, when he had the Liberty openly to attack her Heart: Unless one could choose to think from what he told me in *Ireland*, that by another Caprice he reckoned it as nothing to be beloved, and that after the Example of his Father, he was satisfied to possess an amiable Woman, and to be sure at the same Time of her Prudence. Under this Supposition he might have promised himself from the Authority of the King what he had at first hoped to obtain by Force; and those two Paths being capable of leading him to the same End, he might choose indifferently either one or the other.

But

But I was no less astonished, that after two Duels, the first of which ought even yet to have caused him some Uneasiness, and the other was so fresh, that he could not be secure against a Discovery, that nevertheless he durst shew himself at *St. Germain*, and engage in another Outrage, that might be looked upon with an Eye more serious by the Laws of *France*, than by the King of *England* and *Mr. de Sercine*. I then took up a terrible Opinion of this furious Man, whom the Thoughts of his own Dangers could not restrain, and giving Thanks to Heaven for the Favours granted to us, I demanded of *Mr. de Sercine*, if we had the Liberty of departing from his House. You shall have that Liberty, answered he, if the King will grant it. I shall not consult my Lord *Linch* upon so just an Action; but I dare not set you free, added he, without receiving the King's Orders. This Answer made me fear, that we were not yet at the End of this Persecution. The Easiness of the King might augment the Daringness of my Lord *Linch*, and make him renew the Projects, which perhaps were only suspended. I would have offered to appear myself in the Presence of this Prince to solicit his Goodness and Justice, if I had not been fearful of leaving my Sister without Defence. There was still less Safety in carrying her with so few Precautions to a Court, where she had not yet appeared. At length, *Mr. de Sercine* being disposed to leave us, I prayed him only to represent to the King the Regret we had in not being able to obey him in an Affair which luckily interested no Body but ourselves, and the Hopes we had that his Majesty would vouchsafe to put our Duties to other Proofs. If you are an Enemy to Violence, added I, you will not give Time to my Lord *Linch* to raise us up new Troubles, and will employ yourself in procuring our Liberty. My Sister joined her Instances to mine to engage him to give us Advice immediately of such agreeable News.

Far from flattering myself that our Prison was set open after their Departure, I thought of nothing but continuing about *Rose* to fortify her against a thousand Fears,

Fears, which she had not the Power of concealing from me. In recollecting every Thing that my Lord *Linch* might have gathered from our Conversation in the Convent Parlour, she had no doubt, but that the Name of the Count *de S*—— having been often mentioned by us, he might easily conceive that he had got a new Rival. This thought made her tremble for the Count. Think you, says she, that he will be spared less than *des Pesses* by this furious Madman, who is not capable of respecting any body, and who makes a Jest of spilling other Peoples Blood as well as his own? To what Pass am I reduced, if I must have this Monster incessantly watching my Steps, and ready to massacre every Thing that can love or please me? But what will the Count think, added she, when seeing his Coach return without us, he shall be informed by his Servants, that we did not wait their coming, and that we departed with so much indifference for his Repose, that we did not even vouchsafe to give him Notice of it? Is he not in the Right to form such an Idea? What will then become of him, if my Misfortunes should give him Cause to suspect that I am in the Power of his Rival, and that I have nothing but the Protection of Heaven to defend me? All these Reflections occurred to me as well as to her, and I found them so just, that I could not defend myself from those Inquietudes they were capable of raising in me. Nevertheless, the Duties of our Sex being always to comfort the Weakness of Women in charging ourselves with the greatest Part of the Burden, I consoled her by the loose and empty Maxims of Fortitude and Patience, and by the Promise of heavenly Assistance, which sooner or later never fails Innocence.

It was upon this Occasion, that considering my Impotence of forming the least Enterprize for her Relief, I reflected how indecent it was for a Churchman to mix himself voluntarily in Adventures, of which his Profession does not permit him to bear a Part in all the Circumstances, or to enter into all the Consequences. A Man of the Blade, who met with
no

no other Resistance to vanquish than Locks and Bolts, and a small Number of Servants, would all at one Stroke surmount Obstacles so feeble ; and *George*, for Example, in my Place would not leave *Rose* a Moment under the Embarrassment from whence she burns to be delivered. But the decorum of my State, that Gravity and Modesty, that is become habitual to me, Patience and Love of Peace, which I have been taught from my Youth to regard as Virtues essential to my Condition, have obliged me to reject every Thing that bears the least Resemblance to Violence. Why then should I expose myself to Opportunities in which all my Rules are intirely useles? What Business have I here, said I to myself, in taking up these Thoughts? What Part is this for the Head of a Parish to personate, to find himself run away with and imprisoned in a Love Adventure? If it be true, that I can contribute nothing to my Liberty, is it less true, that I ought not to have exposed myself to the Loss of it? But notwithstanding every Thing was upright and innocent in my Views and Sentiments ; every Thing was just and prudent in my Conduct ; they were even the Duties of Religion that made me take those Measures, by which it may unhappily come to pass that possibly Religion may be wounded. What other Resource have I, added I, than to comfort myself by the Integrity of my Intentions, and to wait for the Time of Heaven, who will draw me up the Precipice, down which he has suffered me to fall?

Preparations for Supper interrupted this sorrowful Medly of Discourse and Meditations. We were desired to sit down to Table. *Rose* protested she had no Appetite, and the Grief in which I saw her plunged, being as capable of taking away mine, we were about ordering the Table to be cleared, when hearing many Persons tumultuously coming up Stairs, two Servants in waiting suddenly left us to enquire into the Cause of the Noise. They were scarce out of the Apartment, when I heard many Voices crying out all together, Stand. This Commotion would have raised in us a cruel Perplexity, had we had Time

to give ourselves up to it ; but we were struck immediately with a Sight the most proper in the World to cure all other Thoughts but those of Joy. We saw enter boldly, whom ? The Count of S——, and my Brother *George*. They were armed in a war-like Manner, and followed by seven or eight Persons arrayed like them. *Rose* fell down in a Swoon for Joy and Amazement. I confess that under the Surprise I felt myself, all my Spirits were for some Moments in the utmost Confusion.

Having run over with my Eyes every one in the Chamber, they appeared to me to wonder at finding us alone, and as it were disposed to eat quietly a very elegant Supper. At length running to the Assistance of *Rose*, upon whom they perceived the Effect their Presence had produced, they were not long in bringing her to herself. But before they would satisfy the Eagerness we had to speak to them and hear them, they asked us, if we had any other Enemies in the House but Servants. Although I was contented enough with their Services to give them a better Name, I answered, that they were at most only to be called our Guards, and that I saw nobody with them. My Brother ordered his Servants, whom he had left below, to treat them with good Temper and Mildness, and contented himself with putting a Centinel at the Gate.

Being no longer able to resist the Desire I had of learning from them the Bottom of an Adventure so strange, I pressed them to give us that Satisfaction immediately. I even exacted from them to suspend for a moment the Careless they were impatient to shew *Rose*. The Count, upon whom the Trouble of making this recital fell, put a high Value on the Sacrifice to which I obliged him. In the mean time his Eyes being employed in making him Amends for his Loss by a thousand passionate Looks, he began by informing us of those Particulars, which his Generosity had hitherto left me in Ignorance of ; that being interested in the Fate of my Brother from the first account he had of his Misfortune, he had never ceased to solicit his
Pardon

Pardon by a great Number of powerful Friends; that in Truth the same Reason that had hindered him from declaring himself earlier the Lover of *Rose*, did not permit him to make a noise with his Solicitations; but that having observed fewer Measures from the Time he had opened his Mind to me in the Cloisters of the *Carthusians*, he had pushed that Affair with such good Fortune, as to obtain all the Concessions from the Court they could well grant, which was a secret Permission to favour my Brother's Escape; that having communicated the same to the Governor of the Bastile, who was one of his best Friends, they had agreed upon the Time and Means of the Execution: That the Day was fixed at too great a Distance, but having reflected, that nothing could more agreeably surprize us upon his arrival at his Estate, nor give him a more uncontroverted Merit with *George*, than to rejoin us at a Time we least thought of in a safe and pleasant Retreat, he had ventured the same Day to press the Governor so earnestly, that he consented to come into his Measures that Evening; that it gave him an extreme Joy in going to receive my Brother in a Post Chaise, to be the first to compliment him upon his Liberty, and at length to conduct him directly to his Estate, where he had discovered to him all his Hopes, and the Promise we had made him to be in the same Place that Evening.

But fancy to yourselves, said he, how great my Astonishment and Despair must be, when having past a part of the Evening in waiting for you, I saw a Person arrive to whom I had given it in Charge to receive you out of the Convent. I discovered a share of the Truth by his Embarrassment. He told me, that having learned from the Porter that you had gone off half an Hour before, and being informed of all the Circumstances of your Departure, he was amazed to find such a Difference between what had happened, and the Orders he had received from me: that it was with one Man alone with whom you had gone away, who had inquired for Mr. *Dean* in my Name, and that the Conveniency he had for your Journey was
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a hired Coach. That you got into it immediately in a travelling Dress with your Chamber-maid and your Trunks. In Fine, confounded to see his Commission already so exactly executed, although he had not received my Orders above a Quarter of an Hour before, he was for a long Time perplexed to discover some Light to clear up this Mystery, but not receiving any satisfactory Account, he told me, he had taken the Resolution to inquire the Meaning of it from myself.

We were all so startled at the Story, continued the Count, that without the least Hesitation we determined in two Words immediately to go to *Paris*. I remembered the Subjects of Allarm you had imparted to me. My first Care on my arrival there was to send one of my Servants to your Lodgings. They answered him, that you were gone for some Time to the Country. My Fear encreasing, I was cast into Despair, because the Night had robbed me of all Expedients for following my Impatience. I was obliged to wait till next Day. I was myself about going this Morning to your Lodgings, from whence I was in Hopes of drawing some little Light, when I was informed that your Valet desired to see me instantly. He was in a Condition to raise one's Pity, dirty, disfigured, sinking under Grief and Weariness. Without giving me time to ask him a Question, he told me with Tears in his Eyes, that you were stolen away by some Treachery, and that he could suspect no Body for it but my Lord *Linch*. A thousand Questions which I asked him all in a Breath would have given me but little insight into the matter, if the Boy, who appeared to be zealous and affectionate in your Service, and who gave me room to judge from the manner he had told his Story, that you reposed some Trust in him, had not prayed me to give him the Liberty to answer with more Order. He said, that you had waited at the Convent for the Coach and Guide I had promised you; one came to give you Notice of their Arrival, and you suffered yourselves to be carried off without the least Mistrust. But you had scarce got out
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of the Suburbs of *St. Honore*, when four armed Horsemen, whom the Darknes did not hinder him from knowing to be the Servants of my Lord *Linch*, overtook the Coach, and one of them coming close up to him, drew out a Poniard, and ordered him to come down without Noise, if he had not a mind to be stabbed in a thousand Places. He gave way to force. Two of the Horsemen remained to guard him, till the Coach had got at a certain Distance, and then leaving him alone in the middle of the Road they galloped off to overtake their Companions. The Hopes of getting upon their Track made this faithful Lad walk at a great Rate as far as *St. Germain*, inquiring after them from every Person he met on the Road; but those who had seen them pass were not able to give any account where they stopped, and he being out of all Hopes of overtaking them returned at the same Rate to inform me of your Misfortune. He came to me this Morning at Day break, and not being ignorant, says he, of the Interest I took in your Safety, he thought it proper to give me an account of this unlucky Accident.

The uncertainty what Road you had taken, pursued the Count, was the sole Reason that could suspend our Transports a Moment. We should immediately have gotten to horse, we should have pursued you upon the Track, we should at least have gotten out of *Paris* by the same Gate; but where should we go to, when we were ignorant on what Side to begin our Search? This cruel *Perplexity* put it into my mind to send about to all the Hirers of Coaches to discover the Coachman who had carried you, and to learn of him where he had set you down. I hugged myself for this Expedient, and being fortified by an Order from the Civil Magistrate I immediately put all my Domesticks in motion. As to your Servant, having learned from himself that he knew my Lord *Linch's* Lodgings and his People, I charged him to get Information, as if by the by and without appearing to be over-curious in the matter, of every Thing that might help to discover his Designs. He spoke
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of bringing him to Justice for *des Pesses's* Murder ; but we forbid him taking any Steps unworthy of us, or which at least ought to be reserved for the last Extremity. I cannot guess the meaning why we did not get another Sight of him during the whole Day.

Whatever Diligence my Servants used in the Execution of my Orders, they could not discover what they were in Quest of till the Evening. They brought to us your Coachman, who without any Importunity informed us, that he had set you down at *Chatoux* ; and his own Curiosity having made him inquire there who was the Master of that House, he told it us with the same Frankness. What we found difficult to believe upon his Testimony was the Readiness and Air of Consent with which he assured us you had suffered yourselves to be carried away ; but doubtless you were ignorant of the Design of your Journey, and the Road you took. What must have been your Frights when you came to understand them ! Ours indeed vanished when we knew you were in the House of Mr. *de Sercine* ; we had no Difficulty in persuading ourselves, that you had no Insult to fear in the House of a Man of Honour. Nevertheless the Importunities of my Lord *Linch* being of themselves able to raise you great Vexation, and we imagining besides that your Liberty might cost us some Effort, we thought it but Prudence not to go without taking proper Precautions to assure us of being Masters here. I armed all my Domesticks. My Resolution was upon our first Entrance to secure my Lord *Linch*, whom I supposed to be with you, and to have him guarded for some Hours by my Servants, to punish him by this Fright for that he has given you. I have with me a Coach and six, that might carry you during that Time to my Castle, escorted by a Party of my People, and when I thought it seasonable to give my Lord *Linch* his Liberty, I should have given him to understand in offering such Satisfaction as he might require, that a *Frenchman* is an Enemy to Artifice or Tricks, and that they take more respectful Ways to obtain what they love. But we have been very agreeably

agreeably surprized, added the Count, to see a profound Tranquility reigning here, and to find only one Servant at the Gate, whom Fear made confess that you had been in this House since Yesterday Evening.

By the Time he had finished this Relation, and that *Rose* and I began to give thanks to our dear Deliverers, I was interrupted by the Arrival of my Valet, who came in without giving any Notice, and was at first obliged to rest himself some Moments being quite out of Breath. This Scene having drawn all our Attention, I pressed him to explain the Subject of his so great Haste. Yes, said he in a Kind of Transport, which discovered the Joy he had in seeing us again, I have admirable Events to tell you; but first consider together what Reception you will give my Lord *Linch*, who is perhaps not above two hundred Paces from this House. An Information of this Nature demanded in Reality all our Reflections; the Astonishment it gave us made us immediately cast our Eyes upon one another, as it were to consult how we should conduct ourselves in this Business. Is he attended, asked the Count? *Jacin*, so was my Valet called, assured us, that he was on Horseback, he and four others, and was followed by a Chaise with two empty Places in it, which retarded a little his March. After a Moment's Consideration, the Count was of Opinion, that being stronger in Forces than he, we ought to wait for him quietly, and give him a free Entrance into the House, to have the Pleasure of seeing his Astonishment at finding us here in such Numbers. However, immediately to take from him all Hopes of succeeding by Violence, he gave Orders to his Servants to keep in the Court, with their Horses, and to return immediately to the Apartment as soon as he should get into it. We waited quietly the Effect of this Resolution.

Jacin, of whom I demanded a farther Account, told us, that having left the Count *de S—*, he went according to Orders to the House where my Lord *Linch* lodged, and that being informed he was at St. *Germain*, he out of hand formed the Plan of a Stratagem

tagem which succeeded beyond his Expectation. It is strange, says he, drolling with a good Grace for a Man of his Sort, that these rich Lords should with Impunity come to *France* to kill and run away with us. We would not willingly become Informers, because we have too much Greatness of Soul to disgrace ourselves by such Baseness; but yet not having less Wit, we are here ready with Address enough to put those out of Countenance, who have given us so much Vexation. He continued to tell us more seriously, that he had gone to *St. Germain*, and having sought an Opportunity to see *Linch* he found one immediately. *Linch* made a Sign to him to come near, and appearing to be surprized to see him without me, he asked him the Reason of it. He having prepared his Part, made heavy Lamentations of my Cruelty to him, and pretending to have left my Service a few Days before on Occasion of some Difference, of which he gave him the History, he begged his Recommendation to some of his Friends. In the End, appearing to be amazed to find him in such Tranquility at *St. Germain*, but my Lord, said he, I see you here so careless of your Danger, that it makes me tremble for you. Are you ignorant that the Officers of the Law are in search for you in every Corner of *Paris*? Somebody has given Information that it is you who killed *Mr. des Pesses*, and his Friends have set all the Guards of the *Marshallsea* upon the hunt for you. This Piece of Intelligence made him turn pale. His first Duel had not been attended by many ill Consequences; because having retired immediately to the Castle of *St. Germain*, the Consideration of the King had obliged the Officers of Justice to observe some Respect, and nobody appearing to prosecute him, the Affair was hush'd up of itself, and the rather when the Solicitations set on Foot for my Brother had disposed the Court to some Indulgence. He had the Boldness to appear publickly after he had recovered of his Wounds, and that the same Reasons had closed up the Eyes of Justice. But apprehending that the Death of *des Pesses* was a Thing much

more serious, and being encouraged till now to flatter himself, that as the Matter was secretly transacted, it might always remain undiscovered, he began to reflect on the Greatness of the Danger. Follow me, said he to *Jacin*, and gaining immediately the Castle, he began to interrogate him more carefully upon what he had heard. *Jacin* spared nothing to redouble his Frights. At length having considered a long Time; you may be useful to me, said he, and you shall be liberally rewarded; I will come to you here again in a few Moments. He gave Orders on the other hand to one of his Servants to get ready his Horses and Chaise, and going up to the King's Apartment, where he did not stay above a quarter of an Hour, he came back again to *Jacin*. Hear me, said he, the King has commanded me for *Ireland*, and I think the Voyage necessary. I would be gone this Moment, if I did not wait for Mr. *de Sercine*, with whom I have some Business to settle. Take Post, added he, putting some Luidores in *Jacin's* Hand, go and find out my *Maitre d'Hotel* at *Paris*, and bid him come immediately with you to receive my Orders at Mr. *de Sercine's* at *Chatoux*; you may be assured of finding me there at your Return. Be faithful. The Night, which was near approaching, came on opportunely to favour us. *Jacin* left him satisfied enough with what he had heard, and turned over to the high Road all Deliberations upon the Lights he would willingly draw for discovering where we were, when he saw Mr. *de Sercine's* Coach come up, which drove forward to *Chatoux*. He observed the haste *Linck* was in to make this Gentleman alight, with whom he went aside immediately. While they were in private Conversation, *Jacin* dexterously enough entered into Discourse with some of the Servants attending the Coach, and having already mistrusted from this Appearance of so much Secrecy, that Mr. *de Sercine* had some Share in the Intrigue, he had no Difficulty to draw a Discovery from the Servants, who were less on their guard than he, and to whom besides Mr. *de Sercine* had no Reason to recommend

recommend it as a Secret. Being overwhelmed with Joy for having so luckily discovered our Retreat, the Journey of my Lord *Linch* to *Chatoux* began to be altogether suspicious to him. Why so much Diligence here the Moment he pretended to go for *Ireland*? He had a Mind also to acquaint himself further with the Measures he was about taking for his Departure. So not being in haste to be gone, he waited till the Conversation with Mr. *de Sercine* was at an End, and when *Linch*, surprized to see him there, pressed him to get on Horseback, and renewed the same Orders to him, he pretended to ride off, but returning again without being perceived, he found Time to examine in what Voiture and with what Attendance our Ravisher was about to go off. He took nevertheless Time enough before-hand to assure himself of being at *Chatoux* before him, with a Resolution, as he said, forthwith to demand Aid of the Heads of the Village, if he perceived we should be exposed to the least Danger.

I am persuaded, added he, after this Relation, that the Enemy is not far off; although it must be confessed he exaggerated a little in saying at first that he was not distant above two hundred Paces from us. But I admire, added he, that you have not given Attention to this empty Chaise that he brought with him. Do you believe that being on the Point of going for *Ireland*, his Design was not to find a Place for Mademoiselle *Rose* in it? This Reflection seemed to be important enough to give us Room to reproach ourselves for suffering it to escape us. I imagined myself, that if he came upon such a black Project, he would not stand in Awe of Numbers, and that in his Despair he would have Rashness enough to risk every Thing. The Count and my Brother laughed at my Fears; nevertheless I insisted absolutely for the Safety of my Sister, that she should not remain in the Chamber where we proposed to receive him, and it being as improper that *Jacin* should appear in it before him, I made them both walk into mine.

The Count, who was too much provoked easily to pardon such odious Proceedings in his Rival, formed another Design without imparting it to us. He left us under some Pretext, and went down Stairs to change the Orders he had given to his Servants. Instead of making them wait in the Court, he directed that none of them should continue there to give one room to judge that the House was so well defended; to the End that my Lord *Linch* might enter into it without any Diffidence. He ordered that all the Horses, not excepting those of his Coach, should be shut up in the Stable, and that all his Servants (only one to wait at the Gate, and shut it softly on *Linch* after he had got in) should attend within the House at the Foot of the Stairs, where he was resolved to appear at their Head. His View, as he explained it to us afterwards, was to seize the bold Ravisher, and to leave him in Suspence, whether he had not fallen into the Hands of the Law: he would have left him only one of his Servants, and have placed him in the Chaise with him, having first interrogated him upon all the Circumstances of his Design, and would have committed him to the Charge of four of the Count's own Servants to conduct him to *Dieppe*, who should force him to embark there for *Ireland*, by threatening to put him into the Hands of Justice, should he attempt giving them any Trouble by the least Resistance.

This Manner of revenging himself not wounding any Law, I found no great Difficulty in approving it; but the Adventure took another Turn. The Count had not been more than a Moment above Stairs, when my Lord *Linch* appeared at the Gate. The Sight of twelve or fifteen Horses, which they had not Time to put out of the Way, and a Multitude of Servants, who were in Motion in the Court, raised in him all those Notions which my Valet had endeavoured to fill him with at *St. Germain*. He had no Doubt but that they were so many Archers of the Marshalsea, who had come to *Chatoux* to surprize him. This Thought made him resolve to trust to the Speed of his Horse, and he fled away, crying out to his Servants to

follow. On the other hand the Count's Servants perceiving his Escape, and fretting that they had not more successfully executed their Master's Orders, persuaded themselves, that in order to repair their Negligence, they ought instantly to pursue him on the Track, and use all their Endeavours to come up with him. Their Horses were ready bridled and saddled, they mounted in a hurry, and followed full Speed on that Side, where they as yet heard the Noise of the Runaways.

We were not apprized of this Incident till after they were gone. The Count, much vexed to see his Prey escape out of his Hands, and more alarmed yet at the Purposes of his Servants, whose Zeal though he was convinced of, yet he was not satisfied that it was accompanied with over much Prudence, continued in an extreme Consternation until their Return. I was not less disturbed in my Mind; but was much more surprized to see my Brother the only Person who appeared unconcerned, and who observing a strict Silence upon every Thing that passed before his Eyes, seemed to affect not to take any Part in these Adventures. I remarked this to him with some Concern. He answered me smiling, that I was ignorant how delicate the Part was that he was under a Necessity of sustaining. You do not know, said he, that, besides the Consent I have given in writing to my Sister's Marriage with *Linch*, that rash Man addressed me the Day before Yesterday to engage me in a new Step, which I find at present contrary to all my Inclinations. Having represented to me in a fair Light all the Advantages, that he was resolved to heap upon my Sister, he gave me the Articles containing them signed with his Hand, to which he added for me an Annuity of two thousand Crowns for my Life. It is true, continued *George*, that dazzled with these Promises, and not having the Opportunity of talking to you for some Days, I confirmed the Word I had given him not to oppose myself to his Pretensions, and out of the many Ways he proposed to me of crowning them with Success, I excepted only Violence.

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From hence, in all Appearance, he has taken the Occasion of renewing his Suit at the Court of *St. Germain*; you need not doubt, added my Brother, but that I put a vast Difference between the Count and him, and that my present Inclinations agree with yours; but bound as I am with my Promises, I find an Embarrassment in my Situation, and could wish at least, in order to think myself authorized to break them, that *Linch* would prove unfaithful to his.

While he held me in this Discourse, and that I was ready to give an easy Answer to it, we were informed of the Arrival of a Messenger from Mr. *de Sercine*. This Gentleman had not forgot the earnest Intreaties I made him to acquaint us with the King's Intentions, and in what Manner his Majesty had received my Answer. Nothing was more capable of demonstrating the Honour of his Views, than the Care he took in giving us Satisfaction so expeditiously. He ordered us to be acquainted, that having given an Account of our Sentiments to his Majesty, he was highly offended at the Boldness of my Lord *Linch*, who had always informed him, that the Obstacles proceeded only from me, and that my Sister's Inclinations were under a Restraint. The Messenger added, that the King left us at Liberty, and highly dissatisfied at the Conduct of *Linch*, had commanded him instantly to leave *France*. This Explanation, serving further to assure us, that on what Design soever my Lord *Linch* came to *Chatoux*, Mr. *de Sercine* was ignorant of his Views, removed from us all our Suspicions, and even my Brother thought himself less engaged to *Linch* by being apprized that his Intentions and Conduct were not approved by the Court. But a new Incident confirmed him all at once in this Disposition. One Party of the Count's Servants being heard in the Court, every one of us had the Curiosity to wish immediately to be informed of what had happened to them. The Count, who ran down at the first Noise, presently brought up *Linch's* Coachman, who was stopped with his Chaise. Some few Menaces having prevailed on him to speak with-

out disguise, he confessed that his Master's Project was to run away with *Rose* in the Chaise, and to carry her to the Sea-side, where he had before forwarded one of his Servants to provide a Vessel ready against his Arrival. Being fearful of meeting with Difficulties on his Journey, he had taken the Resolution of travelling only by Night, and of resting in the Day-time in some private and retired Places. The Chaise had been stored with Provisions to refresh my Sister in such an inconvenient Journey. Whatever Temerity appeared to be in this Enterprize, the Sequel of my Recital too plainly demonstrates the Possibility of it. *Linch* would have then triumphed over the Aversion of the unfortunate *Rose*; though in truth he would not have long enjoyed the Fruits of his Crime. For the Relation alone of the Danger she had escaped, made *Rose* fall into so deep a Swoon, that we had Reason to be alarmed for her Life. What then would it have been to see herself torn without Resource from all that was dear to her, to fall into the Hands of a Man who was ever her utter Aversion?

I was curious to learn how the Ravisher could possibly escape from those who had secured his Chaise. They informed us, that they had got very close to him, but that the Swiftnefs of his Horses, which were excellent *English* Coursers, soon carried him out of their Sight and Pursuit. An Alarm so terrifying made us judge that Love had given Way to Fear, and that we should have no further Insult to apprehend from that Quarter. My Brother was the first to tell me, that after an Attempt so contradictory to his late Treaty, he thought himself discharged from all his Engagements. We deliberated upon what Step we were next to take. Although we had perhaps less Danger to fear than ever for *Rose's* Return to *Paris*, yet we could not defend ourselves against the Intreaties of the Count, who pressed us to go to his Castle. But we conceived that before our Departure, Duty would oblige my Brother to go and make his Court to the King, and to attempt to gain the Protection of that Prince, by giving him an Account of all the Pro-

Proceedings of my Lord *Lynch*. The Night was not so far advanced, but that he might hope to appear yet at the King's Couchee; and that Hour would be more favourable than any other in the first Days of his Liberty, when it would not be decent to appear there openly. This Precaution was recommended to him, and it was even insisted on that he should change his Name for the Time he continued in *France*; insomuch that instead of going by the Name of the Earl of —, as he had hitherto done, he took the fictitious Name of my Lord *Tenermill*.

During the two Hours of his Absence, I could have wished to have had the Power of entertaining the Count de S—— upon some important Points, which I would not willingly conclude on without his Participation. But it was impossible to separate him one Moment from my Sister. These two tender Lovers, being at length free for the first Time, thought nothing more important than looking on each other, and receiving from one another's Mouths those Assurances of Happiness, after which they had long panted. My Presence helping to relieve the Modesty of *Rose*, I observed that she appeared no less affected than her Lover, and that the Interruption I sought to give to their Pleasures was as irksome to her as to him. So the only Part I had to act until my Brother's Return was to see and listen to them; and indeed having nothing so dear to me as the Contentment of *Rose*, I was highly transported with Joy to see her happy without any Risk to her Innocence.

My Brother, to whom I gave no other Name than that he had just taken up, and under which he was presented to the King, returned so satisfied with his Journey, that he immediately diffused over us that Air of Joy, with which we saw him appear. He had made to that Prince a faithful Relation of our Adventure, which disposed him to condemn anew the Violences of *Lynch*, and to promise us all the Favours that Opportunity should offer him to grant us. Being even sensible of the Obedience we paid to his Orders before we ventured to remove from *Chatoux*, he offered

ferred us a Detachment of his Guards for the Security of our Journey, and complimenting my Brother upon his Liberty, promised to employ his Interest at the *French* Court to obtain a Restitution of his Company, and our little Estate of *Saiffons*. Mr. *de Sercine*, to whom my Lord *Tenermill* had not also forgot to pay some polite Compliments, assured us, without any Exception, of his Friendship and Services, and intreated us to make use of his House, as if it were our own.

Such agreeable News, having dissipated all our remaining Uneasiness, we would have accepted for the rest of the Night of the offer of Mr. *de Sercine*, if we had not considered, that to keep our Retreat a more impenetrable Secret, it was proper for us to make our Journey in the Dark. So having determined on the Spot to be gone, we judged it even useless to be attended by other Servants than such as should be necessary about the Coach, or at least such whom the Count had already intrusted with the Secret. The others were left at *Chatoux* to guard there *Linch's* Coachman till the next Morning, with Orders to give him his Liberty about the middle of the Day, that is to say, at such Time as it would be of little Importance to us what Relation he might make to his Master.

Our Journey was short and prosperous. The Day began to appear by the Time we arrived at the Count's Castle, and made us observe, that we should be secure from all Kinds of Fear in a House so large, and so well defended by its Situation. *Rose* was extremely affected by the flattering Compliments of the Count, who prayed her to look upon herself before hand as the absolute Mistress of all she saw about her. This Declaration could not appear to carry any Uncertainty or Doubt in it, considering the just Assurances she had of being beloved. Every one having need of Rest at the End of a Night so full of Troubles, they thought of nothing but retiring to the Apartments the Count had prepared for us. I was already in mine, and I began to judge by the Silence that reigned
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over the whole House, that every one was disposed to sleep, when I heard a gentle knock at my Door. I opened it, and if I was amazed to see there the Count, I was yet much more so at the Discourse he made me.

You are at length, said he, in a Place of Safety ; you are here Master, and all the Servants I leave behind me are of such approved Characters, that they will make it their Studies to honour and obey you. I go with all the Satisfaction I promised myself, being assured of the Heart of the fair *Rose*, and of your Friendship ; and these are the two Blessings in which all the Happiness of my Life is bound up. You go ? interrupted I in a surprize. Yes, replied he, and I do myself this Violence without regret. It is upon this Condition that I have pressed you to accept of this Retreat at my House, and I think, that during the first Days of my Mourning, Decency does not permit me to continue here longer than is necessary to receive you. If your Complaisance has hindered me from representing the Matter in this Light, my Duty obliges me no less to pay some Attention to it. I leave you, added he, Horses, Coaches, Carriages of several Sorts, and all the Conveniences that I can think of. Look upon them as your own, and do not moreover be sparing of my Services at *Paris*, where I go to wait upon your Orders, till the Time that the Tyranny of Custom gives me Liberty to return here to request your good Offices for myself.

I admired this Delicacy in a Lover so passionate, and my Esteem being strengthened as much as my Friendship, I embraced him, and confessed that I thought my Sister too happy in having acquired so much Power over a Heart such as his. But as he prepared seriously to leave us, I prayed him to relieve me from an Embarrassment, which the Desire of obliging him had cast me into, and which the Situation wherein he left us would much increase. Not only, said I, have I concealed from *Rose* and my Brother the last Dispositions of *Des Peffes*, but not having had one Moment of Liberty since his Death, I have not taken

the least Step for securing or clearing up our Rights. I am ignorant of the Formalities of the Law, and am moreover put to a full Stop by some Scruples upon which it is necessary I should consult at least my Brother. Give me up, continued I, the Promise I made you of Secrecy ; for as it is impossible by my own Understanding to end an Affair surpassing my Power, so will it be no less difficult for me to impart it to my Brother, without raising some Jealousy in *Rose*, who will be alarmed to see us observe any Appearances of a Mystery. The Count interrupted me, by giving me Assurances, that he was strongly taken up with every Thing that I had represented to him, and that he had hit upon a lucky Proposal, which in a short time he would impart to me. If you have neglected, says he, to take the usual Steps, it is necessary to repair that Negligence without Delay, and by the least Power from your Sister I will undertake to expedite immediately every Thing that can raise you any Difficulty ; you may obtain such a Letter of Attorney from her without Discovering for what use you intend it. As to what relates to my Lord *Tenermill*, added he, can any thing be more easy than to engage his Silence from the Consideration alone of his Interest ? He is without Estate. Let us leave the Enjoyment of *Des Pesses's* Inheritance to him, for so long a Time as Fortune shall render this Aid necessary for him. The Count looked on me in finishing this Proposal, and my Slowness to answer persuading him that I approved of it, he pressed me to draw up a Letter of Procuration on the Spot, and to get it signed by my Sister. But though I really found something plausible in this Project, yet I prayed him to give me some Days to reflect on it, and all I granted to his Instances was a new Promise to conceal yet from my Sister what *Des Pesses's* Affection had done for her. Nevertheless the Notaries having spoken to me of taking off the Seals as a pressing Necessity, I went immediately to *Rose*, and made her on my Credit sign a Blank Procuration, empowering the Count to do every Thing according to Custom

for obtaining a Probate of the Last Will of *Des Pesses*, and all the Papers that might give a Sanction to his Cares.

He left me, I employed one Part of the Morning in considering his Proposal. If he had done Honour to the Generosity of his Character, that Generosity appeared to me to be injurious to *Rose*, from whom it ravished the Merit of conferring herself a Benefit on her Brother, which she was very well inclined to. On the other hand I was willing to free myself of my Doubts concerning the Justice of a Succession, to which it did not appear at all to me that even the Will of *Des Pesses* had given a sufficient Foundation to our Claim. I waited impatiently for my Brother's rising, and I gave Notice privately, that I wanted to talk to him without Witnesses.

Coming to my Chambers with as much haste as I had to talk to him, I interrupted his Compliments upon our good Fortune, by desiring him to enter into a more serious Consideration. You know, said I, the Disaster of *Des Pesses*, but you are ignorant that Heaven has made it turn to our Advantage. This unfortunate young Man on his Death-bed left all his Estate to your Sister. Although his Will was unconstrained, and that these sort of Dispositions are not forbid by any Law, yet I confess to you, continued I, that in examining the Circumstances that preceded his Will, I find in them Reasons for an important Scruple. *Des Pesses* thought he was beloved by *Rose*. He testified by his last Words, and by some Lines which I received from under his Hand, that he carried this Thought to the Grave. It is without Doubt to the Power of so flattering a Notion that we owe the Advantages he has conferred on us. Have we a Right to take the Profit of them, when we are certain that they were founded upon a false Supposition? Your Sister is not yet informed of this. I was willing to open before hand my Heart, and to propose to you my Doubts; you have Honour; consult with yourself. It is on your Decision that my Conduct in this Affair shall depend.

During all my Life I had few Opportunities of discovering so clearly the Bottom of the Character of *George*. Without seeming moved at the happy News

I told him, he turned all his Attention on the Difficulty that appeared to lie in my Way. Your Scruple is just, said he, and I thought as you did at the first Glance. Nevertheless it remains that I examine, if it was from any studied Complaisance from *Rose*, or from any Indulgence however little sincere on your Side, that *Des Pesses* flattered himself on his Death-bed that he was beloved; for it was not in your Power to bereave him of a Thought, which it may be helped to give him some Satisfaction in the last Moments of his Life, and even Pity would have hindered you from disturbing him in these Thoughts, if the Alteration of them had depended on you. It appears to me then, added he, that the only Matter that may make you scruple to accept the Favours of *Des Pesses* is this, whether you have employed any unworthy Means to procure them.

This Decision appeared to me so just, that I eagerly embraced my Lord *Tenermill*, and thanked him for the Confirmation he had given to my Sentiments. You ought to be sensible, said I, to the Obligations we owe to *Des Pesses*, and at least after his Death pay that Justice, which is due to his Merit. What will you say, added I, if it be you who are destined to gather the First-fruits of his Generosity. Then relating to him all the Proposals of the Count, I threw him into a greater Embarrassment, than that from which he had relieved me. Your Discourse astonishes me, said he, after some Moments of Consideration, and I confess, that among some Caprices I see in the Procedure of the Count an admirable Fund of Delicacy and Generosity. But supposing him so rich as to put *Rose* in a Condition to be above taking Benefit of the Estate that *Des Pesses* has left her, it will not satisfy me that she has nothing to suffer from thence; it is necessary she should give a formal Consent to it, without which nothing in the World shall make me agree to accept of the Enjoyment of an Estate of another, without Title and without Grant. I could not disapprove so noble a Sentiment. Nevertheless the Difficulty I foresaw in reconciling so many different Interests made me insist

insist upon the Condescension we owed to the Count, and consequently upon the Necessity of concealing from *Rose Des Pesses's* Legacy. What Use can we then make of her Income during the Time she continues ignorant of her Title? My Lord *Tenermill* answered, that the Count may enter into Possession of the Estate upon his Marriage, and that conducting himself according to his own Pleasure, he may be Master of the proper Season to inform his Spouse of it.

There remained only one Objection. But with so much Delicacy, how, said I, have you consented to make use in common with us of the Count's Offer of his House? He apprehended at once my Thoughts: You deceive yourself, answered he, if you have fancied that I shall make use of it for any long Time. I shall pass some Days here with that Confidence I owe to the Friendship of a Man, who is to marry my Sister, and who has bound me to him eternally by the Services he has done me; but though I am without Estate, I am not without Hopes; and I have Resource enough from my Birth and Courage to expect something from Fortune. So with the most upright Judgment, and the most generous Sentiments my Lord *Tenermill* always nourished a Fund of mistaken Pride, which I thought a dangerous Omen for his Establishment. However I imagined that the Perswasions of the Count might prevail on him to stay with us against his Inclinations, at least till the Marriage of his Sister, after which it would be then more easy to make him enter into certain Views that I always had for raising his Fortune, and which might more successfully be brought about by that of *Rose*. Without encountering his Notions I was satisfied to recommend Silence to him upon all the Particulars I had just imparted.

This Conversation did not fail to contribute greatly to the Repose of my Mind, by administering a reasonable Remedy to those Scruples of Honour that had laid hold of me. I went immediately to see *Rose*, and I made her those Compliments of Joy which

confirmed hers. We passed near five Days in this agreeable Situation, absolute Masters of one of the prettiest Houses in the World, and served with as much Respect as Zeal. Every Day a Messenger came to us from the Count with such Intelligences and News as he had to send, and carried back ours. The Day after his Departure he sent me an Account, that the Affair of the Sale was happily terminated, and that *Des Pesses's* Effects were lodged in a secure Place, of which I should have the Disposal on my Arrival at *Paris*. I shewed this Letter to my Lord *Tenermill*, and under the need he stood of a thousand Necessaries, I proposed to him to make a free Use of some considerable Sums of Money that were found in *Des Pesses's* Closet. He even rejected this Offer, protesting that Poverty itself should not make him touch the least Farthing of what belonged to *Rose* without her Consent.

Jacin, whom I sent often to *Paris* to make Inquiries into my Lord *Linch's* Steps, having assured me that he had not been seen in that Quarter where he lodged, and that all his Servants disappeared after the Adventure of *Chatoux*, I was perswaded that he was gone to *Ireland*, and therefore saw no further Reason to hinder me from leaving my Sister for some Days, and going where my Presence was more necessary. Together with the Motive of paying some Complements to the Count, I had a further View of opening myself to him upon the Situation of my Brother, who talked every Moment of going to *Germany*, where his Intentions were to solicit an Employment in the Army. I had remarked that he supported his low Fortune with an extreme Impatience, and that being upon the whole mortified to find himself not in a Condition to appear at *St. Germain*, his Humour was become so melancholy, that he was perpetually in Quest of Solitude. My Sensibility for his Troubles engaged me to enterprize every Thing to assuage them, and moreover my Thoughts were to stay him in *France*, where I did not think his Fortune so desperate as he fancied; and not having Suc-

cess in perswading him to accept of the Assistances I offered him, I had a Mind to concert some Measures with the Count to make him relish them against his Inclinations. Recommending my Sister to his Care I took my Leave, and was convinced at least, that being charged with so dear a Trust, he would not attempt to carry his Resolutions into Execution until my Return.

I went to my old Lodgings, where I only heard for News, that a young Lady, whose Name they did not know, had often been there to enquire for me, and that she every Day sent one of her Servants to know if I were come. This Eagerness of an unknown Person not relating to any Thing that might cause me uneasiness, I thought of nothing but waiting on the Count de S——. My Visit filled him with Joy. He had Thoughts himself of passing some Moments with us at his Castle, to impart to us some new Fruits of his Affection and Zeal. He had employed with so much Success the Interest of the same Friends, who had obtained my Brother's Liberty, that our Estate of *Saisons*, and all that had been taken from us upon the first Confiscation, were restored to us. He added, that he was not out of Hopes of obtaining of a Commission for my Lord *Tenermill* in a foreign Regiment in the *French* Service; and he shewed me some Letters that already amounted to a kind of Certainty. In Relation to the Inheritance of *Des-Pesses*, as an Affair of that Importance required more slow Proceedings, he found it necessary to dispatch a Man of Trust to *Bordeaux*, whose return he daily expected, and that he could not give me any Light into the Matter that I did not know before; but that having consulted many Men of Learning in the Profession of the Law upon the Validity of the Will, he was advised that the Success was certain, and he put me before hand into the Possession of *Des Pesses's* Effects lodged in a Closet in his House, of which he gave me the Key.

It was of no use to speak to him of the Embarrassments of my Lord *Tenermill*, since the Restitution

on of our Estate and other Effects, which the Law had confiscated, were sufficient to make me easy on that Head. But not being sorry to know the Bottom of his Designs in Regard to my Sister, I gave way to the Impatience he shewed to pass to this Article. He was the first to speak to me of his Marriage, and to demand of me what Bounds I was willing to put to the mortal Violence he had laid on himself for five Days. I have judged myself, added he, with a Rigour that I cannot repent of, if it has conduced to confirm me in your Friendship and Esteem: But what Efforts has it cost me, and how tedious seems the Time of my Exile to which I am condemned? I answered him plainly, that being not well versed in the Customs of *France*, I did not think myself qualified to determine his Difficulties; but I was of Opinion, that he ought besides mine to take the Advice of his Friends, to whom nothing stood in his Way to prevent his imparting his Designs. Your Youth, said I smiling, and the advanced Age of the Wife you have lost, give you perhaps a Right to cut short Decorums a little. We passed over one Part of the Day in entertaining ourselves on a Subject that I coveted with as much Ardour as he. He could not conceal from me in the Course of our Conversation, that he had unexpectedly fallen into some perplexing Affairs, but that I had more Discretion than to desire to dive into them. Flattering myself, said he, that they will be soon terminated, I am about taking all Measures, that my Mourning began to permit me, for the Advancement of my Hopes. We parted with all the Satisfaction of two upright and sincere Hearts, that equally relied on each other, and which had the same Eagerness to be soon united by Bonds even yet more strict.

My Design was speedily to rejoin my Lord *Tenemill* and my Sister, to whom I had the happy Fruits of my Journey to carry. I went to my Lodgings with the Resolution to be gone off hand. Upon my Arrival at the Door I found it crowded by a very neat Equipage, the Liveries of which were all in
Mourn-

Mourning; and *Jacin*, who came to meet me, gave me Information, that a young Lady, who had many Days impatiently enquired for me, had come herself upon hearing I was arrived at *Paris*, and that she had ordered my Chamber to be opened, where she rather chose to wait three or four Hours, than lose the Opportunity of seeing me. I immediately went up to her without being able to guess what I was to expect from this Visit. Her Form surprized me. *Rose* and *Patrick's* Spouse, who were the most charming Women I had hitherto seen, could not upon the whole come up to what I saw in her at one Cast of my Eye. My Admiration was even too strong to suffer me often to lift up my Eyes upon such a Profusion of Charms, and I cast them down with the same Amazement. The unknown Lady was in the most deep Mourning, and receiving me with as much Modesty as Favour, she put into my Hands a Letter, which she told me she was commissioned to give me. I observed, that she could not pronounce these four Words without shedding some Tears. I pressed her to sit down, and not asking her for any further Explanation under the Embarrassment I was, I seated myself opposite to her, praying her to excuse my opening the Letter.

I immediately knew the Hand-writing of *Patrick*. My Curiosity encreasing with my Trouble, I greedily ran over the Lines. The last Advertisements of *Des Pesses* all at once occurred to my Memory, and although at the Time I received them they made but a transient Impression on me, which had even been diminished by the Troubles I had continually endured, yet now I reflected on them with so much the more Fear, as Circumstances very mournful appeared to be the Consequences of them. I had written nevertheless to *Patrick* after my Arrival at *Paris*, but my Letter contained only a Relation of my first Disagreement with *Linch*, and of the Situation in which I found my Sister. I had not received any Answer from him. In fine, from the Character I had always formed of him, I began to fear what *Des Pesses* had told

told me in an obscure Manner, and what my Prepossession in favour of a Brother so reasonable, and so vertuous, had not yet given me room to apprehend.

Nevertheless what I discovered most surprising to me in his Letter was the Name of the young Lady whom he recommended to me. I suddenly raised up my Eyes on her with the Marks of a sharp disturbance, and I was yet more moved with the Situation in which I saw her. She held her Handkerchief close to her Face as well as to stifle her Sighs, as to conceal her Tears. I read over her Name twice, doubting that I might have mistaken it the first Time. It was *Mademoiselle de L—*, *Patrick's* former Mistress. He conjured me in few Words, but with all the forcibleness that Love could give to his Expressions that I would afford her one Part of the Affection I had for him; and since, said he, a Fate so cruel had made me serve as an Instrument to his Ruin, he recommended at least to my Friendship and Care a Person who had formerly contributed to his Happiness. The Services he required for her were to aid her with my Advice, and above all to establish her in the Acquaintance of *Rose*; to whom she was already a little known, and by whom it is certain, added he, that she will be suddenly beloved with Tenderness.

This Proposal appearing to me very innocent, and worthy of the natural Goodness of *Patrick*, I recovered immediately out of my Alarms. Far from being troubled with the Visit of *Mademoiselle de L—*, I rejoiced at the Opportunity of becoming acquainted with her; and to explain all at once what I have already only slightly touched on, this was not the first Time I thought of her since my Lord *Tenermill* had obtained his Liberty. My own Reflections had often made me regret that she was not in *France*, and looking on the Inclination she had for *Patrick* as a Disposition that might easily prepossess her in Favour of his Brother, I flattered myself, that if he could see, and make his Addresses to her, he might succeed without much trouble in inspiring her with the same Course of
Senti-

Sentiments for him. Even his Absence had not hindered me from nourishing this Thought. It would be always easy for my Lord *Tenermill* to make a Journey to *Germany* as soon as he could discover the Place of her Abode; he might procure the Opportunity of seeing her, and insensibly improving her Affections, from that Time at least wherein she should have the Liberty to dispose of herself. In fine, these were the Views I had for his Establishment, although divers Reasons had hitherto hindered me from making an Overture of them to him.

With these Ideas, joined to the motive I had to oblige *Patrick*, and even pity, from which I could not defend myself, for this amiable young Lady, whom I had before my Eyes, I could not think of hardening myself against her Tears. My Curiosity only led me to inquire into the Cause of them, and of that mournful Dress in which I saw her. Do not doubt, Madam, said I with all the Sweetness I could bring into my Looks and Words, but that a Letter so pressing as this of my Brother, may assure you of all Sorts of Claims to my most zealous Services. I already from the bottom of my Heart enter into those Griefs that seem to afflict you, and if I did not fear to exasperate them by any Indiscretion, I would intreat the Favour to know from whose Loss you wear this Habit, and shed those Tears.

Alas! answered she, wiping away her Tears, which immediately began again to flow against her Will, he whom I lament shall never be restored to me any more. Then stopping herself a Moment, as if she had changed her Thoughts; my Mourning, added she, for this is only one of my Losses that you can be ignorant of, is for the Death of my Father, whom I lost about two Months since. This is a Misfortune to which the Tenderness of Nature ought to make me sensible, and it is not from the Riches he has left me that I can hope to draw any Consolation. But I have nothing remaining to expect, since that which I only desired, and which I reckoned to find here, is ravished from me without Remedy.

Remedy. She then began again to lament bitterly. I apprehended what she durst not speak to me with more Plainness, and being willing to avert those Explanations, that could not fail to raise in me some Embarrassment, I confined myself to ask her how she had received those Tidings from my Brother. But she was encouraged by this Question to explain herself to me more clearly. It is not with you, said she, that I would dissemble the Horror of my Fate. I love your Brother; I thought I was adored by him. Ah! I was so indeed, added she interrupting herself. He was a Man of no Artifice to give me Reason to fear a Character such as his. He renewed his Faith to me a few Days before my Departure from *France*; I gave him mine. This Thought has supported my Constancy, and even my Joy itself, during near a Year that I passed in *Germany*. My Father was of an Age that did not promise him a much longer Life. I resisted to his Death all his Sollicitations to accept of a Husband from his Hands; and contenting myself with the Resolution I had taken not to do any thing during his Life against his Will, I waited without impatience till the Course of Nature should ensure me of Liberty to fulfil my Engagements.

At length, continued she, my Father died, and I with Reverence paid him the last Duties. Being set at liberty, from thenceforth I indulged myself in a Satisfaction, on which my Ideas of Decorum and Modesty had till then perhaps made me too reserved. I writ into *France* to your Brother; I received no Answer from him. During the Time that my Prepossession made me explain every Thing to his Advantage, and that I prepared to leave *Germany* to supply in my own Person what my Letter was deficient in, which I imagined might be stopped by some Artifice, one of his Friends arrived, and filled me with Joy to find that he came in Search of me on your Brother's Behalf, and being not less transported to find me in the same Disposition that he expected, he immediately went for *Ireland*, where he told me that his Affairs had called him, and that he burned with Im-

patience

patience to carry News to him, which would suddenly make him cross the Seas. I gave in Charge to him a Letter that contained all the Flames of my Heart, and putting myself on my Journey to *France*, I again writ to *Ireland* on the Road, to let your Brother know where I intended to lodge at *Paris*. I arrived there, and with what Ardour did I not wait for the Day, which I thought fixed by the Command of Heaven and by our Oaths. Alas ! a Day came which should have been the last of my Life. I received a Letter with that which I have given you, wherein I found the Sentence of my Death written and signed by the Hand of your Brother. Oh ! Perfidious ! — She appeared ready this Moment to give herself up to the Furies of an outrageous Love, but coming nevertheless to herself ; No ; replied she, redoubling her Tears ; I do not accuse him of Perfidy ; I lament his Fate as much as my own ; for he calls Heaven to Witness, that he is the most miserable of all Men. He has drawn me a Picture of his Sufferings, which even excites my Compassion. His Letter has pierced my Heart. He prays me to address myself to you ; to you who can inform me by what fatal Chain of Causes he is fallen, says he, into an unavoidable Abyss, and he assures me that you will give me Testimony of his Love. Tell me then to whom ought I to ascribe our Misfortunes ? Make me comprehend how one can be married without willing it ? without knowing it before-hand ? without losing his Fidelity for other Engagements ? In fine, how can one be perfidious, and observe at the same Time the Language of Sincerity and Constancy ? But tell me rather, added she, shewing an Indignation against herself, tell me how my fond Credulity has yet made me blind to the Crime of a Perjurer ? What fatal Inclinations has forced me to believe him rather unfortunate than guilty, and to lament, it may be, more bitterly than himself for his Misfortune.

She held her Peace, expecting my Answer. The Explanation she demanded of me not being able to assuage her Pains, and exposing me to Misunderstandings

ings that I was willing to avoid, all my Study was to calm her Passions by polite Compliment that carried no Meaning in them, but which might be taken in a favourable Sense. I assured her, that *Patrick* was sincere, and that in the Situation he had been placed, Honour was to him an indispensable Law for the Conduct he observed; but that far from losing the Sentiments he had for her, he had expressed them to me with the greatest Force, in order that I might communicate them to her; that independent of his Letter, wherein he had pressed me earnestly to discover them; she should find me ready to give her all Sort of Proofs; that she would infallibly find the same Dispositions in my Sister, and that if her Intentions were to see her, I offered her that Satisfaction the same Day in undertaking to conduct her to a most agreeable Country, where we were retired. She accepted my Offers with Fervency, and, as if she had flattered herself to draw from *Rose* more Consolation and Light than she expected from me, she did not add one Word more relating to the Subject of her Pains. Having asked me what Hour I proposed to go, she promised to take me up in a commodious Coach. I informed her in general of the Reasons that made me wish she would not take with her any great Retinue. She consented to be attended only by her Governante, who waited in the Antichamber during our Conversation, and a single Lacquey.

This was an amiable Companion I carried to my Sister, and I naturally found the Opportunity I desired of contriving an Union between her and my Lord *Tenermill*. These two Thoughts afforded me an equal Satisfaction; I saw her with Joy return to me, and during our Journey I renewed to her the Assurances of my Zeal and Esteem. She spoke little; her Grief seemed to possess her intirely. Upon our Arrival my Brother and Sister, who knew her immediately, were eager in loading her with all Sorts of Caresses; but she longed to be alone with *Rose*. She stole away
with

with her, and we left them the Liberty they were desirous of.

I attended to nothing so much as the Curiosity my Lord *Tenermill* shewed by his Questions. I know not, said I, by Way of Prevention, if we shall be once agreed in our Notions; but I will not scruple to discover mine to you. If I have no other Part in the Visit of Mademoiselle *de L—* than in the Assent I have given to her Desires and to those of *Patrick*, who has pressed me by his Letters to knit an intimate Union between her and *Rose*; I have no less Thoughts that this Opportunity may turn to your Advantage, and that with a little Complaisance and Pains you may easily succeed in the by-passed Hopes of your Brother. He stopped me short. I should have thought as you do, said he, if you had not apprized me of *Patrick's* Torments; but all the Charms and all the Riches of the World shall never make me betray a Brother I love. I had recounted to him truly the Circumstances of his Brother's Marriage; he had listened to me without either condemning or applauding me. But I did not know that *Patrick*, who thought him still in the *Bastile*, had writ directly to impart to him what he called a fatal Adventure, and that opening to him his Heart he had spoke of Mademoiselle *de L—* as of the only Person he possibly could love. He made me nevertheless this Overture, to justify, as he said, a Refusal, which I might look upon as whimsical enough; that far from doing an Injury to the Amours of his Brother, he was resolved, added he, to forward them with all his Abilities.

Surprized at an Answer, that appeared to me more extravagant than his Refusal, I pressed him to give me a further Explanation of it. Very freely, replied he; I know *Patrick* is too much a Man of Honour to live in any Misunderstanding with his Wife. Esteem and Gratitude are the Sentiments that are her due, and which he will always have for her. But if his Passion for Mademoiselle *de L—* is such as he represented it to me, what should hinder him from coming over to *France*, and making himself happy, if he can, with
a Mistress

a Mistress who indeed merits his Love? This is the Advice, added he, that I have given him in my Answer, and I have even exhorted him to bring his Wife with him, who will easily find Means of comforting herself in the Amusements of *Paris*.

I confess this Criminal Wantonneſs heated my Zeal. I had done myself a Violence for ſome Months to wink at every Thing that was not avowedly oppoſite to my Principles, and, convinced by the Experience of what had paſſed, that natural Weakneſs requires Indulgence and Diſcretion, I had perhaps ſometimes made Juſtice give Way to the tender Conſiderations of Charity. But not ſeeing in this Caſe any Appearance of the leaſt Poſſibility of Reconciliation between his Opinion and Duty, I demanded briskly of the prophane *Tenermill*, if this Language proceeded from the Bottom of his Heart. Far from taking any Occaſion from my Diſcontent to retract what he had advanced, he continued to banter me in the ſame Strain by upbraiding me for my Scruples, that made me, added he, loſe the Merit of an hundred good Qualities in the Eyes of Men of Honour, and which in a Word diſgraced my Politeness and Wit. Can you, added he, change the Cuſtoms of the World? Can you hinder thoſe, who are obliged to live in it, from being alſo conformable to the Maxims of it? Yours are admirable, I confeſs, but in the Name of Goodneſs keep them to yourſelf. For what Reaſon did you force *Patrick* to marry a Woman odious to him, if you had not ſome Recompence or Amends in view to make him? Does your Religion tell you that a Man of his Age can ſo eaſily diſpoſe of his Heart? This Diſcourſe, which was accompanied with an Air of Ridicule and Mockery, raiſed in me at length as much Pity, as, it had before given me Indignation. No, my Lord, no, ſaid I to him in a ſtrong and ſerious Voice becoming Truth, Religion does not at all teach that it is an eaſy Taſk to vanquiſh thoſe Paſſions, which ſhe condemns; but ſhe offers to us every Moment Succours that may aſſure us of a Victory over them; unhappy

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are those who slight them. I cannot think, added I, that your Heart corresponds with your Mouth, and when you talk of the Advice you have given your Brother, you have doubtless sought nothing but to exercise your Wit in a wanton Banter. He interrupted me by protesting with some polite Imprecations in Use among the *beau Monde*, that nothing was so sincere as his Sentiments; that I did wrong to Religion in attributing to it those Rigours, that are not of the Essence of it; that the important Point for weak Men was to render to God that Homage they owed him, and that by acquitting themselves of so just a Duty, they acquired a Right of indulging themselves in a little Liberty towards the Pleasures agreeable to our Nature; that he could not see after all of what it was I would make a Crime; and that not having advised *Patrick* to come in quest of the Satisfaction of his Heart with his Mistress, without having exhorted him always to conserve a just Consideration for his Wife, he had proposed to him nothing but the common Practices of Men of Honour, who do not think they offend Heaven in procuring themselves a Pleasure, which is prejudicial to no body; that if I would take good Advice, I should lay aside this Roughness and ill Nature, that made me condemn every Thing not squaring with my own Ideas; that I must break altogether with the World, or pursue its Customs; in fine this Torrent of prophane Eloquence could not be easily stopped, if in the Vexation of hearing such miserable Arguments I had not interrupted him in my Turn to intreat him to change the Discourse: I had but few Hopes left of inspiring him with other Principles, or at least such an Alteration could not be effected in an Entertainment of a Moment. I had even remarked since our Residence in the Country, that he had been less regardful than ever to the common Truths of Religion, and surprized to find in him this new Step to Depravation, I had dextrously drawn it from himself, that he had finished the Corruption of his Mind in the Bastile, by an Acquaintance he had made with a

French Prisoner, called the Abbot of B——, of whose Wit and Learning he was every Moment boasting. Avoiding therefore to engage myself in further Discussions, from which I expected to draw no Profit, I spoke to him of the new Services which the Count de S—— had done us in obtaining a Restitution of our confiscated Effects, and I proposed to him to go to *Paris*, as well to thank such a generous Friend, as speedily to take Possession of the Benefit of it. This News gave him so much Joy, that it took from him all the Memory of what we had been employed on. After some Explanations he took his leave to prepare himself to go off the Day following.

If I had the Power of commanding my Passions during our Discourse, yet I cannot say I was so moderate in keeping myself from the most bitter Grief, when I reflected on the Character of this untractable Brother, and the Effects I had yet Reason to fear from thence to the Ruin of my Repose. He rejected a Proposal that every other Man would have embraced with Eagerness; this was to neglect his own Interest, and this Imprudence drew down Mischief only on himself: But what a dreadful Advice had he given to *Patrick*? and recalling to my Mind all at once the last Words of *des Pesses*, and the Relation of *Mademoiselle de L—*, what had I not to fear from his other Character, of which, it is true, I knew the Goodness and Integrity, yet in him even those two Qualities were almost as much suspected by me as Vices? I thought it long till I saw *Rose* married. Upon the Spot I took the Resolution of repassing into *Ireland* to confirm the wavering Virtue of *Patrick*, I should have thought all my Duties fulfilled, if I had once employed my Cares on those who would not refuse to receive them. I even hugged myself with this Notion, and not remembering, that all human Projects are subject to the same Revolutions, as every Thing is that we see about us, I thought those new Views ought to suffice for procuring me Tranquility. In the mean time I received
divers

divers Intimations that already raised in me some Foresight of a Misfortune, with which I was threatened. An unknown Horseman was seen many Times riding round the Castle, who seemed to examine curiously every Thing about it. Another enquired by whom it was inhabited. These Circumstances, of which I was advertized, and which I imparted to my Lord *Tenermill*, were not capable of inspiring us with much Fear. We had faithful Domesticks about us, Plenty of Arms, and Aids always at hand from a neighbouring Hamlet, whose Inhabitants were numerous and resolute, and firmly devoted to the Count. The Situation alone of the Castle secured us sufficiently from all unexpected and nightly Insults. But though my Sister happened to be in little Danger here, yet I was on the Point of experiencing, that our great Security might prove pernicious to myself.

Mademoiselle *de L*—— having come to us at Supper-time with *Rose*, I easily perceived that their Interview had been melancholy, and attended with Abundance of Tears. I affected nevertheless not to shew as if I had observed it; and being unwilling to enter into any useless Confidences, I prayed my Lord *Tenermill* not to let any Thing escape him in my Presence, that might engage me in them whether I would or not. He went away the Day following. The two Ladies never separated from one another a Moment during his Absence; and the Pains they took in perpetually seeking after Solitude gave me room to judge from what Interests they found so much Pleasure to entertain themselves with. Three Days had passed over since the Departure of my Brother, when I saw him arrive by Post about the Fall of the Night. The Air of Melancholy, with which he accosted me, made me expect some unlucky News. I was not decived. Less taken up with his own Affairs, that had been happily terminated, than with those of the Count, of which his Gratitude made him Share the Trouble, he immediately took me aside, and appearing to be much moved with what he had to say, he began to tell me, that the Friends of the late Countess *de*

S—— had instituted a Suit for recovering her Inheritance, under Pretence, that, in her long Sickness which had carried her to her Grave, she was not of a sound Mind and Memory to qualify her by Law to dispose of her Estate, and that looking even on her Marriage as an Action but little rational, they pretended to nullify it, as well as the Contract, by which she had given all her Wealth to the Count, and to make void the Will confirming that Disposition. The Proceedings had been commenced when I made my last Journey to *Paris*, and it was this Embarrassment that then troubled the Count. But the Parties had just obtained a Sentence, by which all the Effects were put in Sequestration till the Conclusion of the Suit, and that he had left to him only the Enjoyment of the Castle wherein we then resided. He had not imparted this vexatious Affair to me, because he could not at that Time foresee the Consequences of it, and he hoped to be delivered from the Trouble before we should get any Information of it: But beginning to fear every Thing for his Fortune, he had opened himself that Morning to my Brother. The Loss of his Wealth alarmed him much less than the Concern of his Love. He trembled, lest his Misfortunes should cool our Inclinations, and with his Riches he should lose those Rights we had given him over the Heart of *Rose*. *Tenermill*, to whom Generosity was a natural Virtue, consoled him by all the Assurances of Esteem and Affection, that should for ever stand Proof against Adversity; but in persuading him that he might rely upon his Constancy, he had not encouraged him so easily to build upon that of my Sister's and mine. He came at the Count's Request to sound our Dispositions. Having finished his Relation, he exhorted me seriously to consider, that Merit and Birth ought to be preferred to Riches, and that *Rose*, with *des Pesses's* Inheritance, had nothing to do but consult her Inclinations. Far from condemning those Thoughts, I was in Raptures to see him inclined of himself to that Point, which I should have laboured to have inspired with, if he had

had shewn the least Repugnance to it. In lamenting the Misfortunes of the Count, I felt a secret Joy in seeing our Situations changed, and to find it in some Manner in our Power to do for him what he had so generously done for our Family. There was no doubt to be made, but that *Rose* would enter into the same Way of thinking; but not being able to resolve to tell her such News as must afflict her, without adding to it immediately a just Motive of Consolation. I determined to acquaint her with the last Will of *des Pesses*, which I had concealed from her out of Complaisance for the Count. *Tenermill* approved of my Thought, and judged as I did, that the present Circumstances would disengage me from my Promise.

Rose could not hearken to the first Part of my Story without a piercing Sorrow. The Streams immediately gushing from her Eyes convinced me more than ever how dear the Count was to her; and at the End of my Relation, thinking herself perhaps threatened with some Declaration opposite to her Desires, I observed with what vast Inquietude she waited my Conclusion. You owe, said I to her, an Affection and Tenderneſs to the Count, and since the Sentiments he had for you were always independent of your Fortune, I do not in the least doubt, but that with the same Generosity you will close your Eyes upon the Misfortunes that threaten him, and consider nothing but his Person and Merit. She did not wait till I had ended. Her Heart, tickled with a Thought so tender, surrendered itself up to a Transport of Joy. She embraced me, and gave to her Tenderneſs those Tears, which she had just given to her Grief. I did not wait longer to explain myself. If you are in this Disposition, said I, you will not hear, without Pleasure, that you have it in your power to repair the Losses of the Count. Your Fortune had depended on him; but his is at present in your Hands. *Des Pesses* has given over Measure to his Favours and good Offices, in leaving you the Inheritance of all his Fortune. I should not have deferred ac-

quainting you with it, but to satisfy the Delicacy of your Lover, who was fearful, lest a Happiness that did not come to you through him, might rob him of some Part of your Affections. Do not in the least doubt of what I assure you, added I, seeing that she durst not at first believe it, I am not capable of deceiving you.

I repented making her this Declaration with so few Precautions. Knowing me too well to have any Diffidence in my Sincerity, she filled herself so full with the Ideas of her Happiness, that I perceived her to tremble by an Effect of an Agitation diffusing itself over all her Senses. She was obliged to sit down to recover her Strength, and casting her Eyes on me, when she could no longer doubt but that I had taken Notice of this Revolution; I should be much humbled, said she languishingly, if you should attribute my Emotion to any Eagerness after Riches. As nothing is further removed from my true Sentiments, I should seriously accuse you of Injustice. But I confess to you, added she with a Look, in which the Tenderness of her Soul was painted, that I should have a Difficulty to keep my Joy within Bounds, if it be true that I have the Power of adding any Thing to the Fortune of the Count. I assured her again, that she was rich enough not to regret whatever her Lover might lose, and finding almost as much Pleasure as she in thinking, that we might now be generous and liberal in our Turns, I offered not to delay longer than the Day following to be my own Messenger to the Count by carrying him an Account of these Sentiments.

Not being able to disguise this Incident from Mademoiselle de L—, we discovered, that our Interests were dear to her by the Zeal with which she pressed us to dispose of her Wealth, and all of her Services to advance the Affairs of the Count and ours. I am a Relation, said she, to the principal Heads of the Parliament; I will to morrow go with you to *Paris*, and solicit them with the greatest Ardour. This Assistance appeared to me to be of too great Moment

to be rejected. We regulated the Hour of our Departure, which nevertheless did not hinder her, without informing us of it, from sending that Evening one of her Servants with a Letter to her Agent, to command him to go immediately, and offer the Count on the Part of a Friend, who desired to be concealed, five hundred thousand Livres in ready Money, which her Father had left in his Chests. Thus the Misfortunes of our dear Count served only to redouble the Sentiments of Esteem and Friendship, that linked us inseparably to him.

My Lord *Tenermill* remaining behind to guard *Rose*, I left them the next Day with less Inquietude than Joy, and under an Impatience to get to *Paris* to console the Count. Our Retinue was not numerous. *Mademoiselle de L—* having sent forward the Evening before the single *Lacquey* she had brought with her, we had only my Servant behind the Coach. On what Foundation could we think, that we should have need of a better Guard? Human Prudence could not judge more Precautions necessary. But I should give a bad Description of all the Troubles of my Life, if I did not lift up my Eyes higher to find the Source of them, and if I did not refer to the Councils of Providence the Springs of a thousand Events, that are yet impenetrable to me. We were not above a Quarter of a League from the Castle, before we were stopped by three Horsemen, who, without losing Time in speaking to us, commanded the Coachman to turn into a thick Wood at a little Distance from the high Road. I took them at first for Robbers, and with a View of sparing other Fears to *Mademoiselle de L—*, I prayed them, from the Boot of the Coach, to accept of my Purse, which was full enough to satisfy their Greediness. I even extended it to them, and told them, that they would find in it an hundred *Louis*'ors, and that far from having a Thought of disputing the Matter with them, I was ready to surrender without Resistance. They refused it with a Shew of Civility, that increased my Surprize. Having gained the Wood the same Moment, they made us go into a Path, where

the Leaves and Branches were thick enough to conceal us. We found there another Horseman, who looked after a Chaise and four Horses, with a Coachman and Postilion. It was about nine o'Clock. He, whom the others seemed to acknowledge as their Head, prayed us civilly not to be alarmed, and telling us that we should pass the rest of the Day in the Place where we were, he assured us we should be treated with Respect, and should not want any Refreshments. I demanded mildly an Explanation of his Design: Do not press that Point yet, said he, smiling; we have some Days to pass together, but you shall always find me dumb to this Question, and you will have no Benefit by renewing it. He sat down on the Grass; the others followed his Example, and taking some Provisions out of the Chaise, they set themselves to eat and drink without any Marks of Disturbance.

In reflecting upon this strange Adventure, I could not doubt but that my Companion was their sole Object. She wept bitterly; I laboured to comfort her, by representing that we ought to take Courage from the Civility of our Guards, and that not having separated me from her, there was but little Probability from thence of being threatened with an evil Fate. She asked me if I knew any Thing that might help to explain our Disaster? It is from you, said I, that I thought to have asked that Question; for it is plain enough it is not me they have a Design to run away with. But have not you some Lover, from whom you might fear such an Attempt? She confessed, that during her Residence in *Germany*, her Father having had a Design of marrying her to a Man of some Distinction in that Country, she had been exposed to the Persecutions of this Lover, even to the Time of her Departure from thence; but that returning to *France* without opening her Design to any one, he had lost his Hopes; nor did he ever know that she was at *Paris*. This was enough to inspire me with just Suspicions. We need seek no further, said I, and telling her in few Words what had

had happened my Sister, I brought her readily to agree, that all her Sex ought for ever to be diffident of ours. We spent all the Day in this Discourse, without attempting to taste of the Refreshments offered us, and oftentimes, though in vain, renewing the Request I had made to the Chief of our Guards.

At length Night being come on, they desired us to get up into the Chaise. Resistance would have been useless. I contented myself with asking, if my Lacquey might have the Liberty to follow us. I was answered, that it was impossible to comply with my Request. I then spoke of talking with him one Moment in private; but this Favour was refused me with as much Difficulty as the former. We were obliged to submit to the Law they had imposed on us, and to travel in the Dark without being able to guess to what Part of the World they intended to carry us. I observed that of the four Horsemen, two remained behind us, in all Appearance to guard the Coachman of *Mademoiselle de L—* and my Lacquey back to the Place from whence we were taken away.

We travelled at a great Rate during the whole Night. With Difficulty our Guides allowed themselves some Moments to refresh their Horses, and it was at the Corner of a Hedge at a Distance from the high Road that they halted. The Wasting of our Strength obliged us also to take some Nourishment that was presented to us with great Assiduity and Haste. We continued to travel till Day-light, and our Astonishment redoubled, when, at the Rising of the Sun, they carried us into a very thick Forest, where they told us we should have Time to rest ourselves till Evening. The Chief of our Guards seemed to know the Roads so perfectly well, that he must have travelled them more than once. In the Evening we were invited to put ourselves on our Journey, and were conducted for the two Nights following with the same Precautions.

Nothing can give a Notion of my Astonishment, when, on the third Day in the Morning, the first Beams of the Sun gave me a Sight of the Sea, towards

which they were advancing. Though we had but a short Way to travel to the Coast, yet they made us spend the Day in a Wood, less thick than Solitary, from whence I could neither discover Villages nor Houses. I confess my Eyes opened at once upon a thousand Dangers, of which I had not before the least Foresight. I called to mind the Menaces and the Daringness of my Lord *Linch*. Of what ought I not to believe him capable, after the Excesses into which he had been carried? But what had he to do with *Mademoiselle de L—*, with whom he had hitherto had no personal Acquaintance, and whose return he could not even have known? These Reflections took me up all the Day, and at length opening my Mind to my Companion, I asked her if she knew my Lord *Linch*. This was the first time she had ever heard his Name. Her Ignorance of this particular persuaded me, that my Suspicions were badly founded, and returning to my first Conjectures, I no longer doubted but it was the German Gentleman, who had taken the Resolution of running away with her, and that he had chosen to pass by Sea, as a Journey the most favourable for an Enterprize of this Nature. It was easy upon this Supposition to explain why I was run away with, the Ravishers having perhaps thought this necessary to cover their Attempt, should they be pursued upon the Road.

In Pursuance of this Thought, I flattered myself that I should be restored to my Liberty on the Sea Shore, and all my Compassion fell upon *Mademoiselle de L—*, for whom my Imagination could not form any Remedy. The Night growing dark, they pressed us to get into the Chaise. We drove down to the Coast, at the Edge of which I perceived in the dark, some Fishermen's Cottages, that made me judge they had chosen a desolate Place for their embarking. Five or six Sailors, whose Words did not leave me in Doubt what we were to expect, hastned to follow us to the Water Side, and, notwithstanding all my Hopes, forced us both on board a very small Yacht, that was there at Anchor ready to receive us. The Wind being

ing favourable enough for setting Sail, we were clear of the Shore before my Surprise, and even Fear, from which I could not defend myself, had left me the Power to utter one Word.

Mademoiselle de L— melted into Tears. I was so taken up with my own Fears, that I was not yet able to speak to her. This Faint-heartedness would possibly have lasted as long as my Doubts, if the Chief or the Ravishers, approaching with an Air of Civility, had not made Excuses for the Troubles he had caused me, and exhorted me to console my Sister, who had not, said he, any Reason to deliver herself up to such an Excess of Affliction. My Sister ? interrupted I, opening all at once my Eyes upon what had before appeared to me to be very obscure, Ah ! take care, continued I without stopping, you have ill served my Lord *Linch*, he will give you but little Thanks for your Mistake : This is not my Sister, believe me, set us again down on the Shore, you are about giving us useless Vexations. He appeared at first a little disconcerted at the natural Air with which I accompanied this Request ; but perswading himself immediately that it was all an Artifice, by which I hoped to deliver ourselves out of his Hands, he only smiled at the Agitation I had hitherto shewed, and having confessed to me that he was executing the Commission of my Lord *Linch*, he remitted me to the clearing up of the Doubt I would fain raise in him, till we landed in *Ireland*.

I did not forbear to insist on this Particular a long time, and receiving no other Answer, a just Impulse of Impatience hurried me on to reproach him for the infamous Commission with which he was charged. But being as insensible to my Injuries as to my Complaint, this Conduct on the contrary served to confirm him in his Opinion, that I would have imposed on him ; and he thought of nothing but pressing the Sailors to make the most of the Wind, which continued favourable.

Mademoiselle de L—— heard every Thing that my Anger and Zeal drew from me in her Presence. Her

Alarms abated much, when she was assured that they mistook her for another. She declared handsomely to me, that it was a great Consolation to her to think that her Misfortune served to make *Rose* avoid one much greater; and in Reality I thought I was the only Person who had reason to be pitted in so cruel an Adventure. What had I not to apprehend from the furious *Linch*, after so many Proofs of Violence that have appeared in his Character, and especially, when finding himself deceived in his Hopes, he might, perhaps, make the first Heat of his Resentment fall on me. I turned my Eyes towards Heaven to pray for that Succour, which I had no Reason to expect elsewhere, or at least for a Measure of Constancy and Strength equal to such terrible Trials.

The Wind seconded, so well the Diligence of the Mariners, that we landed on the Night of the fourth Day at the little Port of *Gleffick*, a few Miles from *Waterford*. Our Ravishers found a Chaise, which they had left there at their Departure. They took only the necessary Time for putting to their Horses, and pressing us to commit ourselves to our Journey, they went forward with so much Diligence, that on the next Day in the Afternoon we arrived at the Seat of their Master. I trembled when I saw his Castle, and already formed to myself all the Circumstances of our Reception. I then turned my Sighs towards Heaven. In fine, our Chaise entered the Court, and while our principal Guide gave his Hand to Mademoiselle *de L—* to help her to alight, another of our Guards, surpris'd to see no body appear to receive us, called with a loud Voice some of the Servants by their Names. Our Guide led us into an Apartment, and seeming to Wonder in his turn, that no Person yet appear'd, he demanded Permission to leave us for a Moment. This Air of Solitude rais'd in me also some Surprise. Not the least stirring was about us, and we waited more than a Quarter of an Hour in Silence, and under an Uncertainty what our Lot would be.

Our Guide returned alone. The Consternation I remarked in his Face was not apt to give me better hopes.

hopes. Nevertheless having continued thoughtful for some time, he at last encouraged Mademoiselle *de L—*, whom he still took for my Sister, to signify her Will and Commands freely in a House, where she might look upon herself as absolute Mistress. This is the Intention of my Lord, added he, but Affairs are much changed. He fell for a Moment into a thoughtful Pensiveness, and we never endeavoured to interrupt him. It is three Weeks, said he, since I left my Lord here with thirty Domesticks. I found not one to Day but the House-keeper. Nevertheless you shall be served with as much Respect as Care, said he again to my Companion. The Servants I have with me know the Will of their Master, and I shall be at hand to give them a good Example.

Notwithstanding the new Inquietudes which all these Obscurities might have caused me, I inwardly gave Thanks to Heaven for the Absence of *Linch*. I found myself delivered from the Principal of my Fears, and imagining that they would have no Thoughts of restraining me of Liberty in a Place, where I could make no Use of it, I was in hopes that Heaven would confirm that Protection which it appeared already to afford me. Mademoiselle *de L—* waited that I should explain myself. Let us accept, said I, the Offers they have made us, and think of nothing but recruiting yourself after the Fatigue of such a Voyage. I engaged her really to refuse nothing, that might conduce to her Health or Repose. We began from that Moment to make use of all the Accommodations the House afforded.

Nevertheless I often perceived that I was watched, so as I could not take a Walk in the Park without being followed by one of our Guards. My Hopes were not yet to attempt an Escape; for nothing could be capable of making me abandon my Companion to all the Dangers, that perpetually menaced her Youth and Beauty; yet I did not at all doubt but that in rambling a little from the Castle, I might be informed by the first Peasant, who was not paid for holding his Tongue, of the mysterious Reasons of *Linch's* Absence. With

what Affectation soever our Guards avoided to satisfy my Curiosity, I discovered a great Embarrassment in their Answers, and a Grief in their Minds. There happened at the same time an Accident, that would, in spite of them, have given us some Light, if Mademoiselle de L—— had not failed in Courage to lay hold of the Opportunity that presented itself.

Having one Day gone into the Garden, I left her alone in the Chamber, where we passed some part of our Time, into which she was surprised to see a Gentleman enter, who having found no body in the Court of the Castle, introduced himself with so much the more Freedom, as he was one of the nearest Relations of the Master. He was as much amazed as she to find there a Lady, whose Beauty dazzled him; and although he spoke *French* but indifferently, yet it served him well enough to make her understand his Apologies. He came there, as he said, to get an Account of the latest News they had of the Misfortune of my Lord *Linch*. She, whom every thing was capable of alarming in her Situation, had no other Thoughts than to get rid of the Conversation of an unknown Person, and calling up a Servant immediately, she retired without carrying her Views further.

This Event, which she presently informed me of at my return, produced in the Consequences an effect very odd. As she had reproached herself with having too readily given way to her Fears, and ardently wished to recover the same Opportunity of Instruction; she stood the Days following sometimes at the Window, with the Hopes that either she or I may discover somebody, whom we might question. The Gentleman, who had thus scared her, did not leave the Castle without carrying away with him an Impression of her Charms, and whatever Explanation he had drawn from the Servants who attended us, the Day following he gave way to the Inclination of his Heart, which recalled to his Mind every Thing about her that had affected it. Our Guards having probably made a Difficulty in giving him Admittance into the House, he successlessly employed himself in searching some Opportunity of
procuring

procuring the Sight of Mademoiselle *de L—*; but the same Hopes drew him there again the Days following, and having discovered her from afar off at her Window, he passed over all Obstacles to get near her from the Court. She saw him, she affected to remark him with some Attention; and under an Impatience to recover the Opportunity, which she reproached herself for having lost, she continued looking at him long enough to inspire him with the Courage of approaching near. She did not observe, that the Servants had taken the Precaution of lifting up the Draw-bridge, and that he was stopped against his Will by a large Moat. This Scene having continued a Part of the Afternoon, she retired from her Window, dissatisfied enough with the Wariness she had shewn to the mistaken Respect of a fearful Man. He was nevertheless so far removed from this way of thinking, that on the contrary, having drawn the most flattering Picture of her Complaisance for him from her looking on him so long, he fancied that she entered into the Meaning of his Diligence, and was disposed to approve of it. He returned the next Day full of those Thoughts, whilst Mademoiselle *de L—*, thinking on her Side to procure the Means of speaking to him, shew'd herself at her Window with a Resolution of employing all Arts proper to make him surmount his Fears. In reality she not only appeared attentive to the Pains he took to salute her often, but seeing him stand at the same Distance, she ventured to make him a Sign to come nearer. A Favour so little expected seemed to throw him into a Transport. I must confess that I was at the Back of Mademoiselle *de L—*, and that it was at my Perswasion she was prevailed on to call him. We had for some Moments a Sight of his Embarrassment and Disturbance. He stretched out both his Hands towards the Bridge to make us observe that it was raised up; he let them fall, pointing at the Moat, to shew us the Breadth of it; he turned them on every Side the Court, to make us understand that he could find no Access into it; he lifted them up again towards us with divers Motions expressing

pressing his Despair; in fine, appearing to take all at once another Resolution, he began to shew other Signs, which I could not presently comprehend so readily as the first. In stretching out his Arm he made a Semi-circle with his Hand. Yet I thought he discovered that he meant the Garden, by which he would point out, that the Passage that Way was more easy; but he must then traverse many Apartments. All the new Signs he added made me conceive, that he wanted to be assisted by us. I pressed Mademoiselle *de L—* to answer him by favourable Inclinations of her Head; and the Postures he made to express his Joy did not leave me longer in doubt of his understanding that Language.

He retired indeed with the Appearances of a lively Satisfaction. Night being not far off, I thought no more than of following the Hope I had, that he would not fail to present himself on the other Side of the Castle, and that knowing well the Avenues, he would give me some way to understand, that I might readily find the means of letting him in, and I flattered myself, that I should obtain from him those *Eclaircissements*, for which my Curiosity encreased every Day.

Our Supper being over, we got rid of our Guards, who always paid that Submission to our Orders, when we were disposed to be alone. Mademoiselle *de L—*, being without Intermission taken up with her Troubles, would fain be dispensed from receiving the expected Visit; although it was plain enough that the Gentleman's Motive was only to see her. She reposed herself on me, she said, for her Conduct and the Security of her Honour, and not having had the Complaisance of intangling herself in this Adventure for any other End than entring into my Views, she left to me the Trouble of drawing from thence all the Advantages I proposed. I was the more solicitous about it, as I thought the Resolution agreeable to her Modesty. My Design was to introduce the Gentleman into my Chamber, and not only to enter with him into some Explanations relating to the Affairs of my

my Lord *Linch*, but to profit something, if it was possible, of the Weakness I observed in him, to dispose him dextrously in the procuring us our Liberty. I went down in the dark, and coming without Noise to the Garden Door, I had scarce opened it before I heard him cough softly some Paces from me. The Darkness would not suffer me to distinguish any Object; but this Signal, answering my Expectations, I admired only that those foolish Passions were capable of inspiring such an Ardour, as our most Holy Duties do not always give us; and I presently said in a low Voice; if you are the Man, who was seen from the Window, approach without Fear. He was with me immediately, give me your Hand, added I in the same Tone, and follow me without speaking one Word. In taking his Hand I observed that it trembled; you have nothing to fear here, said I, to encourage him; let us only avoid making any Noise to alarm our Overseers. He recovered so speedily, that applying his Mouth to my Hand, by the time we had gone four Steps, he held it a long time pressed close to his Lips. You do not think of what you are doing at all, said I, endeavouring to draw my Hand back; but he twenty times renewed this Sort of Caress in a kind of Transport. My Embarrassment was much greater in crossing a Parlour, which he was well acquainted with. He stopped me all of a sudden. Where is the Necessity, said he in bad *French*, of going any further. Do you think we have any thing to risk here? Yes, answered I, speak low; we may be heard, and I know no Place so secure as my Chamber. At least, replied he, taking hold of my Head, and giving me some passionate Kisses, let this Charming Parlour be for one Moment a Witness of my Ardour! I should have taken him for a Fool, if I had not imagined, that he thought himself led by *Mademoiselle de L—*; but smiling already at the Surprise into which I foresaw he would fall when he should get rid of his Mistake, I was contented to disengage myself from his Arms, and pressed him to follow me. I was under the Necessity of enduring an
hundred

hundred Importunities of this Nature till I got to my Chamber.

It would make one laugh heartily in an Adventure so serious, if I should undertake to paint the Astonishment and Confusion, of which he could not forbear discovering many Tokens, when he saw the Deformity of my Figure by the light. In his first Surprize he clapped his Hand to his Sword, and I cannot tell what his Vexation and Disappointment would have made him capable of doing, if I had not made haste to recover his Wits by the Kindness and Smoothness of my first Expressions. You are here out of Danger, said I, and far from thinking of Violence, you will have no Occasion of exercising any thing but good Offices. Pray be seated; and seeing it was with Difficulty he recovered from his Trouble, it seemed to me as if the very Disorder he was in might favour my Design. You are a Friend to my Lord, added I, and consequently curious to know the latest News concerning him. Yes, said he, still retaining some Embarrassment, and I cannot imagine what has made his Servants here so troublesome, that they brutishly forbid me Entrance into his House during his Absence. I can inform you something of this, interrupted I; but tell me what Accounts you have of him, and what does the Country say of his Misfortune. This manner of talking to him brought him to himself perfectly.

He answered, that he knew no more than all the County knew of him, that is to say, that *Linch* being surprized by the Viceroy's Guards, had been carried away without making any Resistance, and that he was a Prisoner in the Castle of *Dublin*. We cannot imagine the Reasons of this Proceeding to be other than his Engagements to the Court of *St. Germain*, and the high Favour, in which they pretend he was, about King *James*. They even assure us, added he, that he had Thoughts of settling in *France*, and that his two late Voyages there have made him suspected to the Heads of the State. These Lights not being sufficient, I interrupted

ed him to anticipate the Question which I expected. I am ignorant, said I, of the Consequences of this Mischief, nor am I yet better informed thereof than you ; for though they have hindred you from entring into this House, you cannot perhaps imagine that they have shut me up in it. He appeared surprized at this Discourse, and as I had no other Precautions to take, than what might help to obtain the Liberty of Mademoiselle de L—— and my own, I continued to relate to him by what Adventure we found ourselves almost as much imprisoned in *Linch's* Castle, as *Linch* himself was in that of *Dublin*. His Zeal was so much the more heated by this Recital, as he thought, that not only the Birth of Mademoiselle de L—— deserved Respect, but that being conveyed to *Ireland* by a mere Mistake of our Guides, he had a Right to serve her, without offering any Offence to a Friend whom he feared. I carefully guarded myself from speaking to him of the particular Resentments that *Linch* might retain against me ; nevertheless not having concealed from him that I was an *Irishman*, this Confession led me to tell him my Name. He was acquainted with it so much the readier, as having learned his Exercises with my Brothers in *Dublin*, and he still retained a very tender Regard for *Patrick*. You shall not be detained here, said he, for any longer Time than you desire. Nothing hinders us from going out the same Way I came in. I have Horses, added he, at the Park Gate, and you shall be at Liberty this Moment, if you will follow me.

The only Difficulty that hindered me related to Mademoiselle de L——, whom I was fearful of exposing to new Dangers. He penetrated my Fears, and opening himself with a Generosity suitable to his Birth, he intreated me to believe, that I should find a vast Difference between the Respects he should pay to a Lady, whose Merit and Condition I had acquainted him with, and those he had held for her, when he took her for nothing but a common Woman, whom he imagined my Lord *Linch* had made subservient to his Pleasures. His House was no further from us than
three

three Miles. He assured me he had there his Mother and Sisters, with whom Mademoiselle *de L*—— might continue in as much Harmony as Safety. His Word, which he gave me in the most proper Terms to remove my Fears, had at length the Power to inspire me with some Confidence. I had learned from our Guards, that he was very near related in Blood to my Lord *Linch*, and in the Choice of two Dangers, I was persuaded, that the safest Way was to shun the greatest by reposing myself on the Faith of a Man of Quality.

I would not have any Thing more understood by this Reflection, than that my Confidence was deceived. For what I trusted to, as an Advantage to Mademoiselle *de L*——, became the Occasion of a thousand Misfortunes, to which her unlucky Fate had destined her, and the Source of an Infinity of Troubles to myself. Blind Wisdom of Men, that without Intermission engages them in Precipices, which they labour to avoid!

The Gentleman, who so generously offered me his Services, was called *Anglesey*. This Name, which I knew, having put an End to my Doubts, I demanded a Moment to make the Proposal of our Departure to my Companion; not that I foresaw any Difficulty in bringing her to relish my Advice, but I thought to inspire her with Courage by laying before her the Succours that Providence had prepared to offer us. Far from being terrified at so precipitate a Resolution, she was ravished with Joy to find a Retreat open to her with Ladies of a distinguished Name, where she might recover herself a little from her Frights and Fatigue. We had nothing very cumbersome to carry with us. So taking the Resolution that same Hour to follow our Deliverer, we went down into the Garden, from whence we readily gained the Park Gate. The Opinion I had of the Honour and Fidelity of *Anglesey*, did not hinder me from taking Mademoiselle *de L*—— behind me. I requested of him to gallop before us, to prepossess his Mother and Sisters with our Arrival, and his Lacquy, who walked before us on Foot, being sufficient

sufficient to shew us the Way, I put myself quietly on the Road in an exceeding dark Night. What Reflections nevertheless did I not make on the Oddness of an Adventure, as opposite to my Inclinations as my Character! An Ecclesiastick of my Figure and Age, on Horseback in the dark, with a beautiful young Lady of seventeen Years old behind him; what a strange Scene!

Our Journey was as happy as it was short. We arrived at a House, not so large as that of my Lord *Linch's*, but of such an handsome Appearance as to give us Room to judge at our Entrance, that it was not inhabited by People of an ordinary Condition. *Anglesey*, who hastened to do us the Honours of the House, received us with all the Proofs of Respect, that he would have shewn the Viceroy. His Mother, as respectable for her Virtue as her Birth, and his two Sisters, who were deficient in no Graces common to the Women of *Ireland*, waited on us in an Apartment very well furnished, and at our first Appearance loaded us with Civilities and Tenderness. Our first Discourse was only a Repetition of the unfortunate Adventure that had kidnapped us out of *France*. Afterwards, whilst the two Sisters had particularly engaged themselves to *Mademoiselle de L—*, the Mother declared her Joy in seeing me at her House, made me call to mind divers Circumstances, whereby she remembered to have seen some Gentlemen of my Family, and asked me, if I did not believe that we were related by different Persons, whose Names she mentioned. She remembered to have heard her Son relate a thousand Times, how intimate he was with my Brothers, and the Description he had given of *Patrick* so much to his Advantage, and she received with Joy the Account of the Establishment of his Fortune by a very advantageous Marriage. We found also among those our kind Hosts all the Sentiments of Goodness and Honour, which might make us look on their House as an agreeable Sanctuary.

BOOK VI.

THE profound Rest, in which I disposed myself to pass the Night, did not upon my retiring prevent me from employing my Thoughts on the Inquietudes of my Lord *Tenermill* and *Rose*. *Jacin* could find only a terrible Relation to make them, and had the most dreadful Apprehensions to impart. I did not go to Bed before I drew up a Detail of my Adventure in a Letter that I proposed to forward them the Day following: Mademoiselle *de L*— inclosed in it one addressed to my Sister. My Purse, in which I had luckily above an hundred Loid'ors, not having been diminished by our Troubles, I found myself in a Condition to procure for my Companion all Necessaries suitable to our Situation. So the next Day I put about her a Woman, who consented to accompany us to *Paris*. Our Design was not to make a long Stay in *Ireland*; but a Journey undertaken out of Necessity and Prudence, was not to be made with so few Preparations, as the running away with us had been. It was necessary we should wait for Opportunities, that did not present themselves every Day, and provide a thousand necessary Conveniences for the Road. The Imprisonment of my Lord *Linch* left us full Liberty to think of this Journey without Fear; and except only the Repentment which he might retain against me, I could not see any Reason to make me apprehensive of his Return. Among all other Circumstances I had not forgot, that I had a beloved Brother, and a dear Flock, whom it was my Duty to covet to see; but I looked on Mademoiselle *de L*— as a Trust, which our present Condition made yet more precious, and which necessarily called for my first Cares. I was impatient to return to *France*; and though I had other Subjects

Subjects of Alarm, that I could not dissemble, I could not nevertheless but be under vast Uneasiness, as long as the Sea was not between her and *Patrick*.

Anglesey, whose Sentiments were confirmed within the Bounds of Esteem and Respect, did not refuse to employ himself in the Preparations for our Journey; but by an Action of Gallantry, as much as to oblige his Mother and Sisters, he agreeably told us, that we ought not to reckon upon his Diligence, and that he was making it his Study to conceal from us all the Opportunities that presented for our Departure, or to discourage us from laying hold of them. He made it also his Business to procure for Mademoiselle *de L—*, all the Amusements that he thought would help to dissipate her Grief. She had not indeed the Power to conceal it; her Tears or Sighs betrayed it every Moment in spite of all her Cautions. It was natural to take these Demonstrations of her Sorrow for the Effect of our common Misfortunes, and I affected myself not to give any other meaning to them: But having other Reasons, that would not suffer me to mistake them, I admired how a Person of her Age was capable of so deep an Impression, and I lamented her giving herself up as a Victim to an irremediable Anguish.

While I was employing myself in supplying by my own Care, what the Slowness of *Anglesey* would not give me room soon to hope for from his Curiosity to hear some News of *Linch*, and to learn under this Pretext what his People thought of our Escape, carried him one Day to the Castle, from whence he had delivered us. He returned in the Evening with a Letter addressed to me. This is from my Lord *Linch*, said he, who yet thinks you his Prisoner, and is no less persuaded that your Sister is there with you. His Servants have possessed him with this false Notion out of Fear to augment his Misfortune by redoubling his Vexations. He told us, putting the Letter into my Hands, that having gone into the Castle, he found there all the Marks of a profound Consternation. Our Flight passed among them for

a Prodigy, which our Guards had not yet comprehend-
ed. Their Chief, thinking he had no more Measures
to observe, made no Difficulty of opening himself to
him on the unfortunate End of his Commission, the
beginning of which had been so successful. On
the Day of our Arrival he had dispatched one of
his Associates to *Dublin*, to give an Account to their
Master of the Success of their Enterprize, and to
comfort him under his Misfortunes, by acquainting
him, that the Interest of his Heart was at least in Se-
curity. This News overwhelmed him with Joy. He
employed two Days in writing me a Letter, which he
had begun twenty Times; and pressing the Messenger
to carry it to me, he recommended it to him with
the most earnest Intreaties to obtain a speedy Answer. In
the mean Time eight Days had already passed since
our Escape, and four since the Return of the Mes-
senger, without their being capable of coming to
the least Resolution. What shall they answer my
Lord? How apprise him of a Misfortune that would
put him besides himself, especially at a Time when
his Affairs were taking a Turn so little favourable,
that he had need of all Freedom of Mind to qualify
him to make his Defence? In fine, our Ravisher, who
had also found himself the Inheritor of our Troubles,
had intreated *Anglesey* to aid him in his Embarrassment;
and interesting him in the Happiness of his Master
by the Title of Relation and Friend, he had sub-
mitted himself to be conducted intirely by his Orders
and Advice.

Anglesey would have put an End to this Comedy, by
confessing to them all at once that he had given us
a Retreat in his House, and that being informed of
their Mistake in running away with one Person in-
stead of another, he did not think he should disoblige
his Friend and Relation in receiving us with that
Civility, that was due to People of Honour; but
the Fear of engaging himself out of Season without
my Participation, and the Desire also of getting out
of their Hands my Lord's Letter made him take ano-
ther Resolution. Without confessing that he was
already

already at the Bottom of our Adventure, and pretending that he had got some News, that gave him Hopes of discovering our Retreat, and proposing to take charge of the Letter, he engaged upon his Word to return it again in three Days, if he did not succeed in making it fall into my Hands. As to the Inquietude of their Master, he advised them to keep it yet in Suspence, by continuing to conceal our Flight from him, and by speedily informing him, that from the Trouble I was in of seeing myself carried away with my Sister, I had absolutely refused to give him any Answer, until he had restored us to our Liberty. This Artifice succeeded so well, that they intrusted the Letter to his Care, and being persuaded it must contain some important Hints, he had not lost one Moment in bringing it to me, I opened it with Impatience. It was of such a length as corresponded very well with the Time *Linch* had taken to write it, and I soon discovered that the main Point of the Matter had not embarrassed him less than he expected. It was an Apology for his Love and all the Course of his Conduct. Taking up the History of his Passion from its Original, he concluded by declaring himself innocent, or by charging his Faults upon Love and Fortune. But calling Heaven to Witness, that even in the strongest Transports of his Passion, of which he acknowledged himself guilty, he had never lost the utmost Veneration for me, and less the Reverence he owed to the sovereign Mistress of his Affections; ought he then, said he, to yield up those Rights, which he had acquired by the most holy Promises? Was not his Honour also interested as much as his Love? By what Contempt of his Person and our Nation was I so obstinate in preferring a *French* Man to him? This was not only so in the Case of *des Pesses*; after the Death of one Rival, did I not employ all my Pains to raise him up another, and to make him triumph more surely over the Heart of *Rose*; did I not make it my Study to choose out one endowed with all those Qualities, that could not fail to dazzle a Woman?

man? But if he had the Misfortune to appear in my Eyes less amiable, what Reproach had I to make to his Birth, to his Fortune, to his Rank, or to his Honour? The Faults, that perhaps had made him odious to me, were they of a Nature to dishonour a Gentleman, to whom the Use of the Sword ought to be familiar? And he desired moreover to know, to what Source those Faults ought to be ascribed. In the Resolution he had taken of bearing me off with my Syster, ought I not to see, to what Height he was capable of carrying his Delicacy, and to perceive therein the same Scruples of Honour, which had hindered him before from running away with her alone, and without my Participation? He desired, that I would be a Witness of his Conduct, and a Judge of his Sentiments. All my Coldness and Repugnances, he was sure, would soon give Way to the Ardour of his Friendship and Caresses. The Care of his whole Life should be employed in carving out for me a Fortune worthy of me. He even flattered himself, that my Sister would return from her unhappy Prepossessions, and that with the Liberty he should have of living near her, he should infallibly find the Means of softning her Heart. His Unhappiness did not proceed from any Thing else but his being too long deprived of the Pleasure of seeing her without Restraint. What Satisfaction did he not promise himself in a Conversation so full of Charms? What Attention, what Pains was he going to apply to make her happy? He would cast himself before-hand on his Knees to conjure her to forget her Vexations, and to make her all the Reparations that she should think proper to dissipate them. His Respect, and the Fear of having displeased her, had taken away from him the Boldness of writing to her.

In fine, not doubting, added he, after a Number of other Reflections, but that I would yield to his Intreaties, and observing, that after the Rumour of a Rape I had no other Side to choose, he intreated me from henceforth to consider his Interests as my own.

own. He gave me an absolute Authority over his House and Estate, and recommended to me to watch without Intermission over the Quiet and Satisfaction of *Rose*. His Confidence in me proceeded so far, as to impart to me the Embarrassment of his Situation. His Enemies had inspired the Government with mischievous Suspicions of his Loyalty. Though the Accusations did not amount to a capital Offence, yet they might be strained to it by the least Incident, which might give to his Engagements with the Court of *St. Germain* a Colour of high Treason. The Hostilities, that briskly began between *France* and *England*, could not end but in a glaring Rupture; and if the War should unhappily be declared before he was discharged, he might be threatned with a Resentment from the Situation of the Times, which perhaps might make an Alteration in the Nature of the Depositions given against him. Upon finishing this Relation, he asked, if, from the Opportunities I had met with of often soliciting the Courts of Justice, any Lights had remained with me, that might help him in his Defence; and if, added he, I did not judge that my Company would be necessary for my Sister, he proposed that I should make a Journey to *Dublin* to assist him with my Counsels.

This Letter, of which I have now given an Extract, did not inspire me with any mischievous Reflections, nor with any Thing that looked like a vain Satisfaction, from which there is some Difficulty to defend ones self, in seeing under Folly and Disgrace those who would abuse their Understanding and Liberty to our Prejudice. On the contrary, blaming *Anglesey* for thinking, that the Advice he had given to *Linch's* Servants might help to establish the Tranquility of their Master, I declared to those that heard me, that it would be much more advantageous for him to have but one Affair in View; and that the Disquiet, into which my Silence alone was capable of casting him, might throw great Perplexity over his Mind. This Thought made me resolve immediately to disabuse him. He will have the Vexation, said I, of seeing

his Hopes and his Measures disappointed ; but by comforting himself under a remediless Evil, he will employ himself only on what is most urgent. It was after I had brought myself to this Resolution, that I formed from it one more extended. In reading over his Letter, I was moved at the Turn he had given to his Justification, and I conceived in Effect, that an ardent Passion in a fierce Man may hurry him into such violent Extremes, as his Reason might condemn, and yet not leave him the Power to forbear them. If his Honour preserves him well enough in combating and restraining at least certain Effects of them, this is an Abatement of the Evil, that ought to make one judge favourably of his Character, and which make him, perhaps, merit more Pity than Contempt and Aversion. *Linch* has loved my Sister, ought then Love to be punished by Hatred ? Was he not happy enough in not being able to succeed in pleasing her, and to find himself engaged in a Multitude of false Steps, from which he could not recover himself without Grief and Confusion ? Why then should we insult over his Pains ? In the very Evil he had done us, might not I discover some Matter tending to a caressing of us, that might invite rather our Friendship than Revenge ?

My Generosity not failing to heat me by those Reflections, I imagined that he was not unseasonable in thinking I had the Power of being useful to him. I was known to the Viceroy, and I did not flatter myself in imagining that he had some Esteem for me. I did not stand worse in the Opinions of the principal Members of the Council, and the Experience I formerly had in Proceedings of this Nature, made me capable of chusing the shortest Ways. There came also into my Mind an Expedient, that I thought decisive for his Justification and Liberty. I examined my Thoughts with great Application, and after Abundance of Reflections, finding them feasible, I began to think, that I should have cause to reproach myself with the Loss of an unhappy Man, if I should refuse him those Assurances, of which I judged the
Effects

Effects infallible. The next Day I declared to Mademoiselle de L——, that I was resolved to commit her for some Days to the Trust and Friendship of Madam Anglesey, in Order to go to *Dublin*. She was no way alarmed at my Design. Honour and Virtue seemed to be united in this House for her Security. I went away without any Disquiet, and left her also in the same Condition.

How should I foresee what was as yet concealed in Futurity, when I had not the least Diffidence in what passed about myself? Could I foretel, that Anglesey, with an Intention to serve us, had already raised us such Evils, as all the Power of Men was not capable of repairing? He had writ to Patrick to revive in his Memory their ancient Acquaintance, and informing him that I was here with Mademoiselle de L——, he laid hold of this Motive to engage him to come and surprize us at his House. This was the Thing I was apprehensive of from the first Moment of my coming there, and I was not yet cured of my Fears; but how could I penetrate into a Thing, in which Anglesey thought he did us a Pleasure, by concealing it from us, out of a vain Hope of surprizing us agreeably?

I went away without any Suspicion. It came into my Mind on the Road to take Advantage of this Opportunity to make a Journey for some Days to the County of *Antrim*. *Dublin* lay in my Way to it; and I saw no Difficulty in concealing the Adventure that had brought me over into *Ireland*. Nevertheless having postponed this Design till I had ended the Services I intended to do for my Lord *Linch*, I laid out all my Time on his Affairs. He received me in his Prison with Transports of Joy. A Journey, that he could not ascribe to any Thing but a Desire of serving him, seemed capable of removing all his Fears. If he began by making some Apologies, he did not wait for an Answer; but declared to me all the Sentiments that filled his Heart, and coming immediately to speak of *Rose*, he asked me a thousand Questions about her Health, and the Dispositions she was in for

him, before I could find a Moment to open my Mouth.

At length having left me the Liberty of answering him, I did not go about the Bush to tell him, that his Joy was weakly founded, if he took the Success of his rash Enterprize for granted. You believe, said I, that my Sister is in *Ireland*; your People have done you wrong by leaving you in this Mistake. They have not failed in Fidelity to your Orders; but their Zeal is deceived in taking for her a young Lady, whom you have not the least Knowledge of. They obliged her to cross the Seas with me; but thanks to the Protection of Heaven, we are delivered from our Alarms. Another, added I, would reproach you for your violent Attempts, which do not wound less the Laws of Man, than those of Heaven; but I am come here upon quite different Motives. I think, as you do, that my Labours may be useful to you; and the Zeal, with which I have come to serve you, may convince you, that I know how to forget Injuries.

Though the Tone I had used was too serious to suffer him to look upon my Discourse as a Banter, yet his Prepossession did not permit him to believe it sincere. He told me smiling, that he as freely pardoned my Reproaches, as the Design I appeared to have in embarrassing him a little by my Feints, and that after all, he looked upon himself as too happy in finding me disposed to pardon a Step, which he could not flatter himself I would forget but after a long Course of Services. I in vain protested to him again that he shut his Eyes to no Purpose; that my Sister was quiet in *France*; and that I had no other View but to satisfy my own Generosity in the Offer I came to make him of my Labours. The Force of my Instances served only to throw him into another Error. He persuaded himself, that this Pretence was an Artifice I had meditated to deliver *Rosé* out his Hands; and rivetting himself in this Thought, he pretended to surrender his Faith to my Protestations, with a Smile nevertheless, by which he seemed to let me

me understand, that all my Address was not capable of deceiving him.

It was of so little Importance to me to make him change his Opinion, that without insisting further on it, I spoke to him of the Hopes I had of delivering him by a certain Way, which I forbore explaining to him till after the Event. As most of his Seavants were in *Dublin*, he gave them Orders to obey me in every Thing, and to appear in my Retinue, in order to give me at the Viceroy's Court an Air of some Distinction.

It was neither Violence nor Fraud I proposed to use. Having learned that the principal Accusations against my Lord *Linch* were his Obligations to the Court of *St. Germain*, and the Project of going into the Service of King *James*, to whom they suspected him to have a strong Bias, the chief Importance of the Affair was to justify him plainly upon these two Articles; and the one seemed to depend upon the other. For with what Appearance of Favour soever he had been received at *St. Germain*, the Inferences to be drawn from thence would vanish of themselves, if it was made probable, that his Heart was attached to the Government of *England*, and that far from thinking of forsaking his Country, he was endeavouring to establish it in more Alliances. Now not only the two Duels, in which he had been engaged in *France* had shut him out from an Entrance into that Kingdom, but the Design he had of running away with my Sister was a Proof of his Intentions to settle himself in *Ireland*. Would even his Security suffer him to repass the Seas after so great a Noise of such an Attempt, which would expose him more than ever to the Severity of the Law? It was upon this Argument that I built the Success of my Undertaking; and though it was subject to some Objections, yet there would remain Strength enough in it to prevail against bare Suspensions, which did more Honour to the Zeal than to the Justice of the Government.

A Memorial I had drawn up with Care to prepare the Viceroy to hear me, made his Disposition so favour-

able, that at the first Audience he submitted to the Probability of my Reasons. I had observed in the Affair of my Father, as well as that of *Patrick*, that he loved the Nobility, and if his Fear of rendering his Zeal to the Court of *London* suspected had made him lend a ready Ear to Accusations, he endeavoured afterwards, to serve those whom he had been, as it were, forced to prosecute. Nevertheless his Authority not being extensive enough to discharge a State Criminal, he turned me over to that Tribunal, to which I had addressed so many Sollicitations for *Patrick*. I was received there with a Respect that encreased my Hopes, and, whether it were that I was indebted for it to the Remembrance of my former Manner of proceeding, or to the secret Influence of the Governor, I obtained in a few Days the Liberty of my Client.

He received this News with Transport. His Servants at Home, who had been ignorant of my Journey, having continued to hold him in his Mistake, he shewed a lively Impatience to see *Rose* again; let us begone, said he, embracing me, I shall die with Pleasure in casting myself at her Feet. I took this Opportunity of telling him again, that far from finding my Sister at his House, he would not even find the Lady there, who had been taken away in her stead. My Protestations did not appear to him more serious than at the first Time. Nevertheless, when being ready to go, he saw that I refused stepping into his Coach with him, and that I prepared to take the Road to *Antrim* to pursue the Project I had formed of visiting my Parish and Family. I perceived a Change in his Countenance, which began to give him a Mistrust of the Truth. Then appearing to change his Opinion, he fancied that I endeavoured to make a Jest of his Embarrassment, and that I was about taking another Road to get before him to his Castle. This Thought restored to him his Mirth. I penetrate your Design, said he at parting; she shall see which of us two will outstrip the other. He parted at last like
Light-

Lightning. I laughed at his Error, and the same Instant took the Road for *Antrim*.

Never was a Journey undertaken for Friendship productive of more bitter Fruits. During all my Passages entertained myself with the Motives that persuaded me to it. If the divers Lights I had received into the Situation of *Patrick*, did not give me Room of hoping to find him in a State of perfect Tranquillity, yet, being encouraged at least by the Opinion I had of his Character, I was without Inquietude as to the Bottom of his Conduct. Even his Constancy, with which he had continued till now in *Ireland*, tied to his Family, and faithful to his Duty, gave me Room to judge, that if he had suffered some Conflicts, he had come off Conqueror; and in those Sort of Perils, the first Attack appearing to me the most dangerous, I did not foresee any other Difficulty for me, than to confirm by my Exhortations and Counsels, that Victory, which I thought him indebted for to his own proper Strength. So I proposed to myself a sensible Joy by surprising him with my Arrival; and the more I reflected on the Effects I might expect from my Journey, the more I was persuaded that I could not have dispensed with it, unless I had failed in my Duty.

It was Night when I arrived at his House. The Gate of the Castle was opened to me at the first Knock, and I thought I perceived that they ran to it in Haste, which would have made me judge that I was expected, if I had not thought they shewed some Mistrust at my coming near. Nevertheless not being known to the Servant who came to speak to me, I was presently informed at my first Question, that their Master was not at Home, and I thought from their manner of answering, that hearing me knock, they were in Hopes it was he they should find at the Gate. My Lady, said the Porter to one of his Companions, will be a good deal vexed to be mistaken, and they appeared to be so much taken up with this Thought, that they introduced me into the Court without shewing much heed to me, and continued to talk together

of the Trouble and Anxiety of their Mistress. At length another Servant, whom Chance brought in the Way, having remembered to have seen me in *Dublin*, ran to me with so much Eagerness, that it opened the Eyes of the others, who seemed to have neglected me, and understanding from him who I was, their Indifference turned all at once into Transports of Joy. The Noise of my Arrival was spread in a Moment all over the Castle, and I found myself encompassed with People, who payed me all Sorts of Respect. Although there remained with me some Cause of Trouble from the first Words I had heard, yet I suspended my Curiosity, which made me wish for some Explanation, and I asked to be shewed the Way to my Sister.

She was just informed, that it was I who came so late to her Gate. I found her in Bed, and learned from herself, that she had continued so for eight Days. Her first Expressions contained nothing but Marks of Joy ; but returning soon to what had taken full Possession of her Heart and Soul, she asked, interrupting herself, if I had seen my Lord, and if I brought her any News from him. I am but just arrived in the Province, said I, and I came directly here without having stopped at my own House. My Answer seemed to afflict her feelingly ; she remained for a Time without opening her Mouth, and I observed that she let fall some Tears.

I scarce durst request her to speak to me with Freedom. I had too little Familiarity with her to expect all at once her Confidence, and not able to imagine of what Nature her Troubles were, I was fearful lest my Curiosity should betray any Air of Indiscretion. Besides all the Hints I had received at several Times occurring at once to my Imagination, I was shook with a thousand Terrors, against which I was every now and then obliged to call up my Reason. This Confusion of Ideas made me take the Resolution of pretending, that I did not perceive her Trouble ; and making my Questions fall upon my
Brother,

Brother, I inquired negligently if he intended to be absent long. I am ignorant of that myself answered she, looking more stedfastly on me, I have heard nothing from him these eight Days ; he is gone to *Dublin* under Pretence of some Business. His Silence gives me Disturbance, since he promised to write to me. Eight Days Absence, said I smiling, ought not to give you so great an Uneasiness, and continuing to speak to her with an Air of freedom, I turned the Discourse upon *Rosé*, and the State of our Affairs in *France*. The interest she took in them having engaged her enough to afford some diversion to her Troubles, I avoided giving any Openings that might embarrass me in our first Interview.

Nevertheless I was no sooner alone, than not being able to master my Alarms, I called *Patrick's* Valet de Chambre, whom I knew to be a discreet Fellow, and one devoted to his Interest a long Time. Without entering into any other Detail than what was suitable to his Character, I spoke to him of his Master's Journey as of an unseasonable Disappointment, that gave me some Vexation, since the Hopes I had of seeing him made me steal some Days from my most urgent Affairs. I continued to talk to him in a plain Way ; but he did not listen to me long before he discovered a Countenance so sorrowful, that it gave me an Opportunity of asking him the Cause of it. He seemed to hesitate in his Answer. At length, as if he had resolved on it all of a sudden, he shut the Door, with the Precaution of one who feared to be overheard, and coming near me, he held this Discourse.

It is not from you I ought to conceal the Misfortunes that threaten this House. Perhaps Heaven has sent you hither to prevent them ; and if I could have trusted to my Zeal, I should have taken up the Pen a long Time ago, to give you Notice of it. But I am ignorant of the Bounds which Duty has imposed on me in the Rank I stand, and upon the whole, my Master having never discovered any thing of the Matter to me, I have nothing to relate to you but from my own

Observations. You thought the Fortune and the Happiness of my Lord were established by his Marriage; but I foresaw from the Day of his Engagement, that so violent a Sacrifice could not have happy Consequences. His Heart was before given away. I knew his Passion in its beginning, and the Confidence he then reposed in me not making him yet disguise from me his Sentiments. I have a thousand Proofs that nothing can be capable of disengaging him from Mademoiselle *de L—*. I have even wondered at seeing him yield to your Persuasions, that he could flatter himself in ever being able to fulfil his Duty; for there is no doubt to be made, but he has used numberless Efforts to submit to these Laws he had imposed on himself. In Truth, he has concealed from me since that Time every Thing that passed within his Heart; but I will tell you what Chance and my Zeal have discovered to me whether he would or not.

After your Departure for *France*, his Distemper, which became much more dangerous, having detained him a long Time in *Dublin*, I perceiv'd one Day, that all the Time he could steal from the Conversation of my Lady was employed in Writing. I easily guessed the Subject of his Letters. But he gave me himself the Opportunity of being assured of it. Necessity obliging him to forward them through me, he told me, casting down his Eyes, that one of them was for Mademoiselle *de L—*, and the other for Mr. *des Pesses*; and he left it to me to seal them. My Compassion for his Sufferings, more strong perhaps than my Duty, inclined me immediately to read them. I was moved even to Tears at the Expressions of an inconsolable Heart; and not seeing what Advantage it would bring either to his Repose or to that of Mademoiselle *de L—*, to read a Conversation made up of Grief and Tears, I resolved, having consulted first with myself for a long Time, to cut short this new Correspondence at its Source. I burned the Letters. They were addressed to the Servants of Mr. *des Pesses* at *Paris*. From my Knowledge I had of them, I writ to them myself
to

to enquire after News from their Master, that I might be in a Condition to pursue all their Steps.

I know not from what Hopes my Lord seemed to become more easy. The Caresses and continued Attentions of my Lady had perhaps the Power of mollifying his Heart, unless rather the Expectation of an Answer from *Mademoiselle de L——*, and the Consolation he found in writing to her, might have a little suspended his Troubles; for I could not remark that Conjugal Love had gained the least Ascendant over him, nor that his Cares for my Lady had from thence been the more eager. He loved nothing but Solitude. He lamented bitterly when he was interrupted. My Lady herself could not come near his Chamber but she trembled, and although she was so sensible to his least obliging Behaviour, that the Satisfaction flowing from it always diffused it self over her Countenance, yet his Humour was so uneven, that he did not appear to be the same Man every Moment of the Day. We left *Dublin* about three Weeks after your Departure. His Residence in this Province made no Change in the Conduct or Disposition of my Lord.

In the mean time as nothing happened after the Adventure of the Letters, that could give me any room to carry my Observations further than Appearances, I was in hopes that Time would at length dissipate these first Clouds. The Reliques of his Distemper seemed yet to colour his Coldness for his Wife, and it was a Matter well known in the House, that under this Pretence he dispensed with himself even to that Time from bedding her. But recovering his Strength from Day to Day, it seemed to me impossible that at his Age he should long continue faithful to so strange a Resolution. The Physicians advised him to the Diversions of the Field, and I know not whether the Design of freeing himself from the Presence of my Lady, had not as great a Share as his Health in his Submission to their Orders. From Morning till Night he was on Horse-back. I was at first surprized to see in him this Passion, which I had not known in him before. But I was not long deceived in it. Whilst his Servants

were in pursuit of the Stag, he would hide himself alone in the most covered Ridings of the Forest, and it was always with the greatest Marks of Vexation that he found himself discovered by those, who through Uneasiness pursued him upon the Track. My Lady took a Relish for the same Exercise. It was plain to all the World, that her sole Motive was a Desire to follow and pass the Day with him. He then became more eager than his Huntsmen in following upon the Tracts of the most savage Beasts, and in hunting them down in Places inaccessible, where the Niceness and Tenderneſs of his Wife would not suffer her to follow him. I wondered at all his Caprices.

One Day however, when either Fatigue or his Taste for Solitude had made him quit his Horse to rest himself in the Shade, my Lady, who followed him perhaps with more Eagerness than she had for an Exercise, in which she would persuade us she placed all her Delight, joined him at a Time that he seemed least to expect it. I was with him, and Respect having obliged me to step aside some Paces, I easily perceived that in his first Surprise, he appeared for some time embarrassed. She sat down near him. His Resource was to lament his Indispositions, from which he received no Ease by all the Applications of Remedies, and to rally the Physicians with a forced Smile, who had prescribed him a Regimen proper enough to Fatigue, but incapable of curing him. My Lady took Occasion from thence to rail against Hunting, and advised him to abandon it. She joined to her Advice a thousand tender Marks of Inquietude and Affection. I listened to his Answers, which were kind and polite. She seized his Hand; he did not draw it back; but I observed that he blushed, as if this Liberty had alarmed his Modesty. In the mean time their Conversation having continued in the same Tone, I had no doubt but his Heart had suffered itself to be surprised by some impulse of Tenderneſs; for he drew his Wife's Hand to his Mouth, and kissed it many Times with a passionate Air. As to her, into the bottom of whose Heart those simple Careſſes suddenly pierced, her Soft-

ness

ness and Tendernefs explained themselves in a Manner less ambiguous. She seized again in her turn the Hand of my Lord, and holding it on the Grass, on which her Head was reclined, she fixed her Lips to it for a long Time with a Silence more moving than all Expressions. But some Huntsmen appearing interrupted such happy Beginnings.

Although all my Diligence could not give me room to observe, the Days following, that this Scene had produced the Effects I had promised myself from it, yet I was perswaded more than ever, that it would contribute to the Happiness of my Master in effacing those grievous Ideas, that could leave no Repose to his Heart, as long as they subsisted in his Memory. I formed the Design of making him intirely forget Mademoiselle *de L—*, and the only way to this end that appeared infallible was to perswade him, that she was either Dead or Married. I pitched upon the latter as the most probable. My Lord, who was impatient to receive the expected Answers, had often sent me to *Londonderry*, to which Place he had directed them to be addressed. Having received a Letter myself from one of the Servants of Mr. *des Pesses*, wherein I was informed, that his Master was in *Germany*, I pretended to have got Advice of his Return, and of the Marriage of Mademoiselle *de L—*. This imprudence, which was pardonable according to my Intentions, has probably cost me my Fortune; but the most terrible Effect from it was the throwing my Lord into a Despair, that has daily gained Ground. He had nevertheless the Power to observe yet some little Moderation, until the Day marked out for my Ruin, and perhaps for his.

We were hunting, and my Lady also was with us; when the Stag driving towards *Londonderry*, we came to the great Road in order to cross it. My Master thought he knew a Gentleman, who was advancing towards us, attended by a Lackquey. He stopped to see who it was. I discovered as soon as he, that it was Mr. *des Pesses*. What could I draw from this Meeting but a bad Omen? Yet how was I capable of preventing

venting the Effects of it? My Lord was already hung about the Neck of his Friend, and without regarding Decency, which perhaps should have obliged him not to leave my Lady alone in the middle of the Road, he spent above an Hour apart with him. I was informed in the Evening from the Lacquey of Mr. *des Pesses*, what the Subject of this important Conversation was. They had returned from *Germany*, and not imagining that my Lord was married, resolved to have the Pleasure of coming themselves to *Ireland* to inform him, that Mr. *de L*—— was dead, and that his Daughter, still filled with the same Love, was upon her Journey to *Paris* to offer him her Estate, and her Hand. He had Constancy enough to allow his Friend full Time to explain himself, and endeavour to read over a Letter from his Mistress, before he suffered one Complaint, or one Sigh to escape him. But with what Violence did he immediately give himself up to the most unbounded Grief? He alighted from his Horse with an Air of Despair, and throwing himself on the Ground, remained a long Time without even lending an Ear to Mr. *des Pesses*. I came to him in haste. My Artifice, which he had then no Difficulty to apprehend, and which my appearing called up to his Memory, inflamed him with a Passion so piercing, that he forbid me coming any more in his Sight. My Lady, who came up the same Moment, had no better Receptions; and surprised, as well as his Servants were, to see him in such Transports of Grief, from whence he did not recover, the Silence and Astonishment of all the Spectators formed a Scene as difficult to be represented in Words, as written.

In the mean time Mr. *des Pesses* knew me, and having privately asked me some Explanation, I informed him in a few Words of the Cause of his so great Trouble. He lamented his Imprudence; Remedies were hard to be found: But employing all his Wit to repair the Evil he had caused, he came up to my Master's Ear, conjured him to pardon an Error, into
which

which the eagerness of a passive Friendship had precipitated him, and not to redouble the mortal Grief he felt by making the Cause of it too glaring. *Des Pesses* at length constrained himself to remount his Horse, and appearing with a good Grace before my Lady, he laboured to give a Colour to the Motive of his Journey to *Ireland*, and to the Disorder occasioned by his Arrival to my Lord.

I know not what Idea my Lady formed in these first Moments; but after some Marks of Inquietude, to which my Master seemed little sensible, she assumed a Countenance more sedate. Perhaps that was the time to dispossess her of her Suspicions with a little Prudence and Management. For three Days, that Mr. *des Pesses* passed with my Lord, he spared no Pains to convince him of the Necessity of entering into such reasonable Views; but he could not make him relish his Advice. An obstinate Silence, continual Sobblings, an Air of Distraction and Fury, that spread Grief and Fear over the whole House, this was from that fatal Day the habitual Disposition of my wretched Master. My Lady, who appeared many times the same Day at the Door of his Apartment, could not obtain Leave to enter; and if afterwards he consented sometimes to receive her, it was always done with such forced Politeness, that she never returned without bursting into a flood of Tears. As to me, who trembled to appear in his Presence after he had forbidden me, I did not forbear to shew myself in doing my ordinary Services; which he received without seeming to remember his Orders; but I had a thousand Reasons to judge that I was utterly lost in his Mind.

My Lady, who could ascribe such a terrible Change to nothing but the Arrival of Mr. *des Pesses*, discovered so openly, that the Presence of this Stranger was disagreeable to her, that it determined him to be gone. He saw my Master before his Departure; but whether it were that in this Interview he had received some Reproaches, that diminished his Affections for my Master, or whether he apprehended that he should redouble

redouble his Grief by Letters, we had not the least Word from him after his Return to *France*.

We might have flattered ourselves nevertheless, that our Misfortunes were at their Height, so long as my Lady, who was hitherto ignorant of her, employed all her Labour to restore a Calm and Tranquility in the House. If the Situation of her Husband was to her a cruel Torment, she yet shut up all her Sufferings in her Breast, and we could perceive nothing from them but Tears. But as she was too little circumspect to dissemble for a long Time the Malady of her Mind, she but too easily procured Hints and Informations, which she had done more prudent to have avoided during her whole Life. Her Jealousies were changed into Certainties by an unfortunate Curiosity to read the Letter from *Mademoiselle de L—*. She often saw this fatal Piece in the Hands of her Husband. He left it open upon his Table without the least Precaution. Nothing being so easy as to steal it many Times in the Day, she took it away with her, and being intoxicated with the mortal Poison contained in every Word, the first Motion of her Vengeance was to tear it in Pieces. Happy, if at the same Time she had wrung from her Heart that Arrow she had just thrust into it! But Appearances made us too easily apprehend, that the reading of this Letter was as fatal to her as to my Lord. During the first Day, she shut herself up in her Apartment, where she admitted no Person near her. Scarce durst her Woman attend to do her the necessary Services. She passed whole Days without Nourishment; she wept without Intermission. So that Despair seemed to have found two to prey upon in the lieu of one. They were each of them in their separate Apartments, as it were buried in a kind of Sepulchre, from whence they took no further Notice of what was doing in the World; without shewing any desire of speaking to one another, of seeing one another, or of scarce informing themselves of their mutual Situations, or of what employed them in their Solitude. My Lord, who in vain sought for his Letter, could not be ignorant into whose Hands it had fallen;

fallen; and if he durst not shew too much Vexation at losing it, I observed he was not free from Uneasiness at the Effects it might produce.

Mr. *Dilnick* came one Day to the Castle. He had Familiarity enough there to enter without any Precautions. Going immediately to my Lady's Chamber, his Astonishment must have been extreme to find her under a Sadness and Abjection of Mind, of the Cause of which no body could give him an Account. He in vain questioned all the Domesticks. Those who apprized him of the Adventure of the Letter could not add any other Ecclaircissement. As to me, who was only capable of informing him, I pretended to know no more of the Matter than another, and being glad that my Lady had so much Power over her Mind as to trust no body with her Secrets, I drew a good Omen from this Moderation. Nevertheless having seen my Lord, he found him also in so great a Disorder, that it was difficult to discover any Thing from him, and he formed, no doubt, his own Conjectures upon these so strange Appearances. I cannot say by what Steps he arrived at those Suspicions that offended my Master. Mr. *Dilnick* is rough and daring. Some Complaints that possibly dropped from my Lady, or her Tears alone, might have made him fancy she was ill used. He observed too few Measures in opening himself upon this Point: I was present. My Lord, nettled to see himself accused of an Outrage so unworthy of him, took up the Matter in such a Strain, as drew on him Reproaches yet more severe. They ran to their Swords, and all my Zeal could not hinder Mr. *Dilnick* from receiving in an Instant a Thrust in the Arm, nor from returning one the same Moment, that wounded my Master in the Thigh.

I had scarce parted them, when Mr. *Dilnick*, out of Countenance, no doubt, at his Passion, retired without opening his Mouth, and instantly left the Castle. My Lord was not hurt so dangerously as to require any other Help than mine. This Quarrel not
being

being known to any Person, he ordered me to keep it a Secret, and in a few Days his Wound was healed.

Nevertheless it was to this fatal Wound that I attributed his most mortal Troubles, and perhaps his Departure, which has left us all here in a Consternation for many Days past. It ill becomes me to dive into his Thoughts with so much Liberty; but if you can forgive something to my Affection, I will not conceal from you what I have read many Times in his Countenance and Eyes. Before this Accident I only remarked, in them Grief and Despair, but since that Time I saw there painted nothing but Indignation and Fury: I am confident he was persuaded, that my Lady had carried her Complaints to Mr. *Dishick*, and that it was at her Sollicitation he came to quarrel with him in his Chamber. Duty had till this Moment struggled in his Heart; for to what else will you ascribe the perpetual Disorder in his Mind and Health? But I apprehend, that the Respect, which he could not refuse to an amiable Woman by whom he saw himself adored, was enfeebled by this unfortunate Opinion. It is at least true, that far from appearing dejected and languishing, as he had till then done, far from venting his Grief in Tears and Sighs, he from thenceforth shewed the Trouble of his Heart in nothing but violent Agitations. He forbore all at once from inquiring after the Health of my Lady. He leaves his Apartment to go into the Garden. He walks in it at a great Rate with hasty Steps and large Strides for two Hours together, and the Night very often overtakes him in it, before he appears to know any Thing of the Matter. This was at the Time that he received by Way of *France*, a Letter that yet further augmented the Violence of his Agitations. He sent an Answer to it with the utmost Expedition; but I was not pitched upon to carry it to the Post. I thought he had the Air of a Man who would fain surmount his Troubles by the Force of a furious Resolution, and, if I may say it, by a Disdain and Contempt of them. My Lady, who perhaps had before found some Consolation in the
Remains

Remains of Complaisance which he sometimes shewed by inquiring after her, no sooner saw herself deprived of this Comfort, than her Melancholy began to increase. She was fain nevertheless to submit to all the Rigour of her Fate, and make her Pride and Indignation give Way to her Tenderness. Without quitting at first her Apartment, she sent him Word herself that she began to amend, and would be glad to receive from him a Visit. He chose the Time when her Women were employed in dressing her, and his Visit was short. The same Day he resumed his Exercise of Hunting, and not returning till late, avoided the Necessity of going to her again. I observed the same Affectation during the following Days. My Lady, recovering perhaps some Hopes from the Change of his Occupations, or not being able to live without seeing him, deceived his Expectations by waiting constantly for his Return. So he was as it were obliged to entertain her some Moments; but the Pretext of Illness or Fatigue was a never failing Argument to deliver him quickly from this Constraint.

At length a Letter he received eight Days ago made him immediately take the Resolution of getting on Horse-back. I yet flattered myself that he would order me to attend him. I soon saw by the Choice he made of another, that I had for ever lost his Confidence. He departed with so much Precipitation, that he had scarce Time to take Leave of my Lady. I doubt whether he inform'd her of the Motives of his Journey, or the Duration of his intended Absence; for she melted into Tears the Moment he departed, and her Inquietude hath from that Time appeared to increase every Day. She has been so ill since his Absence, that she has not for a Moment left her Bed; which never happened her since the Time that the Letter of Mademoiselle *de L*—— caused her so much Affliction. This Evening at the first Knock you gave at the Gate, all the Family fancied it was my Lord, and every one was in haste to carry the News to my Lady. But if she has received from seeing you any Consolation, you must have remarked, that it did not
come

come from the Bottom of her Heart, where lies the perpetual Source of her Misfortunes.

I was so moved with this Relation, that, as if I had not given Attention to one Part of these Difficulties, I made him explain over again many Circumstances that appeared to me obscure, and particularly those relating to the Quarrel between *Patrick* and *Dilnick*. I could scarce believe, that *Dilnick*, whom I knew to be full of Fire, but at the same Time a Man of Honour and Sense, should upon bare Appearances so forget himself as to fall to cutting his Friend's Throat, and inclining to believe that my Sister-in-law had made some indiscreet Discoveries to him. I was sorry she had given *Patrick* this Kind of Advantage over her. The Reflection of the Valet de Chambre was just: A Heart that struggles for its Duty, and that suffers mortally by this Violence, lays hold but too eagerly on every Thing that carries only the bare Appearance of justifying its Weaknesses. I was nevertheless far from ascribing the Absence of my Brother to this Cause; and inquiring whether he had made any Preparations for a long Journey, upon hearing he went away without any Precautions, I imagined his View was only to sweeten his Melancholy, by wandering abroad for a few Days. But still I thought I foresaw, that if he was irritated against his Wife, I should have more Difficulty in giving him a Relish of those Medicines, that I was desirous to administer for his Consolation. Are you very sure, said I again to his Valet, that he has yet never passed a Night with my Lady? He answered this Question, by relating to me some Particulars that could not leave me in the least Doubt; and as to what related to *Dilnick*, he repeated to me the Reasons he had to believe, that Mr. *Dilnick's* Passion proceeded from nothing but his own Suspicions.

I commended the Zeal that had attached him to the Interests of his Master, and engaged to re-establish him in his Mind. A Night, in which the Fatigue of a Journey had made Rest necessary for me, was to me the most cruel of all Torments. I could
not

not close my Eyes, but endured under a perpetual watching every Thing that Fear and Grief could heap on an overburthened Mind. It was on my Sister-in-law that all my Reflections fell. I saw but too plainly, that with whatever Tendernefs and Prudence I should speak to her of her Troubles, or receive her voluntary Overtures, I was going to engage myself into an Abyfs of Cares and Anxiety. I must expect that ſhe would commit to me all the Concerns of her Repoſe; that ſhe would interrogate me upon the Amours of my Brother; that ſhe would reproach me for having left her in Ignorance of them; that ſhe would heap on me an over Meaſure of her Complaints and Tears; in ſine, that ſhe would impart to me all the Bitternefs and all the Vexation of her Soul. I conſidered, if under Pretence of procuring ſome News of her Huſband, I had not better leave her the Day following. But I immediately rejected this Thought. It would be a cruel inſenſibility that could make me capable of abandoning her under a Situation ſo ſorrowful. I ought rather to look upon my Arrival as an Order from Heaven to make me inſtrumental in her Conſolation; and that I ſhould devote myſelf to this Office of Charity, of which Religion and natural Affection created in me a Law almoſt equal. I might well excuſe myſelf from any Care of *Roſe*; ſhe was at leaſt in a State of Tranquility, that did not make Haſte and Diligence at all urgent. In ſine, I determined to go down to the Apartment of my Sister-in-law as ſoon as ſhe was willing to receive me, and to foreſtal the Overtures of her Heart by opening mine to her.

I aroſe with this Deſign, and conſidered as I dreſſed myſelf, what Turn I ſhould give to my firſt Expreſſions, when Word was brought me, that *Dilnick* deſired to ſee me. His Reſidence being in the Neighbourhood, he knew of my Arrival the firſt Moment. I could not reſuſe his Viſit. He embraced me with the utmoſt Affection, and without aſking me if I was informed of what had paſſed in the Caſtle,

Castle, he prayed me to hear him. The Relation of my Brother's Coldness for his Niece, and the History of his first Differences with her took up a long Time. He spoke to me of his Scuffle with him in Terms of Grief and Confusion. I confess, said he, that this Passion is not pardonable in a Man of my Age; but a sudden Surprize of Fury sometimes overclouds and darkens Reason. Besides you will soon see, whether it be without Foundation that I suspect your Brother of a Failure in his Fidelity.

He then related to me, that having writ into *Denmark* immediately after the Marriage of his Niece, in order to give the most early News to *Fincer*, it was not long before he received an Answer, that had given him as much Astonishment as Grief. During many Journeys that *Fincer* had made to *Hamburgh*, he had struck up an Acquaintance with Mr. *de L—*, who had retired there with his Daughter. Madam *Gerald*, Gouvernante to this young Lady, being an *Irish* Woman, he gave way to an Inclination we naturally have for People of our own Country, and being familiar enough with her to ask in the Course of Conversation, what it was that could inspire such an Aversion in Mademoiselle *de L—* for all the Matches her Father had proposed to her, he had learned all the History of the first Amours of *Patrick*. Madam *Gerald*, who pretended to make a Merit of her Zeal for a Gentleman of her Country, did not omit any Circumstance of this Intrigue. She spoke of his Marriage as a certain Engagement, of which the Execution was put off only by the Caprices of the Father; and Mr. *de L—* in Reality dying a few Days after, she did not conceal from him neither the Arrival of *des Pesses*, nor the Departure of her Pupil, who had gone to *Paris* to meet my Brother there. *Fincer*, without opening himself upon every Thing he had heard, observed only, that he knew *Patrick* was in *Ireland*, and that he believed him even inclined to settle there. But, according to the Notions of Madam *Gerald*, she told him that her Pupil and she were not ignorant that he had passed the
Seas,

Seas, and that his Affairs had detained him for some Time among those of his Family; that he would be at *Paris* as soon as they; that he had dispatched to them one of the best of his Friends with Assurances of the Constancy of his Love, and of the Impatience he had to see them again; in fine, confounding Circumstances, and not explaining from what Place *des Pesses* had gone, she imprudently raised in the Mind of *Fincer* the most injurious of all Mistrusts: He fancied that *Patrick*, of whom he understood that his Marriage was not doubted of at *Paris*, could not espouse his Daughter but with an Intention of ravishing her Honour from her by an infamous Act of Treachery, and it may be to become Master of her Fortune. Examples of this Nature were not at all uncommon either in one Kingdom or the other; and although a Man of my Brother's Birth should not, upon light Grounds, be suspected of such an horrible Baseness, yet the Prepossession of a Father, trembling for his Daughter, might excuse him for diving into the Cause of his Fears, before he surrendered himself up to them.

His Answer then to *Dilnick* was conformable to his Ideas. This odious Letter, which *Dilnick* pressed me to read after his Relation, concluded with an Advice no less injurious to *Patrick*. Observe his Conduct, said *Fincer*, study his Friendships, and take notice in what Manner he behaves to his Wife. Give an Opposition to every Thing he shall undertake for changing the Nature of his Estate. In fine; his Exhortations supposed an indubitable Mischief that he spoke of less in the Way of Prevention, than of Reparation by great Vigilance and Care.

I leave you to judge, added *Dilnick*, of the Disquiet and Trouble this Letter ought to raise in me. I have not imparted it to my Niece; but opening my Eyes upon a Number of Circumstances that I had let slip without Reflection, I could not but easily perceive, that he has been always deficient in some Thing tending to her Tranquility. I saw at the
same

same Time the Arrival of a Stranger, with whom your Brother held some misterious Intercourses of Conversation. It appeared manifest to me that this was the Messenger whom your Brother had charged with the Conduct of his Affairs at *Hamburg*. They informed me soon of his Departure, and of the Disorder his Absence had produced in this House. I presently after saw my Niece. I found her drowned in Tears; and not having the Power to engage her to discover the Cause of them, I confess, that in the froward Imaginations with which I was filled, there escaped some Expressions to your Brother too harsh, in Reply to the Warmth with which he answered me. We did not see one another since that fatal Day; but being gone to *Dublin*, where I know not what Affairs could have called him, his Absence gave me the Liberty of seeing my Niece. I was surprized to find in her all the Tokens of a deep Despair, and I am the more so, as I cannot penetrate into the Cause of such excessive Afflictions.

He further acknowledged, that he looked upon my Return as a happy Disposition of Heaven, to make me instrumental without Doubt in re-establishing Happiness and Peace in our two Families; and assuring me of his Confidence without Reserve, he turned over upon me the Management of all those Difficulties, which surpassed, as he said, his Prudence and Understanding.

I was already disposed to take this Care freely on me, and all I had just heard did not render the Task a whit more difficult. The Letter from *Hamburg* bearing such false Suppositions, it was easy to cure *Dilnick* of this Part of his Mistrust; but Sincerity obliged me to confess what was real Truth among the chimerical Ideas of *Fincer*. I apprized him in a few Words of the Attachment that my Brother once had for *Mademoiselle de L—*, and the Obstacles that ought to have made him drop all Hopes of marrying her. Being a young Man, who daily soothed himself in his Desires, he had not forsook this Intrigue until his Departure from *France*; but I would not take

too much upon me, after this Confession, to be responsible for him, that he should be sincerely affected to his Spouse ; yet notwithstanding some Remains of former Weaknesses, he was incapable of forgetting his Duty. The Accusations of *Fincer*, added I, are so many Outrages ; and if you will do justice to the Character of *Patrick*, you cannot suspect him of such a Baseness, as could not enter into the Mind of any one but a profligate Wretch abandoned to all Wickedness.

Dilnick agreed, that he could not believe him so guilty as *Fincer* supposed, and drawing from what I had said a very just Conclusion, he said plainly to me, that he had hit upon the Truth. Your Brother, said he, had his Heart filled with a very great Passion ; Interest has had a greater Share in his Marriage, than any relish for my Niece ; and I am apt to fancy in his favour, that perhaps he wrestles with his former Inclination, and has not yet had Time to deliver himself from it. This Supposition, added he, will very well explain his uninterrupted Grief. Far from being inspired with Contempt or Hatred for him, his Conduct obliges me to conceive an high Idea of a Character so honourable and delicate ; and I cannot doubt but a little Time indulged to the Agitations of his Heart will soon make him such a Husband as my Niece can reasonably wish for.

I embraced *Dilnick* in the Joy I was in to see him return to such a reasonable Opinion. Yes, said I, you need not doubt, but that this Picture of my Brother is a faithful Representation of him. This is the Point I was endeavouring to bring you to. I had observed myself the Embarrassment of his Situation before my Departure, and I should not have abandoned him to his Difficulties, if invincible Reasons had not obliged me to make a Voyage to *France*. But I shall not leave *Ireland* until I have wrought a perfect Cure on his Heart and Inclinations. Let us join, added I, in an Enterprize, of which the Success is infallible. In Reality I was so convinced that *Patrick* had need of nothing but to be fortified by some

forcible Exhortations, that I would have given my Life as a Pledge for his Virtue and Honour. I, on the Spot, changed my Resolution of discouraging with my Sister-in-law upon the Subject of her Tears, and I prayed *Dilnick* not to let any Thing escape him, that might give her a Suspicion, of our having penetrated into the Cause of them. Open Wounds, said I, are always most easily healed. Let us wait the Return of my Brother; let us employ all our Pains in preparing your Niece to that change I promise you, and reckon upon it, that Peace will soon succeed all your Alarms.

What mortal Chagrins did I not prepare for myself by this Confidence! Some Days passed, which we employed to purpose in consoling my Sister-in-law. The Absence of *Patrick* not having given me any other Notion, but that it was a Journey undertaken to dissipate his Grief, I was on that Side free from all Disturbance. I received a Letter addressed to me at *Coleraine*; I knew it to be under the Hand of my Lord *Linch*, having had the Opportunity of seeing many of his Writings during the Course of his Affairs.

He observed to me in two Words, that after such fresh Obligations, he was not capable of forgetting what Rights I had acquired to his Acknowledgments; but that he was just come from giving me a Proof of them, that I ought to carry to his Account; that without a tie so powerful he should have resented an Insult he had received from *Patrick*, and intreated me to inspire him with more Justice and Moderation, if I would prevent Extremities that would soon become inevitable.

I was with *Dilnick* when I received this fatal Advice. My Alarms were too powerful to conceal them altogether. The Fear of some new Violence, which *Linch* seemed to declare by his Menaces, made much less Impression on me, than the Knowledge of the Place where I saw but too well I must look for *Patrick*. O God! cried I to myself, you open then the Pit under the Steps of those who are labouring with all Diligence to avoid it! However having
thought

thought at the same Time, that I ought not altogether to conceal from *Dilnick* the Cause of my Troubles, nor yet to discover all my Fears, I resolved to reveal one Part of them, which would at the same Time help to disguise the other. I know now, said I, where my Brother is, and the Circumstances that accompany this News raise in me a just Fear. I continued to relate to him our late Quarrels with my Lord *Linch*; and not doubting at all but that what he had writ to me was a Consequence of them, I explained his Letter in a Sense favourable to this Notion. An Evil so pressing, added I, demands a speedy Remedy, I must immediately go to *Dublin*. This ambiguous Discourse had all the Effect I promised to myself from it. *Dilnick*, stopping at Apppearances, fancied that it was in *Dublin Patrick* had the Quarrel with my Lord *Linch*, and having not carried his Questions farther, he proposed with some Earnestness to go with me off hand himself, to add his Assistance to my Endeavours. No, answered I, my Profession gives me a better Title than to you to repress Anger and Hatred. I will go alone; but do you take on you the Care of prepossessing your Niece, and giving a Colour to my Absence. I count upon the Success of my Journey, added I, *Linch* is stopped by some Reasons, that will make him suspend his Resentment. You shall see me in a few Days with my Brother. He assured me that I ought to be easy for my Sister-in-law; seeing that, soft and affectionate as she always was, it would help to give her more Life to find, that I had got some Account of her Husband, and that I was going to meet him in *Dublin* to bring him back forthwith to her.

I returned then by the Road I had come. My Diligence was equal to my Fear: I took no more Rest by Night than by Day, and my Horses were so little taken Care of, that they tired on the Road. This Incident was an irraparable Disappointment to me. The Delay given of two Days in procuring others afforded Time to two blind Passions to carry themselves to the last Excess, and the Loss of twenty four Hours, became

the decisive Wound to a thousand precious Interests. But does it belong to weak Men to Reason upon the impenetrable Dispositions of Providence? I arrived at *Anglesey's* Castle. The Air of Grief with which I was received, gave me a Foresight of one Part of what they were going to tell me. *Mademoiselle de L—* had gone off the Evening before with *Patrick*. The Departure of my Brother was become necessary by the Misfortune he had to wound mortally my Lord *Linch*, who had forced him to fight. He was gone to take Refuge in *France*, and *Mademoiselle de L—* had laid hold of this Opportunity to return to her own Country. *Anglesey*, who had for a long Time past intended the same Journey, resolved at their Instances to bear them Company with his two Sisters.

It was *Anglesey's* Mother that gave me this Account; and who having consented with Regret to the Departure of her Children, preserved yet an Impression of Melancholy, which this Separation had raised in her. She added, that they left it in charge to her to inform me of all the Circumstances; but in the Dejection she was she would perhaps have deferred the fulfilling her Promise to a further Time. Having asked her the Cause and Circumstances of the Misfortune of *Linch*, she protested to me, that the whole of it was in the Dark as to her, and if one could build any Thing upon bare Conjectures, she imagined that *Mademoiselle de L—* was the innocent Cause of this Quarrel. How, said I, have they concealed from you what has without question passed in your House, or just under your Walls? Yes, answered she, and I knew nothing of your Brother's Duel, till after their Departure.

I thus made myself Master of those first Particulars, that raised my Surprize and Grief, in order to collect all the Lights necessary for the Regulation of my Conduct. But I conceived, I had little more to hope for from this old Lady, whom a lively and brisk Company of young People might not think a proper Confident of their Conduct and Designs. I only learned from her, and from some of the Servants, whom her Children had left behind, that *Patrick* arrived

rived at the Castle a few Days after I had left it, that they there lived together in great Tranquillity and Delight, until the Return of my Lord *Linch*; but he had scarce visited there twice, before Constraint and Trouble had followed all his Visits. That great and secret Animosities were tossed between them, till the Moment that the noise of a Duel was discovered, and that the Resolution was immediately formed of going Abroad; that *Anglesey* had to no Purpose pressed his Mother to accompany them, and that she had made many unsuccessful Attempts to stay her Daughters; that after long Debates, they at length mutually promised each other, they, to return to *Ireland* within a Year, if they saw no Appearance of an agreeable Establishment in *Paris*, she, to join them in *France*, if they settled themselves so fortunately as to make them forget their Country.

This Detail not giving me the Insight I desired, I was reduced to implore the Compassion of Heaven, and to acknowledge before God, with a torrent of Tears, that his Protection and Aid were my only Hopes in the bottomless Abyss, wherein I saw no Light. With what Bitterness did I open to him the bottom of my Heart! With what Prayers did I not solicit his Compassion! And you know, said I to Heaven that Moment, that my Petitions are not for myself. But will you then abandon an unhappy Family, for whom I have so long addressed my Vows? What will you do with *Patrick*? He is lost. His Conscience, his Honour, his Fortune, I see all ruined in the same Wreck. What will you do with his Wife? I see nothing for her but dreadful Despair, from which all the good Qualities she has received from you are the most strong Reasons to deliver her. O Heaven! cried I again, if it be in the Extremity of Danger that you are pleased to signalize your Power, why do you delay it? Are not the Misfortunes of my wretched Family heaped up to the full?

I stopped short nevertheless in these Complaints, wherein I began to fear, that God would not consider them but as the Effects of Impatience and Rebellion.

The Remembrance of *Linch* representing itself to my Mind, carried me to inquire, if he was in a Condition to be seen by any Body ; and I flattered myself, that if I could have a moments Discourse with him, I might receive some Explanation of what I wanted to know. I heard he was at the last Extremity ; but this did not hinder me from going to his House, and giving him Notice that I desired to see him. He ordered me to be called in. I found him employed in dictating a Letter, and was surprized to understand that it was intended for me. You see, said he, with what Rigour Fortune has treated me. I never yet have formed an Enterprize that has succeeded ; and at the Time wherein the sense of my Obligations to you, as well as a new Inclination, have carried me to sacrifice the former Desires of my Heart. I perish by the Hand of your Brother. He could not finish without the burstings of some Sobs. I shewed a piercing Compassion for the sorrowful Condition in which I saw him, and told him, that being but just arrived from *Antrim*, I was ignorant of what had passed in my Absence. He recollected his Strength to give me this Account.

You cannot doubt, said he, of the Astonishment I was in on my Arrival, to hear from my Servants, that you found the Means of deceiving their Vigilance, and that by the Advice of *Anglesey*, they continued me in that Error, into which their first Account had cast me. I am ashamed of the Obstinacy with which I refused to believe you. Nevertheless I could not yet persuade myself, but that it was your Sister who had been carried away with you, and the rather, as my Servants had not then changed their Opinions, and had always flattered themselves in having executed my Orders faithfully. As they came to understand from divers Informations, that it was into *Anglesey's* House you had retired with your Companion, I did not lose a Minute in going there ; and I confess, that not being yet without Hopes, I hastened so much the more with a Desire to turn the Moments of your Absence to Account. I was undeceived all at once by
Anglesey's

Anglesey's Servants ; but understanding from them that your Brother had been some Days in that House, I had a sensible Pleasure in seeing him, and I shewed by my Caresses some Part of the Gratitude I owed you. He received me with more Openness than I had a right to expect, after such a Violence committed, of which I had no doubt, but he was informed. The unhappy Success of my Enterprize was turned into Raillery, and observing that they saw me without any Diffidence, I passed the rest of the Day in a Company that I found perfectly agreeable, I tell you the source of my Misfortune. The Charms of *Mademoiselle de L——* made the most deep Impressions on me, and I returned home pierced through and through with her Beauty.

These new Sentiments did not take Possession of my Heart without raising in me an extreme Surprise. But if you consider, how my former Passion had caused me many unprofitable Torments, and what Diminution the Ruin of my late Designs had given to my Hopes, you would look upon this Change less as an Inconstancy, than as a mark of Despair and Lassitude. Far from reproaching myself with it, I fortified this growing Inclination with my own Reflections. I owed you my Gratitude. It would be an ill Return to your Generosity, obstinately to persevere in troubling your Family by Pretensions that I could no longer justify. No other Way was open to me to prosecute my Claim to them. I thought myself too happy to arrive without any Effort of mine to the Power of making the Interest of my Duty and that of my Repose agree. Although I had not before been known to *Mademoiselle de L——*, I remembered some Circumstances by which I came to the Knowledge of her Birth and Estate. She was free ; Heaven seemed to have led me to her to heal all the Wounds of my Heart. I thought seriously to make my Applications to her, and if she continued to please me, I was resolved to offer to her with my Hand a Fortune she could not disdain.

Can you condemn this Project? I was confirmed in it the Day following, and hugged myself for having found the Opportunity of entering naturally within certain Bounds, from which I am obliged to own, that the force of my Passion had too long carried me aside. I returned assiduously to *Anglesey's* House. My first Visits were endured with Complaisance, and my Love for Mademoiselle *de L——* increased every Day. But the coldness of your Brother made me soon apprehend he had penetrated my Views, and that they did not accord with his. It was not nevertheless all at once that I discovered his Sentiments. Being married in *Ireland*, I could not suspect him for being my Rival, and when I took him aside to lay open the Bottom of my Designs, I imagined, that my past Conduct having rendered me suspected, the remainder of an Attachment to a young Lady, whom he had loved, might make him fear she might be in some danger in hearing me, and might in one Word inspire him with Diffidences, that I would willingly have dissipated by my Explanations. He received them so haughtily that my Pride was piqued. I pass over a Detail of Particulars, that perhaps might have renewed my Resentment; but from this first Overture we should not have parted without some Violence, if the Memory of your Favours had not obliged me to use Moderation in my Answers. I writ to you the Day following, and you may judge by my Style, whether I had not a little Trouble to overcome myself. Nevertheless I was resolved to lay these Restraints on my Passions until your Return, and I promised myself that your Wisdom would have made you approve of my Conduct and Sentiments.

I affected then to appear insensible of the Proceedings of your Brother; and not doubting but *Anglesey*, who is my Relation, would make me welcome at his House, I returned at the Hour in which I usually paid my Visits. But I was vexed for the first Time to see Mademoiselle *de L——* disappear at my Arrival. Your Brother not being present during the Time of her Absence, I confess jealousy possessed so furiously my

my Heart, that I had a thousand Torments to endure before I could made myself Master of my Transports. I returned to myself by forming divers Projects of Revenge. What was it the Day following, when going to *Anglesey's* House, I perceived them two together, who seemed to fly into the Park for no other Purpose but to avoid my Presence, and turned their Heads at certain Distances, as if it were in hopes so to dispose of themselves, that I might not discover them? They had no body with them but one of *Anglesey's* Sisters. My Shame was too manifest, I would have declared upon the Spot the Vexations that wrecked me, if I had not apprehended that *Anglesey*, with whom I was, would have taken the Opportunity of watching me. I composed my Countenance, whilst my Heart was cruelly tortured, and pretending to make a Game in surprizing them, I slipped behind the Trees, 'till I came to a Place where I could see and hear them. What I saw justified all my Suspicions. Your Brother toyed familiarly with his Companions, and if he distributed to them equally his Carresses, I could too well distinguish, it was to make the one a stepping Stone to come at the Favours of the other, and that those he addressed to Mademoiselle de L—— were too much enlivened for any other Air than that of Love. She did not receive them at all as uneasy or disagreeable Liberties. My Eyes penetrated into the Bottom of their Hearts. Wretched Disposition of mine, which makes me find my Punishment in the Happiness of another! But what could I conjecture, when I intended only to have a little Raillery on your Brother, upon the Pretence I had in wearying myself with *Anglesey* and his Mother? I could not resist their Toying longer. I lifted up my Head, and laying hold of the Moment that he turned his Eyes towards me, I made him a Sign, which he found no Difficulty in apprehending. I do him Justice; he answered it like a gallant Man. Stepping aside as if it were without Design, he immediately found the Path I took at some Distance before him, and being intirely covered by the Trees we met in a Place proper for my Design. Furious as I was, I began by Reproaches

capable of stinging him. He made me no Answer but by drawing his Sword. Our Combat lasted only a short Time. My Fury having taken from me all Measures of Defence, I received a Wound that has reduced me to the Condition in which you now see me.

I must confess to you with Confusion, that in the Rage of seeing myself overthrown at the Feet of my Rival, I thought to summon up all my remaining Strength to do his Work. I stretched my Arm towards my Sword that lay some Paces from me, and I would have given him a thousand Wounds, if I could have laid my Hands on it. But perceiving what I aimed at, he kicked it speedily away with his Foot, and promising to send me some Help, immediately released me from the Torment of seeing him, It was yet more mortal to me to consider, that he was going to enjoy his Triumph, and raise a new Merit from the Danger he had just come from sharing. In the mean Time being much weakened by Loss of Blood, the Movements of Fury and Hatred gave place to some Sentiments of Religion, which came to my Aid. I was willing to be carried home, and judging from the wasting of my Strength, that I was perhaps near my last Moment, I gave it in Charge to one of my Servants to tell your Brother that I forgave him my Death.

For twenty four Hours the Strength of my Constitution hath supported me against all Hopes. In a Situation, wherein all my Desires and Resentments are extinguished, it came into my Mind to write to you, not only to ask your Pardon for all the Vexations and Troubles I have raised to your Family, but to give you some Tokens of Friendship and Confidence to persuade you of the Sincerity of my Repentance. Having no catholick Relations, with whom I have had much Friendship, I leave to you the Disposal of the Treasure which you cannot forget we visited together. You will apply it to such Uses as are most agreeable to your Piety and Knowledge; whether it be that you will judge it proper to give it
over

over to King *James*, to whom I have already offered it, or whether you will think it more fitting to employ it here on the Necessities of the Faithful. I think also I owe some Reparation to your injured Sister for all the Trouble and Vexation that my extravagant Passion has exposed her to, and above all, for the Obstacles I have perhaps thrown in the Way of her Establishment. The Jewels of my Mother were intended for her in my first Views. Accept them now in her Name, that they may help to make her forget the Reasons she has had to hate me. Alas! added he with a deep Sigh, my Lot has always been to make myself hated by the very Reasons that helped others to make themselves beloved, and to be unhappy by the Ways that seemed necessary to conduct me to Happiness.

In finishing a Discourse, which the Excess of his Weakness made him break off twenty Times, he ordered a Casket to be brought him, that he prayed me to open. I found in it, together with the Diamonds and Jewels of his Mother, all the Memorandums relating to the Treasure. Having forced me to accept them, he joined thereto a Writing signed with his Hand and before prepared, which contained a legal Assurance of the voluntary Cession he made me of all his Rights to those Things he had turned over to my Care. The Physicians had already pressed to have an End put to a Discourse that considerably impaired his Strength; and his natural Fire not abandoning him in his last Extremity, he had rejected them with Impatience. But now, ordering them to be called in, he put himself into their Hands with more Temper, and requested of me, as an only Testimony of Friendship and Compassion, to continue about him, and receive his last Breath.

A Duty so just detained me with him two Days, which proved the last Period of his Life. With what Zeal and what Sentiments of Gratitude soever I was inclined to render him this last Office of Christian Charity, yet it was an Affliction to my Heart to be summoned away by other Obligations, that could not

be reconciled to so long a Delay. I suffered so much the more by this Thought, that being continually taken up in reciting the Prayers of the Church, I found myself even obliged to throw them aside as a Distraction. In the mean Time it was certain, that *Patrick* having taken his Journey at a Hazard, and without being sure of finding a Vessel at *Waterford* ready to sail, I might hope with a little Diligence to overtake him yet, and it may be to stop him. Duels of Honour, fought without Fraud or Inequality, are not so rigorously punished in *Ireland* as in *France*. He had besides in *Ireland* a thousand Ways to shelter himself from Pursuits; and the Danger, whatever it was, would always be a lesser Evil, than a Voyage undertaken against all Sorts of Rights, and of which there ought to be great Consideration had to provide against fatal Consequences. I removed from me nevertheless all these Reflections, and relying upon Heaven for the Conduct of such dear Interests, I made a Sacrifice of these Thoughts to Charity.

Scarce had Death sealed the Eyes of my Lord *Linch*, than I flattered myself to recover yet the Time I had lost. I had used the Precaution of having many Relays of Horses placed on the Road, that might forward me with all expedition possible, in a Country where the Custom of riding Post is not yet established. Without losing a Moment I took the Road to *Waterford*, and could scarce have got there swifter with Wings. O new Source of Grief! My Brother was gone the same Day. Having sought to no Purpose an Opportunity for a Passage, Impatience and Fear had made them hire the first Vessel they could get at a great Price. I found in the Place they lodged not only *Anglesey's* Coachman, who was yet there with his Horses and Coach, but *Patrick's* Lacquey, who was looking for some Conveniency to carry him to the County of *Antrim*. He no sooner knew who I was, than asking to see me, he freely told me all those Circumstances that I had been impatient to know. His Master, obliged to withdraw himself by the Misfortune he had to wound mortally my Lord *Linch*, had given him

him Orders to carry this News to *Antrim*, and to re-join him again at *Paris*. The Trouble of so precipitate a Departure had not given him Time to write either to me or his Wife ; but he promised to satisfy this Duty on his Arrival in *France*. He recommended my Lady to my Care, and prayed her not to deliver herself up to an Excess of Affliction.

These extraordinary Cares, and this Language appeared to me as so many Artifices, that concealed Inclinations and Views quite different. The Anguish of my Soul drew from me deep Sighs, and having no other Resource than the Compassion of Heaven, I prayed the Almighty Power, that as a Reward of that Sacrifice I had made him at my Lord *Linch's*, he would stop these rash Designs of a Brother, who was blindly running on his Ruin. I did not then purpose to pass the Seas to follow him. Besides the Uncertainty of the Road he had taken, and the Difficulty of finding a Vessel, I was summoned by another Care, which cruelly divided my Heart. I represented to myself what would be the Despair of my Sister-in-law on receiving the first Advice of this new Misfortune, or rather foreseeing already, that she would soon know it from some other Intelligence, the Compassion I had for her Lot made me experience beforehand one Part of her Troubles. It was to her then that I owed the first Efforts of my Zeal, to repair at least in some Measure the Effects of an Evil, that I could no longer prevent.

Thus condemned from henceforth to continual posting from Place to Place, and fatigued as much in Mind as Body, I retook the Road to *Antrim*, with the only View of forwarding to my Power the Peace of my Sister-in-law. I exacted of *Patrick's* Lacquey, that he would trust his Commission to my Management. But this Precaution was useless. *Dilnick*, who immediately came to me on my Arrival, informed me, that his Niece was already acquainted with what I thought to conceal from her, and that her Health and Mind were under an equal Disorder. The Moment she understood I was gone for *Dublin*, she mistrusted that
a Reso-

a Resolution so little premeditated supposed some extraordinary End, and her Inquietude being redoubled by the affected Mysteriousness of Proceedings, she had sent one of her Servants to follow me at some Distance, with an Order to watch all my Steps, and speedily inform her of every Thing relating to her Husband. This *Argus* had so faithfully entered into her Intentions, that not having lost Sight of me till my Arrival at *Anglesey's* Castle, he knew my Brother's Duel and Flight as soon as I did. He had returned with the utmost Diligence to impart this News to his Mistress, and not having taken any Caution in his Expressions, had cast her into such Alarms, as had put even her Life into the utmost Danger.

My Fear was immediately, that *Mademoiselle de L——* had not been forgotten in this Story; but *Dilnick* taking no Notice of this Particular, I imagined that the Haste of the Messenger had hindered him from penetrating further than Appearances, and that the most dangerous Part of the Evil was yet unknown. I went in to my Sister-in-law under this Confidence. She seemed to receive some Consolation from my Visit, and the Turn I gave to the Misfortune of her Husband contributing a little to calm her Troubles, I was persuaded more and more that she had no Mistrust on the Score of her Rival. Nevertheless a Proposal she immediately made me to conduct her to *France* might have given me some Suspicion, if I had not ascribed it to an Impulse of Love, the Excess of which I well knew, or thought at least that she must have some other Motive than the Foundation I knew for her Jealousy. I at first opposed to her Instances the cross Situation of her Health, and the Hopes I had of facilitating the Return of her Husband; but coming all at once to think, that under the Forgetfulness of himself, in which I might suppose *Patrick* to be, nothing could have so great a Force to recall him to his Duty, as the Presence of a virtuous Wife, the least Regard of whom would be capable of covering him with Confusion, I entered freely into her Way of Thinking; and without explaining what it

was that wrought in me this sudden Change, I only requested of my Sister-in-law to re-establish her Health enough to undertake such a Journey without Danger.

A Motive so powerful had a greater Effect than all Medicines. I sensibly perceived, that every Day added something to her Strength. She could not speak of our Project without a Kind of Complaisance, that she appeared to have imbibed with her Notions. So we mutually deceived each other ; for if I did not make a Discovery of my Views to her, she was far from confessing hers to me. As soon as I thought she had gained so much Strength as to hope that the Time was drawing near for her perfect Recovery, I laid hold of the Interval that these Hopes gave me to visit my Flock. I was received there with Tears of Joy, and if any Thing could ever balance in my Heart the Obligations of Nature, it was the Zeal I felt springing up in it at this Sight.

But I was too much taken up with the Troubles of my Sister-in-law to forget what I owed to her Consolation. I found her at my Return not only fixed in her Resolution to be gone, but so well recovered from her Sickness, that I could ascribe this Miracle to nothing but Love. Her Preparations were already made for her Voyage, and I admired, as another Mark of her great Fondness, that she took less care of her own Wants, than of those of her Husband. The greatest Part of her Equipage was made up of what had been appropriated to my Brother. Ingrate ! I could not help saying it to myself, how can you refuse your Heart to so much Love and Virtue ? Who knows under what Uncertainties and Wanderings we are going to find you, and whether the Pleasure of seeing you, which she proposes with so much Ardour and Joy, shall not immediately throw her into an Abyss of new Griefs ?

The care of every Thing my Sister-in-law was to leave behind her was committed to *Dilnick*. He had himself approved of our Voyage, and the Opinion he had of my Fidelity, encouraging him against all the
Fears

Fears that *Fincer* might have inspired him with, he saw us go off without any Disturbance. A Vessel bound to *Dunkirk* transported us happily there, where we found all Sort of Conveniencies for our Journey to *Paris*.

This Journey, which I had undertaken with less Repugnance than Joy, now made on me Impressions intirely different, in Proportion as we advanced near the End of it. I was ignorant in what Situation we were going to find *Patrick*, and forced to surrender myself up to a thousand fatal Suspensions, which could with more ease be suspended during my Absence, I trembled lest all the Evils I had to fear were not already past Remedy. It seemed to me that the Presence of my Sister-in-law was likely only to irritate them. With what Eye could a guilty Husband look on a Wife, from whom he could expect nothing but Reproaches? Shame is often converted into Hardness and Obstinacy to disguise itself; and the Person, who had only surrendered to disorder the one half of his Heart, will find Reasons for abandoning himself to it without Reserve, when he is forced to a Justification of himself. Besides, having writ twice to *Rose*, I had received no Answer. This was the Subject of another Vexation, which I had not so sensible a feeling of in *Ireland*, as now that I was approaching to *Paris*. So that Uncertainty and Fear seem'd to go before my steps; and far from promising myself Satisfaction in seeing again what I held most dear, I had a sorrowful Employment to arm myself with Strength for enduring, it may be, an Infinity of fresh Troubles.

My Incertainties raised me so much Vexation for the last Day of my Journey, that not daring without some Precautions to venture into such a frightful Darkness, I chose to stop at *St. Denys*, from whence I immediately dispatched my Valet with divers Orders. It was easy to bring my Sister-in-law into an Approbation of the Pretences for such a Delay. The first Commission I gave *Jacin* was to carry to the Count *de S*—— the News of my Arrival; but in ordering him to be told that I had my Sister-in-law with me,
I did

I did not think proper to acquaint him with my Alarms for the Conduct of *Patrick*. *Jacin* had Sense enough not to confound Things, and as he was not ignorant of those Particulars I ordered him to conceal, I thought him even capable of dextrously drawing from the Count what I was willing to have cleared up to me. From thence he was to go to our House at *Saisons*, if my Lord *Tenermill* and *Rose* had retired there, as I imagined they had, or to that of the Count, if they yet continued there. I recommended to him to avoid with the utmost Care the Sight of *Patrick*, in whatever Place he might meet him, and to use all his Address to see my Lord *Tenermill* without Witnesses. What I gave him in Charge to say to him was but four Words. Without mentioning my Sister-in-law, he was to pray him to come to me to *St. Denys*, where I attended upon Affairs that required as much Dispatch as Secrecy.

I let nobody living into my Views. Whatever Opinion my Lord *Tenermill's* former Discourses made me take up of his Principles, I could not persuade myself but that Honour would inspire him with other Sentiments, when having seen my Sister-in-law, and finding himself pressed by her Tears as much as by my Instances to contribute to restore her Husband to her, he should be forced to acknowledge, that the View of his own Interest would lay him under a Necessity to join us in this Particular. For he must think that the least Infidelity in *Patrick* could not be long concealed from his Wife, nor that she was of a Humour to suffer the Outrages of an ungrateful Husband, who was indebted for every Thing to her Favours. Complaints as just as hers could not fail of being represented to the Publick, and upon whom would the Shame of such a Clamour more directly fall than upon him, who had a thousand Reasons to husband his Honour, as well as that of his Family in a Country, where his Hopes have not yet had any other Foundation?

I was taken up with these Reflections, when the Rattling of an Equipage that stopped opposite to the
Door.

Door, making me put my Head out of the Window, I knew it to be the Coach of the Count *de S—*; whom I immediately saw step out of it. My Surprize at first fell upon nothing else but the Diligence of *Jacin*, who could not have lost one Moment, and upon the Zeal of the Count, to whom Friendship seemed to have lent Wings. But I was feelingly moved at seeing my two Brothers step out of the Coach after him; and in what Terms can I represent the Excess of my Trouble, when having all three turned their Faces towards the Boot, I saw them offer their Hands to two Ladies, who were *Mademoiselle de L—*, and my Sister.

I should have sent forth a Shriek for Grief and Astonishment, if the Goodness of Heaven had not placed all at once before my Eyes the Interests I had to conduct. It was even a Miracle of Providence, that she, for whom I was alarmed with so much Reason, had not the same Curiosity to ask me, what it was I had seen, and that given up to her ordinary Meditations, she continued sitting quietly at some Distance from the Window. These Thoughts happily restored to me all my Presence of Mind. I drew a Book out of my Pocket, which I had furnished myself with as a Remedy against the Tedioufness of the Voyage, and asking Permission of my Sister-in-law to leave her a Moment, I pressed her to read some Pages in it, of which I should be well pleased to have her Thoughts. I immediately left her, without appearing to do so on any Design. But I had scarce shut the Chamber-door, when I ran down Stairs with a Speed equal to my Fears, cursing *Jacin*, whom I accused for having cast me into such a cruel Embarrassment.

The first Object I met was one of my Sister-in-law's Servants, who having gotten a Sight of his Master, was running up Stairs to give us an Account of his Arrival. I stopped him angrily, and forbidding him to go into his Mistress's Chamber, under the Penalty of being sent back immediately to *Ireland*, I ordered him to stand at the Bottom of the Stairs to make the same

same Declaration as from me to our other Domesticks. I had not the least doubt but *Patrick* and all his Company were informed by *Jacin* that my Sister-in-law was with me; and though I had not believed them to be fully informed by this indiscreet Fellow, yet I could not imagine that out of four Servants in her Retinue there should happen not to be one in waiting at the Door, and who had not been seen by his Master. In the mean time not having seen *Jacin* appear, and observing that the Count and my Brothers were yet inquiring of the Servants of the House the Way to my Chamber, I flattered myself that I should be able to get out of this Labyrinth, and I resolved in accosting them to wait for their Explanations.

After some warm Effusions of Affection and Tenderness, which did not give any Light into what I wanted to know, I shewed them into a Chamber at a good Distance from that in which I had left my Sister-in-law, and went in with them. During the Disorder of our first Motions, I did not take my Eyes off *Patrick*, and I thought I saw distinguishable in his Countenance an Air of Embarrassment, which declared a guilty Heart. On the contrary the Tranquillity that appeared in the Face of *Mademoiselle de L——* was a Token that she did not believe herself to be any longer so unhappy, and I looked upon these two Dispositions so different as the Effect of one and the same Cause. They sat down. My Lord *Tenermill* took up the Discourse. It appeared in his Countenance that he had a thousand Things to inform me of, and that he did not know with which to begin first. It is an Addition to our Joy, said he, at length, to see you here to take part in it. There is not one of us who has not a contented Heart, and delighted to have you a Witness of their Happiness. *Patrick* himself, added he, looking on him with an Air of Correspondence, that made him blush, will not disclaim me, if I assure you that he is content with his hopes, and that within these four Days he has had room to be thankful for his Fortune. But what

what we have to acquaint you with, requires to be explained with less Obscurity.

After much Uneasiness and Pining, added he smiling, my Sister is upon the Eve of obtaining all she desires. The Count has demolished all Obstacles, that made us a long Time fear for the Succession to *des Pesses's* Estate. He has gained his own Lawsuit. He waits for the Conclusion of his Marriage only the Expiration of a very short Time, that his yet due to Decency. He dies with Impatience, and I believe *Rose* is not a whit behind with him. My Happiness, continued he, is this ; that King *James* hath taken favourable Sentiments for me. His Recommendation hath obtained me an *Irish* Regiment, which is commanded beyond Sea with the first Opportunity. He has added to it a Pension of twelve thousand Franks from his own Treasury, and his Goodness makes me hope that this shall not be the last of his Favours. What makes them yet more precious is, that they have given me an Opportunity of happily employing my Cares to procure Satisfaction to *Patrick*. You are not ignorant that he is returned into *France* loaded with all manner of Grief. A forced Marriage, an odious Wife, the Fear of a Prosecution for the Death of *Linch*, and an invincible Repugnance to return into *Ireland*, although he should find there all such Condescensions as he cannot hope for, and, not to dissemble the particular that is the most honourable, a Love for Mademoiselle *de L—*, which will stand Proof against all Sorts of Obstacles, and is well justified by the Merit and Sentiments of her who has raised it ; so many Reasons have made me enter into his Troubles, and obliged me to spare no Pains to ease them. I have imparted all his Misfortunes to the King. This Prince, who was uneasy to hear he was married in *Ireland*, and especially to the Daughter of *Fincer*, whose Name you must know is odious at St. *Germain*, has shewn a great Desire to relieve him : and when he came to be informed that after a Marriage of so many Months, he has not yet had the least Consummation with his Wife, he was the
first

first to think that a Knot so ill tied might easily be loosened. I greedily laid hold of this Overture. A Consultation was held on the Affair four Days ago by the best Advocates in *Paris*, and their Answer is so favourable, that we have now nothing else in our Thoughts but to procure Informations and necessary Witnesses from *Ireland*, to prosecute the matter in form of Law. But your Arrival, added *Tenermill*, will shorten one Part of our Trouble; for we cannot believe that you will make any difficulty of embarking in so just a Project; and although *Patrick's* Marriage was your handy-work, yet you must acknowledge, that an Engagement so unhappy is not approved by Heaven, and cannot be too soon dissolved.

He held his Peace to hear my Answer. It was doubtless to Heaven I was indebted for the Power that made me master the Commotions of my Heart, and moderate my Expressions. I complimented them in few Words upon those Parts of their Prosperity that did not injure any Rights of Religion, nor natural Equity; and looking with a steady Eye on *Patrick*, whose Blushes betrayed some Embarrassment, I demanded of him with a mournful Air, and in a melancholy Tone, if it were from the bottom of his Heart, that he gave the Name of odious to an amiable Wife, and one passionately fond of him. He answered me without Hesitation, that he never once made use of that Expression, and that his Brother had not given a just Interpretation to his Sentiments; but that was not ignorant also, that all he had yet felt for her being matter only of Gratitude and Esteem, he from the first Moment looked on his Marriage only as a Torment; and besides he was confident, that during his long Cohabitation with his Wife, he had always avoided even to touch her Hand. I know, said I, interrupting him, that you have treated her with great Coldness; but your Faults cannot change her Merit, nor diminish any Thing from her Rights. It is making my Court very ill to you, added I, turning my Eyes to *Mademoiselle de L——*; but I did acknowledge, *Mademoiselle*, that you had as much
Virtue,

Virtue, as Wit and Beauty ; and when I took part in your Troubles, I did not imagine you would already expose me to the Necessity of changing my Sentiments.

My View in thus diverting the Question was to pique her Honour, and fearing to engage myself too far with my Brothers, I was well pleased to take an indirect way to declare freely my Inclinations. But *Tenermill*, affecting his ordinary Superiority over what he called my Delicacy and Scruples, got up with an Air of Sufficiency, and anticipating *Mademoiselle de L——*, who appeared under some Embarrassment to make me an Answer : Trust to me, *Mademoiselle*, said he, and do not fear : I promise you that before two Days he will do us the favour to think as the King does, as all Men of worth at *Paris*, and as we do. You will see, added he with an ironical Sneer, that in the end he will press us not to choose any other Hand than his to give you the matrimonial Benediction ; or if he continues to perplex us with his little Objections, we will intreat the Favour of him to go and bury himself alone among his Books. Then turning towards me with a smiling Countenance, he repeated, that he was delighted with my Return, and that if I would believe it, we should all in a Body take the Road to *Paris*, where I should be witness of a thousand Things, that would flatter the Love with which I was filled for my Family.

Hold, said I with a resolute Tone, the Minute he was inviting the Ladies to be gone ; I little regard any Thing you have said, that does not injure the Respect you owe my Character and Age. But be you sensible to Motives much more urgent. And not hesitating to inform them that my Sister-in-law was in a Chamber in the same Inn, I am curious to know, said I to *Tenermill*, what Pretence for a Divorce your Imagination can be capable of furnishing you with from a Woman, who joins to a thousand natural Charms an irreproachable Virtue, and so much Love for her Husband, that without being deterred by his Ingratitude and ill Nature, she has abandoned her
Country

Country to go in search of him through a thousand Dangers. It will be a new Case for the Judges of France to find out a Name for a Crime, that proceeds from an Excess of Goodness and Tenderness, and from thence to draw a Pretence of Disdain and Disgust. I have considered, added I, that by managing Matters with a little Degree of Prudence, I could lead you all to Resolutions honourable and virtuous, and I should have hugged myself in having concealed your Arrival here from my Sister-in-law, with the Hopes at least of disposing you to receive her with Civility. But since you reject all Sorts of Compositions, it is your Business to take proper Cautions before-hand against her just Complaints. She shall not be condemned without being heard. She wants neither Courage nor Wit to repel an Injury. Her Wealth will raise her Protectors, if she cannot hope for them from the Justice of her Cause; and I will not dissemble the Matter with you, that far from entering into your silly Projects, I will to my last Breath take Part with her Misfortune and Virtue.

The Embarrassment, in which I saw them, for some Moments, exhibited a Spectacle of Pleasure to my Eyes. This was a very innocent Revenge, since the Benefit I hoped to draw from it was only to inspire them with reasonable Sentiments. They appeared a long Time like People in a State of Irresolution, To what do you expose us? said my Lord *Tenermill* roughly; and taking the Count and *Patrick* aside, they held Council together with extreme Precautions lest they should be overheard. I laid them under no Restraint; but taking Advantage of this Interval, I gave some Reproaches to *Mademoiselle de L*—— for the Trouble she was about spreading in my Family. Is this you, said I, whose Sweetness of Temper and Virtue have inspired me with so much Esteem? How can you forget yourself to run into such Excess? What can you hope for? Have you thought that by undermining our Quiet, you expose your Reputation to almost infallible Ruin? For the Success with which my Brothers flatter themselves is at a remote Distance.

I will

I will support the Interest of my Sister-in-law even to my Grave. It is a false Suggestion that has procured Opinions favourable to your Views. I will prepare Matters for the Information of the Judges ; I will open the Eyes of all *France* upon you. She answered me with a great many Tears, that she did not wish either Ruin to our Repose, or Mischief to any Person in the World ; and if she was flattered with some Hopes, it was after my Lord *Tenermill* had assured her of the Protection of the King and the Favour of the Judges. *Rose*, who interested herself much in her Behalf, confirmed his Answer by her Testimony. She added dextrously enough every Thing she imagined could conduce to her Justification. But in those Things wherein she seemed to declare against my Sister-in-law, she stood suspected by me, and I sighed bitterly when I reflected, that I had not one Person in the World in whom I could any more place a Confidence.

In the mean time my Brothers returned to me ; and *Patrick*, who was pitched upon to explain their Opinions, prayed me to continue, as I had happily begun, to conceal from his Wife, that he had come so near her. We are going to leave you, added he, casting down his Eyes, and we promise to see you again in *Paris* ; but you must understand, that under the Circumstances we now are, Decency will not give us Leave to see my Wife. Do you take care said he farther, to lodge her according to her Rank, without letting her know that you have seen me, or that you know where I am. I will explain myself further to you at the Count *de S——*'s House, where you may find me almost every Hour of the Day.

Although every Word of this Discourse, and above all the Fear of injuring Decency in seeing again his Wife, was capable of kindling up my Passion and Imagination, yet I did Violence to all my Sentiments ; and conceiving, that in Reality I had gained so little Advantage by their knowing that she was with me, I had more to fear than to hope from an Interview, that could not be held without some dangerous Explanations,

planations, I was willing to favour their Departure upon the Spot. Besides, if I had any Hopes remaining of reclaiming *Patrick* to his Duty, this could not be done in the Confusion of a Company so numerous, if I was desirous of embarking them in this great Enterprize, and I had no Fear of missing the Opportunity of seeing him again in *Paris*. But there arose in my Mind two Objections, which I proposed to him with great Gentleness. One, which related to the Difficulty of concealing from my Sister-in-law what was known to her Servants; and I related to him the Precautions I had been forced to use to prevent her being already informed of his Arrival. In the second Place, what Appearance will it have to lodge her in a strange House, when we are all in *Paris*, and when it is well known that my Lord *Tenermill* and *Rose* have here an Establishment? I had Tears in my Eyes, and Bitterness in my Heart in representing to them this last Reflection. But they seemed to be embarrassed only with the first. It is not the Custom of *Paris*, said my Lord *Tenermill* to me drily, for a Stranger to lodge with his Relations or Friends. As to the other Difficulty, added he, addressing himself to *Patrick*, it is your Business to consider, whether you be disposed to risque a Visit, from which it will in Reality be difficult to excuse yourself, if it be true, that you have been seen. They began again to deliberate upon such a pressing Embarrassment, and the Conclusion was, that under the Terms they yet were, this Civility was indispensable. But *Patrick* could not resolve to appear alone before her. He proposed to the Count and to *Rose* to accompany him, whilst *Tenermill*, who was not known to any of our Servants, should continue with *Mademoiselle de L*— in the Chamber we then were in. This Resolution, which I was far from opposing, made them think of fore-arming themselves against the Embarrassment upon the Point of Lodgings. It was agreed, that *Patrick*, for saving the Indecency of not concerning himself in this Care, should indeed take upon him to search out a commodious

Lodging at *Paris*, and in the mean time should make use of this Pretext for shortning his Visit. He should pretend also some Remainder of Fear, that yet might happen to him from his first Duel, and which would oblige him to observe some Measures, and not permit him to appear so publick as to lodge with his Wife.

I hearkned with Compassion to this odious Contrivance, and I even admired, that after the Manner they explained it to me, they had so little Fear of making me a Witness to their Resolutions. But this Thought comforted me; because it seemed yet to leave me some Resource in the Goodness of their Natures. It was a Comfort to obtain so much to hinder them from an open Rupture, under Circumstances that might perhaps become irreparable. I pressed them to execute what they had agreed upon. We left *Tenermill* with Mademoiselle de L——, who appeared to act with Regret a Part so violent.

This unexpected Visit of *Patrick*, and the Pleasure which my Sister-in-law, without doubt, found in it, having flattered her, that it was his Impatience had brought her Husband thus far to meet her, put her for some Moments into the most agreeable Situation she had experienced since her Marriage. She ran in great Precipitation to him with a kind of Transport, and in the Excess of her Joy could scarce find Expressions suitable to her Sentiments. He seemed embarrassed in receiving her Caresses. It was to deliver him from this Perplexity that he prayed her to sit down, and not having Power to refuse placing himself by her, he had the Cruelty to draw back his Hand, which she many Times laid hold of. If he did not reproach her for undertaking the Journey, he was so far from taking Notice of it with any acknowledgment, that ascribing it to her Desire of seeing *Paris*, he from thence took Occasion all at once to entertain her with the Pleasures of that Town, and with the Care he was going to take to procure her a Lodging in the most agreeable Quarter of it. But this served to expose him to the Objections I had foreseen.

foreseen. She answered him, that the Place where he lived should always be the only one to please her ; and that not having left *Ireland* but for the Pleasure of meeting him, she had no other Lodging to choose but his. It was here he would have made those Excuses that he had before-hand prepared ; but she appeared so well satisfied to be with him by her plain and natural Answers, that he would have fallen into the last Degree of Perplexity, if *Rose* had not taken up the Discourse to relieve him. Whether it was that she feared to see him break all Sorts of Measures, or whether she could not defend herself from a just Sentiment of Tendernefs and Compassion for an amiable and unfortunate Woman, she proposed to her to go to *Saisons*, where she offered to wait on her, during which Time other Measures might be taken to lodge her more commodiously at *Paris*. This Offer had perhaps a greater Effect than *Rose* could have promised herself from it, in giving her to understand, that it was from a Want of Conveniences that *Patrick* had declined lodging with his Wife, she dispersed those Suspicions, that had already taken too strong a Possession of the Mind of my Sister-in-law ; who repairing by this Mark of Friendship the Air of Coldness and Constraint with which she had hitherto as it were affected to keep Silence, she took up a better Opinion of the welcome Reception she might hope from our Family.

In Effect the Change I observed in her Countenance made me judge that she was encouraged by these two Reflections. During the Motions she felt in her Mind at the Sight of *Patrick*, she had given little Attention to the first Civilities of my Sister, and not having till now had any Acquaintance with her, it is possible she might not know who she was. But not doubting now to whom she spoke after having heard her Words, she got up to load her with Caresses and Thanks for her Offers. I was attentive to all the Circumstances of this Sight. In fine, quickly penetrating into the Service *Rose* had done us, I added a thousand Things, which laid *Patrick* under a

Necessity of approving them; and to bind closer this new Knot, I presented the Count *de S——* to my Sister-in-law, as a Man who already was one of us by his Engagements, and who had too much Merit not to be sensible of the great Share of it she had herself. He could not dispense with himself from supporting this Compliment with all the Gallantries that are familiar to the *French*. Thus the Conversation being animated by Degrees, and taking a very obliging and tender Turn, I began to flatter myself that nothing could happen to trouble Appearances so peaceable and calm.

I was labouring to confirm them by every Thing I could imagine most affable and amusing, when one of the Servants of my Sister-in-law, he who had been sent with the secret Commission to *Anglesey's* House, came into the Chamber, and going up to the Ear of his Mistress, whispered her something, which she seemed to listen to with much Emotion. The Silence, which this Incident threw us into all at once, gave Time to *Patrick*, (who sat near enough to her, and whose Inquietude for *Mademoiselle de L——* made him mistrust something) to overhear the greatest Part of what the Servant had been a whispering, in which that young Lady was interested. I saw him much moved in his Turn, even so far as to get up with a very brisk Motion, and leave us without saying a single Word. My Sister-in-law, alarmed at his sudden Departure, earnestly prayed him not to go away without hearing her. He ran down without giving the least Attention to what she requested. Although at the Distance I was I could hear nothing capable of giving me the least Suspicion, yet I could not doubt but he was shocked with something I was ignorant of; and observing on the other hand the Consternation of my Sister-in-law, which gave me room to fear she would faint away, I conjured *Rose* and the Count to follow the weak *Patrick*, and to prevent any Thing from escaping him that was indecent. They seemed to enter freely into my Views. I remained alone with the melancholy Companion of my Voyage,

Voyage, who immediately justified my Fears by falling into a deep Swoon. She continued a long time in this Condition, and I hastened to assist her with my utmost Diligence. While I was busied about her, and that for avoiding any Noise to be made of the Accident, I had chosen not to call in any other Aid, but that of the Lacquey, who had been the Cause of this Disorder. I heard the Count's Coach, which seemed to drive off from the Inn. The Suspicion of some new Mischief made me put my Head out of the Window. I saw indeed that he took the Road to *Paris*, and drove at a great Rate.

Into what an Excess of Trouble did not I fall all at once? Nothing could give me Light into the Bottom of such a cruel Adventure; but the very Obscurity of it was a Torment so painful to me, that I thought myself ready to fall down into the melancholy Condition, in which I just then had seen my Sister-in-law. I demanded Eclaircissements in vain from this miserable poor Lady, who was come into the midst of us to suck in nothing but Poison and Death. She appeared trembling with Fear and Grief, but refused absolutely to give me an Answer. I ordered the Servant to go down, at least to inform himself exactly who went away in the Count's Coach, and despairing to recover my Sister-in-law's Spirits without the Aid of her Women, I was obliged to have them called.

Nevertheless in a little Time she came to herself; but her Eyes opened only to pour out a Torrent of Tears, and her Mouth to issue the most bitter Complaints. She asked what was become of her Husband. Her Servants, who were gathered about her, could not conceal from her that he was gone. They had been Witnesses with what Precipitation he went down Stairs, and having observed him with so much the more Curiosity, as they had already been informed of what we were desirous of concealing, they had seen him deliberate a Moment with his Companions, and then get as it were by Stealth into the Count's Coach with them. My Sister-in-law, being yet more

struck with this Account, redoubled her Tears, crying out that she was a lost and undone Woman. I was as much ignorant of what was capable of afflicting her to this Excess, as I was of what made my Brothers and Sister take a Resolution so extraordinary. I prayed her to clear up the Matter to me. Ah! said she, you do not know that he detests me, and that he has not yet had for me the least Sentiment of Tenderness. He is passionately in Love with another Woman. It was less his Duel, than his longing to follow her, that made him come over to *France*. I knew it all, and I have had the Power of concealing it from you. But why should he insult me? continued she, why join this Outrage to his Treachery? Do you believe, that while he came to amuse me here by a false Resemblance of Complaisance and Zeal, he has been labouring to annul our Marriage? Have you seen a Woman who was here to accompany him? That was his Mistress; he was not ashamed to bring her with him.

She moreover ordered her People to tell me what they had learned from the Count's Servants. These Wretches, the greatest Part of whom are as little capable of Discretion, as of Fidelity and Honour, had indeed entertained themselves with the Affairs of their Masters; and one of ours, in whom my Sister-in-law had placed a Confidence, made haste to give her an Account of all he had discovered. I moreover conceived, that *Patrick*, who had lent an Ear to what he whispered, had not Power longer to bear the Presence of a Woman, whom he had injured, and that getting again with *Tenermill* and the Count, they had concluded together, that after the Hints she had received, he had no further Measures to keep with her. All the Reflections that occurred to my Mind not bringing any Aid to the present Evil, I employed all my Efforts in comforting her. Whatever Precautions *Patrick* had taken in flying away, I did not fear but I should in a short Time find him out again. So I confidently promised my Sister-in-law, that we should see him again in less than twenty-four Hours.

Hours. Repose yourself, said I, upon my Honour and Zeal. The Misfortune with which you think yourself menaced, shall not be the Work of one Day. I have Resources that I will not yet explain to you. If the Hope I yet have to reclaim my Brother to his Duty shall not succeed upon my first Trials, I engage my Word to you, that those I have reserved for the last Extremity shall be more infallible.

In Truth, the Indignation with which I was filled raised in me all at once a Number of Expedients, of which the Success appeared to me to be certain. But the present Difficulty was to determine upon the Place where we ought to alight at *Paris*. In the mean time the Arrival of *Jacin*, and the Impatience I was in to load him with Reproaches, made me suspend this Deliberation. I went briskly to meet him, as well to follow the Motions with which I was agitated, as to conceal from my Sister-in-law this new Scene. The Confusion with which he accosted me gave me room to judge that he knew a Share of the Evil he had caused. His Repentance not being a sufficient Satisfaction, I received him with an Air of Anger, and treated him with the most harsh Expressions. I own my Fault, said he, though you will find me excusable if you will hearken to me. But, added he, before I tell you with what Fidelity I have executed your Orders, I ought to acquit myself of a Commission; which is yet more urgent. He continued to tell me, that he had met the Coach of the Count *de S—*, and that coming to the Boot of it, my Sister had ordered him privately to make the greatest haste to me, and to conjure me from her not to chuse any other Lodgings for my Sister-in-law, than *Saisons*. She promises you, added he, not to lose a Moment in being there. I looked upon the Care he took to begin with a Declaration so agreeable, as upon a very dextrous Turn to appease me. This News indeed gave me so much Satisfaction, that it dissipated at once my Resentment. Having pressed him nevertheless to finish,

fnish, he told me, that out of Fear to depart from my Orders, he had concealed from the Count, not only the Arrival of my Sister-in-law, but the Commission I had given him to find out my Brothers. This was that unhappy Excess of Precaution, which had raised all our Trouble: seeing that having gone to *Saisons*, where he had hoped to find them, the Count, to whom he did not recommend Silence, and who might much sooner find them out than he, since they were at *Paris*, and in his Neighbourhood, had imparted to them immediately all he had heard. They came away on the Spot for St. *Denys*; inso-much that not being able to be informed but at *Saisons*, that it was to *Paris* he must return to look for them, he had the Vexation to find them gone when he came there. Thinking properly that all his Diligence to get before them would be useless, he had employed his Time in getting an Account of the Situation of their Affairs. Fortune was propitious to him, he said, but he trembled to tell me that my Brother was to marry Mademoiselle de L——. That such a strange Piece of News making him immediately mount his Horse, he had thought it would be a sorrowful Interview between *Patrick* and my Sister-in-law; and what he had learned, added he, from the Servants, who attended the Count's Coach, had but too well confirmed his Conjectures.

Without making any Answer to this Story, I made him immediately return to *Saisons* to prepare there all necessary Conveniences. This Account gave me some Trouble to see our Affairs too well known to our Servants, and to learn from thence that the Publick was half informed of them; but this Vexation was so advantageously compensated by the Joy I felt from the Attention of *Rose*, that I hastned to my Sister-in-law to console her with this News. I could scarce conceive, that *Rose*, after having appeared so affected by her Misfortunes, could resolve to abandon her all of a sudden, and I had Reason to imagine that she was forced to it by *Tenermill*. As to the Count, I was sure, that being not capable of taking any other
part

part but with *Rose*, I should find it an easy Task to make him enter into our Views, if she could be brought over to favour them. I made all these Reflections to my Sister-in-law, and exhorting her to hope for every Thing from the Protection of Heaven; you are too much dejected, said I coming up to her, and you ought at another Time not to put your Trust in Appearances. I was willing to arm her with a little Resolution and Courage to bring her to answer my Views. I know not, added I, what just Reasons you have to complain; but do you not magnify your Jealousies without Foundation? What I have to inform you is, that I will wait on you to *Saisons*; and *Rose*, who has intreated me to conduct you there, would not have given me this Invitation without the Participation of your Husband. I succeeded luckily enough by this Method to make her moderate her Transports, which she herself repented of having discovered so clearly to her Domesticks. We took the Road to *Paris*. I took care during our Journey not to entertain her with any thing that might not contribute to her Tranquillity. She appeared to give herself up to my Reasons, and as I had not requested her more than at least to know how to compose herself outwardly, I should have been contented with the Condition in which I saw her, if she had had the Power of maintaining herself in it.

But in crossing *Paris* in order to get at the Gate that leads to *Saisons*, an unfortunate Chance made us drive through a Street very much crowded, in which our Coach was stopped for some Moments by a Train of a great Number of others. I opened our Boot to inquire the Cause of this Disorder. About twenty Paces from us I perceived at the Window of a very fair House Mademoiselle *de L—* and *Patrick*, who were entertaining one another with great Attention. My first Motion was to shut the Boot, and lie close before the Window to prevent my Sister from seeing this Sight; but her Eyes were too ready to do her this bad Office. She had discovered, what I would fain have concealed, as soon as I did, and her Imagination

gination being filled with all the Terroures that Love and Jealousy are capable of inspiring, she gave a loose to the most bitter Sensations of Grief. Her Agitations were so violent, that in any other Place, I should have chosen to have made her alight to take Care of her Health. But the Fear of some Scene yet more mischievous made me press the Coachman to make what speed he could to *Saisons*.

The Despair of my Companion having increased during the Remainder of our Journey, she found herself so ill at her Arrival, that she was obliged to go to Bed. I easily observed, that she was in a more dangerous Condition than she imagined herself; and pierced even to the Bottom of my Heart at the Misfortune of this amiable Woman, I bestirred myself with the most eager haste to give her Comfort. She perceived my Zeal, and it was at this Moment that, opening her Heart with as many Sighs as Words, she voluntarily related to me the whole History of her Troubles. Though there was nothing new to me in her Recital, the Excess of her Affliction redoubled my Pity. I promised her most faithfully to make from henceforth my dearest Interest hers, and even to come to an open Rupture with her Husband, if he continued obstinate in swerving from his Duty. To the Objection that she raised, as to what little Advantage she could hope for from Violence, since it would only serve to estrange from her more and more a Heart, which never had for her the least Sentiment of Tenderness; I answered, that such an Ingrate did not deserve to have any Measures observed with him, and that she should not fear to employ Rigour, when all the Efforts of Love and Goodness were found to be of no use. I was fuller of Indignation than she, and in some Moments was resolved to go immediately to *St. Germain*, to cast myself at the King's Feet, and solicit his Authority in Favour of Innocence, against the last Excess of Cruelty. I had given Orders upon our Arrival to send hastily for a Physician. The Noise of a Coach in the Court made me judge that he was already come. But how great was my Surprise

prise to see coming towards me *Rose* and *Mademoiselle de L—*, who were already at the Foot of the Stairs.

I stopped them. How, said I to *Mademoiselle de L—* with an Impulse of Indignation that I could not forbear, dare you appear in a Place, that you have filled with Grief and Bitterness? What do you do here? Do you come to insult over the Misfortunes you have caused, and which you ought to reproach yourself with? My Sister, embarrassed by so harsh a Compliment, answered me in *Irish*, that I did wrong to accuse her Companion without hearing her, and pressing me to go into the next Room, she prayed me to be seated, and to hear her. *Mademoiselle de L—* threw herself into an elbow Chair at some Distance from us. I observed that her Eyes were moistened with Tears, and that, placing her Elbow on a Table, she hid her Face with her Hand to weep more freely.

You would have been more cautious in your Expressions, said my Sister, if you had known the Motives that brought us here. *Mademoiselle de L—*, upon whom you cast all the Evils that are here lamented, is come for no other end but to repair them. She has entered of herself into the Reasons, that ought to make her abandon her Hopes, and rejecting all the Condescensions they have yet made to her to give them Success, she has conceived, that Decency and Justice should impose on her other Laws. I asked *Rose*, if she spoke seriously. Yes, replied she, and I answer you, that I shall not yet learn to lie. This is a Violence, that *Mademoiselle de L—* has the Courage to do to her Inclinations. Generosity and Honour have gained the Ascendant over Love. But I will not warrant you so boldly, continued she, that the Mind of my Brother will be so easy to reclaim. He has just Subjects for Complaints; and if his Wife be so passionately fond of him, as she seems to wish he should think, it is strange, that to touch his Heart, she should have employed such evil Ways as Violence. He will with Difficulty pardon her the Adventure of *Dilnick*. It

is upon this Foundation, added *Rose*, that I myself have lent my Hand to the Projects of Divorce; and I must confess to you, said she, letting her Voice fall, that notwithstanding all the Compassion she inspired me with at St. *Denys*, I should not have changed my Opinion all at once, if Mademoiselle *de L——* had not been induced of herself to sacrifice to her all her Inclinations.

The Story of *Patrick's Valet de Chambre* was too glaring in my Eyes not to make me recal immediately the Judgment this Boy had given of the Quarrel of his Master, and I should have began from that Moment to form a more favourable Opinion of my Brother, by seeing, that the Extremities into which he was desirous of coming with his Wife, had at least some Colour of Justice and Reason. As it was easy for me to ruin this Pretence by the united Testimonies of *Dilnick* and my Sister-in-law, I should have thought the Peace ready to be renewed, and should have given myself up all at once to this hope, if I had not been stopped by other Difficulties, over which my Sister passed too slightly. After so many Proofs of a Passion so lively as that of Mademoiselle *de L——*, I could not persuade myself that in one Moment she could have been able to carry away over herself such a certain Victory. I should have been willing to have known all that passed between her and *Patrick* since their Departure from *Ireland*. I was curious to learn why they had parted so suddenly from St. *Denys*, and how any Body could pretend to reconcile the Resolution of renouncing one another with these Signs of Tranquillity and good Understanding, with which I saw them entertain each other at the Window an Hour before. In fine, if it were true, that the Disposition in which Mademoiselle *de L——* had been represented to me, was sincere, what need was there for her coming to *Saisons*, and why should she mix herself in an Affair, to which she ought no longer to pretend an Interest?

I was going to press *Rose* upon all these Heads, when they brought me Word the Physician was come.

The

The Care I owed to the Health of my Sister-in-law, made me wish to hear his Opinion on her Distemper. Rising to go to her Chamber, I was astonished to see that *Mademoiselle de L——* and *Rose* were preparing to follow me. No, said I to my Sister, in the Condition I just now left that Lady, for whom I cannot have too great Consideration and Respect, it would not be pardonable in me to present to her the Cause of all her Grief. Whatever Idea I ought to have of the Design that brought *Mademoiselle de L——* hither, I shall not suffer her to appear before my Sister-in-law. As to you, continued I, addressing myself yet to *Rose*, you may follow me into her Chamber; and if you have any thing agreeable to tell her, I do not doubt but you will be more instrumental in restoring her Health, than all the Medicines of the Physician. I perceived the Chagrin this Repulse gave to *Mademoiselle de L——*. She returned melancholy to her former Posture. *Rose* embraced her, and used some Expressions of Friendship to her, which I could not hear, and she consented to continue alone a Moment.

The Perplexity of the Physician, and his equivocal Jargon, alarmed me in earnest for my Sister-in-law. I took him aside, as much to assure myself of her Situation, as to leave *Rose* at Liberty to comfort her by Assurances, so much the less suspicious, as they could not appear to be concerted. The Physician very ingeniously disputed, that her Distemper did not proceed from an ordinary Cause; and not concealing the Danger from me, confessed, that if some Means were not found to stop the Disorder in it's Source, he could little hope for any good Effects from the help of Art. We reasoned a long Time upon the Symptoms he had observed, while my Sister laboured to console her by Exhortations and Caresses. But far from restoring to her more Tranquillity, some Words that escaped her indiscreetly upon the Project of the Divorce, of which she believed her well informed, augmented her Grief and Trouble. The Physician coming to her Bed-side, found her labouring under such dreadful Symptoms,

Symptoms, that I thought seriously of giving *Patrick* Notice of it. I went down with this Design, having first desired my Sister privately to put off to a more favourable Moment an Explanation, that could not make so great an Impeffion on her from any other Mouth as from her Husband. We left her in the Hands of her Woman. *Rose* followed me to rejoin her Companion, and I promised to follow her a Moment after to dive into the Matter that she had only began to explain to me. But a great Shriek, which she cast out upon putting her Foot into the Room, having made me turn immedietely to the same Side, I saw there Mademoiselle *de L—* stretched out without any sign of Life. My Fright was equal to hers. Luckily the Physician was within call. He used many Operations, which were for a long time of no Use, and we suffered above half an hours Uneasiness before we began to have any Hopes. You have Reason to be under Apprehensions from your Sister-in-law, said the Physician, but I have no better Opinion of this young Person, and I am mistaken if so sudden an Alteration will not reduce her soon to the same Extremity. He ordered that she should be immediately put to Bed, and that every thing should be removed that might trouble her Rest, which was absolutely necessary for her.

Although the sorrowful Condition in which I saw Mademoiselle *de L—* did not suffer me to hesitate in giving her all sorts of Assistance, yet I was sensible to what I should expose myself in giving her a Bed under the same Roof with that of my Sister-in-law. Not dispensing with myself from sending for *Patrick*, I was plunged again into the same Pit, from whence I had just had hopes of getting out. I imparted my Fears to *Rose*, who acknowledged they were just. Nevertheless as there were not two sides of the Question to deliberate upon, I must yield to Necessities equally urgent. I ordered Mademoiselle *de L—* to be placed in an Apartment the farthest distant from that of my Sister-in-law, and in haste sent to my Brothers to come to *Saisons* without Loss of a Moments Time.

In

In reasoning with *Rose* upon the unexpected Accident of her Companion, I learned a Number of Circumstances, that disposed me very much in her Favour. Without yet engaging herself in a Detail of Particulars, that I wished to know, my Sister related to me, that a few Weeks before, my Lord *Tenermill*, who sought to favour the Passion of my Brother, had proposed to *Mademoiselle de L—*, to accept of an Apartment in the House he lived in with *Rose* and *Patrick*. She was carried by Inclination to comply with this Request, seeing she passed most of her Time with them; but a Delicacy of Honour made her consider, that Decency would be wounded by such a Compliance; and from this Reflection she came to be so rigorously circumspect over herself, that she constantly refused to receive *Patrick* alone in her own House. I made some Objections to this Account, which naturally occurred to me. She made him come from one End of *Ireland* to the other, said I to my Sister, to pass near three Weeks with him in *Anglesey's* House; she returned into *France* in the same Vessel; she has received his Courtship continually; she has entered into all his Projects formed against my Sister-in-law; and without doubt she has assisted therein as much out of her own proper Desires, as from a Complaisance to those of her Lover. Will you give the Name of Decency to so free a Conduct? This very Day, added I, have I not seen them both at the same Window, under a Forgetfulness of themselves, which perhaps cannot be ascribed to any Thing but to their being intoxicated with Love? It is true they adore one another, replied my Sister, and the Misfortune that has divided two Hearts, which I think made for one another, is one of those Strokes from Heaven, that we must not attempt to explain. But do not suspect them of any Thing exceeding the Bounds of Innocence. I was with them, when you saw them at the Window; and if you would judge of the whole from the Subject of this Interview, you would perhaps have a better Opinion of their Principles. They were both

both under a Consternation at the unexpected Arrival of your Companion, and with whatever Hopes they had flattered themselves, an unseasonable Moment, so little expected, quite staggered their Resolutions. *Mademoiselle de L—* apprehended, that even the Reasons that were sufficient to break my Brother's Marriage, would yet not be capable of justifying the Engagements he would fain have entered into with her; in one Word, that the most just Complaints would pass for so many Pretences and Artifices, whilst one sought to shake off an uneasy Yoak only to gratify a violent Passion. The Alarms of Honour, the Fear of a Noise, that might rob her of her Reputation, and perhaps the doubt of Success, disturbed her so much even to make her keep a fullen Silence, which cast my Brother into mortal Inquietudes; and when he pressed her to explain herself, she did not open her Mouth only to demand of me a private Interview, of which she made even a Difficulty of suffering him to be a Witness. Nevertheless not being able to resist his Instances, she protested to me in his Presence, that notwithstanding all the Force of her Passion, she was resolved to contradict her Inclinations. The Grief painted in her Eyes made me judge, that experiencing already a Share of the Torments, to which she exposed herself, she would be capable of supporting them with Constancy, seeing she did not appear to be terrified by them. All the Compassion I felt for *Patrick* could not hinder me from praising so noble an Effort. He seemed as much dejected at this Sentence as if it were that of his Death; when she spoke of going away immediately in order to fly from him, his Sobs would have stopped his Breath, if *George*, who came in, and before whom he had not the Power of containing himself, had not calmed this Tempest by another Proposal. If, said he to *Mademoiselle de L—*, you absolutely quit the Design of breaking the unfortunate Chains of my Brother, what should hinder you to live at least with us, and to seek your Consolation in a Society full of Charms? You will have as a Recompence for your Loss the
tender

tender Friendship of my Sister, the Affection of the Count *de S——* and mine, the Company of a Man who is dear to you, and doubtless the Esteem of a Woman, who will be feelingly sensible of what she owes you, when she knows what Sacrifice you have made to her Honour and Repose. Dread those violent Resolutions, continued *George*, they may expose you to bitter Repentance; instead of which, without in the least altering your Principles or perhaps your Sentiments, you may make sure to yourself of a thousand Pleasures, which by another Conduct you will infallibly regret the Loss of. He moreover laid down the Plan of a Commerce, which might indeed become a Source of Delights for all our Family. Mademoiselle *de L——* was to live with me, when I should be married to the Count. We should be all reconciled to our Sister-in-law. *Patrick* should force himself to live upon good Terms with her; he has promised that himself, when he saw it was the only Means of retaining Mademoiselle *de L——* with us. In fine, it is upon his Word Mademoiselle and I are now come here, to make the first Overtures of our Reconciliation, and although the Troubles she is in now may make in her some Alteration, yet I know so well the Integrity and Honour of her Heart, that I can be answerable to you for all her Thoughts.

Rose looked upon me with a contented Eye after this Discourse; and knowing her so well myself, I did not doubt but she was persuaded of what she had told with so much Confidence. But I retained too faithfully in my Memory the Maxims and Discourses of *George*, to give up myself with as much Credulity, as she did, to Hopes, that could only fill her Imagination. These Projects of living in Society, with which she was so much affected, were to me only an odious Mask, under which *George* thought to conceal those base Views, which he had confessed to me without blushing. Your Goodness blinds you said I to *Rose*, you do not mistrust an Evil, of the Nature of which perhaps you are ignorant. Mademoiselle

moiselle de L——, as credulous as you, sees no longer the Precipice, down which she suffers herself to be hurried. Would you contribute to her Ruin? No, but it is he, not you, has fallen upon this Humour, so as to think, that all your Measures ought to have no other End. O! that I could believe with as much Confidence, that *Patrick* is not more guilty than you!

The Astonishment of my Sister perswading me yet more, that she did not deserved my Reproaches, I concluded by explaining to her the Suspensions that disturbed me, and I conjured her by the Honour of our Family, as much as by her own, not to intermeddle in so rash a Combination, from whence we could expect nothing but criminal and fatal Consequences. I should perhaps have vanquished her Prepossessions, and had already explained to her how uncertain she was in as to me, when I was told that *Patrick* was come with *George*. It was of more Importance to go and meet them, and to make myself sure of their Intentions, than to gain over the Mind of *Rose*. I made haste to join them, before they could receive the least Information from the Servants. *Patrick*, whom I embraced first, appeared to me to be under an extraordinary Agitation. I asked him, what it was that was capable of disordering him to such a Pitch. He began again to embrace me, and the Motion, with which he accompanied this Carefs, gave me still a better Idea of his Trouble.

I could have wished to have had it in my Power to have taken him aside, to have avoided upon the whole the captious Reasonings of *George*, from which I foresaw I should have a good deal of Trouble to defend myself. But their Eagerness seeming to be equal, I was obliged to endure successively all their Questions. They would know if I had seen *Rose*, and if she was accompanied by Mademoiselle de L——; what they had said to my Sister-in-law; in what Manner they were received by her, in fine, all that had passed in a Visit, of which they confessed they mortally apprehended the Success. They had

had left them, without giving them any Notice of their Design, and what Appearance soever of a Consent *Patrick* might have given to their Resolutions, he could not hear without a piercing Alarm, that they had followed upon our Heels.

I set aside the Notions of *Mademoiselle de L—*, by an Answer capable of rousing all the Attention of *Patrick*. Heaven, said I, has brought you here happily, or rather, added I with an Air of Softness, I cannot believe you capable of giving the Name of Happiness to a Sight which you are going to see, and I do not give that Name to it myself, but from the Circumstances of your Arrival. Your Spouse is in a Condition that makes me tremble for her Life. Come and console her by your Presence. If you are here with that Design, I shall, without explaining myself, render to you my Esteem and Friendship. But if Affection and Duty make you sensible of nothing upon this Occasion for a Wife, to whom you are bound by all the sacred Ties of Love and Gratitude, I look on you as a Monster, and will be the first to detest you. Come, dear *Patrick*, continued I, taking him by the Hand; listen one Moment to the Goodness of your own Heart; think that there can be no Pleasures without Honour and Virtue; and for once make an Essay of those which Heaven has put into your Hands. *George* interrupted me. He will see his Wife freely, said he; and if you knew the Resolution he has taken, you will have no further Occasion to complain of his Intentions. Ah! answered I, without observing any Measures with him, every Thing that comes from you is suspicious; and when he shall take up a Relish for his Duty, I will not give the Honour of it to your Advice. This Answer was shocking; but far from being offended at it, *George* received it with a Sneer, which seemed to signify, that he thought himself above my Reproaches.

We were at my Sister-in-law's Door. *Patrick* did not refuse to go in. He went even to her Bed-side with an Air of Fondness, which I should have looked

ed upon as a good Omen in less tumultuous Conjunctions. He embraced her, and his first Expressions were at least Testimonies of his Politeness. She, who did not stay to distinguish between Sincerity and Appearances, she who, far from expecting so much Complaisance, had dreaded some fatal Declaration when she saw him appear, she in fine, to whom every Thing was dear and precious that came from a Husband so tenderly beloved, gave herself up to the Pleasure of finding him again such at least as she had seen him before those unhappy Proofs of his Ingratitude. I observed the Effect that this Thought produced in her, and willing to draw from a Disposition so favourable all the Advantages that I might hope for her Recovery, I laid hold of that Moment to venture at some Explanations that *Patrick* could not disavow. Without naming Mademoiselle de L——; I spoke of the first Incident that had troubled their Repose, as of a known Evil, of which the Imprudence and Vivacity of *Dilnick* was only to be accused. I attributed their mutual Pains to this mischievous Cause; and re-uniting all the Hints I could gather upon their Conduct, I engaged them to confess, he, that he should never have been brought to these violent Resolutions but by the false Idea he had taken of his Wife's Sentiments; she, that excepting this Error, she had never found in her Husband any Thing but good Humour and Complaisance in the very midst of the Infirmities and Languors in which he had lived after their Marriage. I added these last Words dexterously to prevent other Objections. Your Chagrins, added I, are then so many Chimeras, which may be destroyed and repaired in one Moment. My Brother, added I addressing myself to her, comes here to promise you all the Fidelity and Tenderness that he owes to his Engagements, and I am sure you will not suspect his good Faith in a Return so free and voluntary.

Whether it were that the Force of Circumstances made a true Impression on the Heart of *Patrick*, or whether

whether it were that he was only sensible to the Fear of losing *Mademoiselle de L—*, whose Resolutions perhaps more strongly presented themselves to his Imagination, but he seconded my Discourse with such Marks of Sincerity, as did not appear to me to be suspicious. His Wife, softened even to the Bottom of her Heart, made an Account of his least Complaisances; and this Facility of suffering herself to be perswaded, proceeded rather without doubt from the Ardour of her own Sentiments, than from the Testimony she received of the Sentiments of others. But in fine, I should as well as she have relied upon the Dispositions of *Patrick*, if I had not apprehended for him another Trial, that I had no hope, to make him avoid. It was impossible to disguise from him the Visit and Accident of *Mademoiselle de L—*. *George*, who did not follow us into the Chamber of my Sister-in-law, was already informed of it. What a Subject of Inquietude in the midst of all the Hopes with which I began to flatter myself! I imagined nevertheless, that if he had any thing to promise himself from the Goodness of Heaven, it was at the Moment when the Heart of my Brother had appeared sensible to its Duty. I should not leave him time to cool. Instead of having Recourse to Pretences, of which the Success was uncertain, I resolved to conduct him upon the Spot to the Chamber of *Mademoiselle de L—*, and to aid them both with new Solicitations, to enable them to carry away a Victory over themselves, which I thought far advanced.

B O O K VII.

THE Arrival of the Count *de S—*, who followed close after my Brothers, and whom I met upon quitting my Sister-in-law's Apartment, encreased the Confidence I already had in the Resolutions of *Patrick*. I fancied that the Sight of so many Witnesses would prove a Stay to his Weakness, and as it were a Caution of the Promises, that I would fain draw solemnly from his Mouth. *Rose* and the Physician had not yet left *Mademoiselle de L—*. I thought *Tenermill* was with them; and I engaged the Count to accompany us, by declaring to him openly what I had to hope from the Virtue of *Patrick*.

But a mournful and melancholy Beck, by which my Sister seemed to forbid our Entrance, gave me room to think, that the Situation of *Mademoiselle de L—* was become more dangerous. I had brought *Patrick* and the Count without giving them any Precaution. Their Surprise, as much as the Impossibility of concealing from them Circumstances that proclaimed themselves, obliged me to inform them of the almost sudden Accident that had reduced *Mademoiselle de L—* to the last Extremity. *Patrick* scarce gave me time to finish the Account. He slipped from me with so open and undisguised a Transport, that I thought I saw in it the Ruin of all my Hopes. If there remained in him any Discretion, it was only for the Repose of a Person, in whose Life he had wrapped up his own, and whose Condition he thought even worse than I had represented it. I observed the trembling Air with which he accosted his Sister. He took her by the Hands, and without hearing him, I could too easily judge of what he enquired of her in a Posture the most moving and most passionate: The
Trouble

Trouble I felt from it hindered me from going in after him ; I remained with the Count at the Door of the Apartment under an extreme Impatience to see this Scene ended.

Rose, in finishing the Account of what he had not the Power to hear from me, said to him, apparently to flatter his Grief, that he might go to the Bed-side of *Mademoiselle de L——*, and judge of her Heaviness by her Eyes, provided he did not provoke her to speak. The Physician not imposing on him any other Law, he laid hold of the Concession at the first Word, and threw himself upon his Knees near her. How well did I learn to distinguish in one Moment the Cares and Ardours of Love, from the bare Inclinations of Duty ! How vastly different did I now find him from what he appeared to be near his Wife ! The Hand of his Mistress lay on the Side of the Bed ; he seized it, notwithstanding an Attempt she seemed to make to draw it back. He glewed on it his Lips and on it seemed to unite all the Powers of his Soul ; and if he was faithful to the Condition imposed on him of not speaking, a thousand Sighs, which he had no Thoughts of keeping in, taught me well enough what my Error was, when I judged him prepared to vanquish his Passion, or at least resolved to combat it : All the Weakness and Dejectedness of *Mademoiselle de L——* did not hinder her from opening her Eyes to look on him for one Moment. I observed she squeezed his Hand, and making some Efforts to speak ; do not afflict yourself too much, said she to him, Return to your Spouse, and live happily with her ; but never forget, that I have loved you so well as to die for Grief, because I could not be yours. Here the Complaints of *Patrick* burst out with his Tears ; they would have had perhaps other Consequences, if the Physician had not absolutely commanded him to retire, complaining at the same time, how badly he had observed his Promise.

I received him at the Door, where I yet stood with the Count, and pressing him to grant me a few Moments Conversation, I retired with him at a Distance

tance into an Alley in the Garden. He suffered himself in a manner to be dragged along, and at first appeared as deaf to my Caresses, as Reproaches. But conjuring him at length to hear me, and fixing my Eyes on him; the Trouble of your Heart, said I, is already subjected to your Reason, I foresee we shall be too happy, if your Honour can escape the same Danger. Nevertheless can a Disorder so dreadful be the Work of one Hour? I have lately seen you take a Relish to your Duty: Do not deny it; my Eyes have not deceived me: The Misfortune of your Spouse hath moved you, and you have sincere Thoughts of rendering what you owe to her Tears and Virtue. Other Affections have hurried you away, and I see you offering them up a Sacrifice to new Considerations, which are not more powerful than those you hath surmounted. He interrupted me, and I must indeed confess, that an Air of Fury, which diffused itself all of a sudden over his Face, raised in me as much Consternation, as his Answer. I had known him from his Infancy for the most sweet natured and tractable of all Men, and in all the Excess into which his Passion had hurried him, I had not yet been a Witness of any thing that had absolutely given the lye to this Character. Even in the midst of the Consternation, into which the dangerous State of *Mademoiselle de L——* had cast him, I thought I remarked more of Commiseration and Pity, than Anger, and I should rather have suspected, that he would have given no Attention to my Speech, than that he would have meditated one, the end of which was only to revile me. Nevertheless with more Passion than I could think him capable of, he upbraided me for having ruined him by my Counsels; and adding to this Reproach the most odious Names, he swore, that my Life should answer for that of his Mistress. To some Words, which I timorously replied for my Justification, he continued to answer by a Torrent of abusive Language, and his last Words were a terrible adieu, by which he for ever renounced to see or hear me.

He

He took his Way to the House, making me a sign with his Hand to have a care how I followed him; and having observed him till he was out of Sight, I did not doubt but he was gone again into the Appartment of Mademoiselle de L—.

I remained immoveable. Words so harsh, and Menaces so furious, coming from *Tenermill*, would have caused me but little Astonishment. But from *Patrick*, from the Mouth of so dear and loving a Brother, to whom the Relation of Blood had attached me less than esteem and Friendship, I thought the Impression of them was more strong than my Patience, and in the first Motions of my Grief I was capable of nothing but falling into Tears.

In the mean time an Interest, much more grievous than mine, made me look on this Dejection of Mind as a Weakness. I did not flatter myself, that I could maintain the least Ascendent over Minds, that had revolted against my Tenderness and Cares; but I took two Resolutions, from whence I thought neither Fears nor Intrigues should ever be capable of removing me; the one was, to oppose myself openly against all their Enterprises, to which I ought to be attentive after the Transports of *Patrick*; and the other, to devote myself resolutely to the Interest of my Sister-in-law, and to do her all the Services I owed to her Virtue. I thought of nothing but going to her, indifferent from henceforth about the Conduct of Mademoiselle de L—, except for the Consequences of her Sickness, and even indifferent about returning to my former Zeal for my Brothers; for that I imagined their Ingratitude had extinguished in my Heart all the Affections of Nature.

I had not seen *Tenermill* since his Arrival. He was not in the Appartment of Mademoiselle de L—, when I went into it with *Patrick*, and I had no thoughts of enquiring what was become of him; but in the way to my Sister-in-law's Chamber I learned, that he had asked Permission to see her, and that having even a desire to talk to her without Witnesses, he had sent aside all the Servants in Attendance: His Views

appeared to me so suspicious, that I was ready to go in boldly and interrupt him. But not thinking him capable of insulting a Woman in cold Blood, who had never given him Offence, nor of failing in the Respects he owed her Sex, I feared that my Presence, and the Reproaches I should with difficulty refrain, would serve only to inflame his natural Disposition, and I therefore chose to wait till he thought proper to come out of himself. My Resolution was only to know from his own Mouth, what new Concern had carried him into a Place, to which he with difficulty ought to be admitted. I waited a long Time; at length seeing him appear, I accosted him with so much Inquietude, that I could not but fancy he must have discovered a share of my Disturbance in my Countenance. My Disorder served only to augment the Confidence he was going to repose in me. He prevented me with an undisturbed Air by Assurances, that notwithstanding all the Warmth he had shewn in the Service of *Patrick*, he had pitied my Sister-in-law, and that it was with Joy he saw their Reconciliation. I am come here, continued he, to signify these Sentiments to my Lady, and the Discourse I have had with her has only served to augment them. He added, that his Brother was too happy in being the Husband of so amiable a Woman, and that he would find him out that Moment to talk in the same Language to him.

This unexpected Change dissipated all the Bitterness of my Heart. *Tenermill* was much more formidable to me than *Patrick*, who in the Excess of Passion, to which he had been just before transported, I already thought he would have observed more Respect; if he had not reckoned always to have his Brother in his Interest. With the Haughtiness and false Maxims, which I have a thousand Times described, I knew *Tenermill* had an Integrity superior to Artifice and Dissimulation. If he should once take part with my Sister-in-law, I was persuaded he would openly declare for her, and that would be to vanquish *Patrick* by taking from him a Prop, without
which

which he could never have Power to support himself. In these Thoughts, which immediately spread a Calm over my Mind, I embraced him with Tears of Joy, and without Hesitation added, to what he said, every Thing the most moving for the Advantage of my Sister-in-law, that my Memory could furnish me with. He gave his Approbation to every Circumstance I had observed. I gave myself up to the Hopes of having gained him over intirely; and not thinking of any Thing but to prepossess him with the new Freaks of his Brother, I related to him what had just happened between us in the Garden, as if I had already believed him as ardent and as much affected as myself to make *Patrick* return to his Duty.

He hearkened to me with different Marks of Astonishment. I thought I discovered also in his Eyes an Air of deep Reflection, that did not directly relate to the Subject of our Discourse, and which took Possession of him much more than all the Circumstances I had related to him. At length coming as it were to himself, I must confess, said he, that the Love of my Brother for *Mademoiselle de L——* is extreme: And when I saw him yield so readily to our Projects of Reconciliation, I had a Diffidence in the Sincerity of his Heart. My Lady is to be pitied, added he after a Moment's Consideration; I can see no happy Omen for her from all these Changes; and if she were capable of opening her Eyes ——— He interrupted himself. I will see my Brother, added he in a Heat, and ask him what he proposes by so many Caprices; I will inform you of his Situation. In taking his Leave, he prayed me, if I went in to my Sister-in-law, to assure her, that what he had said to her was exactly conformable to the Sentiments of his Heart, and which he was determined to make good by all his Conduct.

The Obscurity, in which he left me, made me go into her Appartment with great Impatience. I immediately found that she was herself much satisfied with his Visit and Discourse. There appeared on

her an Air of Joy, which produced almost as great an Effect towards the recovering of her Strength, as what she had obtained from seeing again her Husband. She did not wait to hear the Satisfaction I should have shewn at this Alteration. Her first Words were made up of Acknowledgments for my Pains, to which she ascribed the happy Change in her Fortune; and I saw how easy it was to flatter a tender Heart by the Returns of the most ordinary Hopes. I took care not to undeceive her. But taking Occasion to handle every Thing that might confirm the Opinion *Tenermill* had given me of this Change, I began anew to promise myself, that the Frenzy of *Patrick* would be extinguished as easily as it had been kindled, or at least would sooner or later give way to the re-united Efforts of all his Family. It would not cost me much Trouble to bring back *Rose*, and the Assistance of the Count *de S——* was no less certain. Ungrateful, fickle Brother you are to us, I was ready to exclaim, we will in Spite of you restore you both to Virtue, for which you are better formed than you think yourself, and to Love, which has more Happiness in Store for you than you dare expect.

It remained nevertheless for me to discover, what had brought about so happy a Change in the Notions of *Tenermill*. I mentioned nothing of it before my Sister-in-law; it was not seasonable to observe to her, that the Cause of her Joy had filled me with some Surprise. But having met the Count *de S——*, whom I thought from henceforth more worthy of my Confidence than my Brothers, I made no Difficulty of talking to him with an Openness, which the Circumstances of Affairs had not permitted me to do since my Return. He knew as little as I did of the Sentiments of *Tenermill*, but thinking it incumbent on him to answer my Friendship by an equal Sincerity, he confessed, that what he had just heard gave him room to believe the Reconciliation of *Patrick* less sincere, and consequently at a greater Distance than ever. After he had left the Garden,

Garden, he returned to the Appartment of Mademoiselle de L——, and abandoning himself to all the Transports he had held back in my Presence, he swore, that not only his Death should be the infallible Consequence of hers, but that if she could place Confidence enough in his Affection to wish to live in Favour of a Lover so tender and faithful, he would not breath but to be hers, by breaking through all Obstacles that could stand in his Way. He spoke of his Divorce, as of a Resolution firm and immovable as his Love, and of his Wife, as of a fatal Burthen, from which he would deliver himself at all Sorts of Hazard. All the Virtue my Sister had ascribed to Mademoiselle de L—— was not Proof against these Protestations; and the Accident, that had put her Life in Danger, began to dissipate itself so happily, that it was easy to perceive she had no other Malady than a Despair for her Love, and had need of no other Remedy than the Caresses of her Lover.

Supported, as I just before had been, by Hopes from the Assistance of *Tenermill*, I was alarmed so little at the Count's Relation, that in the Confidence, with which my Heart was filled, I began to take on me the Defence of the weak *Patrick*. I apprehend, said I to the Count, that at the Sight of what he loved, and trembling at the Danger I represented to him myself with too few Precautions, he might have been deficient in Point of Moderation. Love is an unhappy Passion, with which you have all shewn me that you have been acquainted in its full Extent. But far from taking up such a cross Opinion of what may happen, I rejoyce, added I, that the Change in the Disorder of Mademoiselle de L—— gives us better Hopes of her Recovery; which when ever it happens, she cannot but be immediately sensible, that Decency will oblige her to return to *Paris*; and we cannot want the Means of reminding her of it, should she seem to forget it. *Patrick*, then given up to our Advice and Instances, will make but little Resistance, when he is separated from her, and

fees all his Family re-united to oppose him. The Question only is to flatter him with Address, and to avoid for some Days every Thing that may hurry him into violent Resolutions. The Count approved my Thoughts, but seemed to doubt of the Success I promised myself from them.

I hastened to communicate these Considerations to *Rose*, and having brought her into my Designs, I requested, that during the Term necessary for *Mademoiselle de L—* to recover her Health, she should take care never to let her Brother have the Liberty of being alone with her. Whatever Opinion I was willing to entertain of their Virtue, I could scarce persuade myself, that with so much Love, and the Opportunity of seeing each other without Difficulty, they should constantly remember within what Bounds they were obliged to contain themselves, and I thought that the greatest of their Disasters would then be to forget one another.

The Conduct I proposed to observe was, to shut myself up in my Chamber, and to live there with little Correspondence from Abroad, waiting till the Clouds came to disperse, and the Darkness clear up. The Physician, who soon perceived the advantageous Change in both his Patients, altered his Story upon the Subject of his first Fears, and spoke to me no more of them but in a Tone proper absolutely to remove all mine. But there was one Apprehension remaining that might possibly revive all my Fears. The Comfort of my Sister-in-law seeming to rest intirely on the Complaisance of her Husband, I apprehended, that she would not suddenly relish the Privation of so powerful a Remedy. I could not hope for that in a Conjunction, wherein the most Happiness I had to expect for her was to dissemble the new Outrages committed against by her Ingrate. But *Tenermill*, to whom I opened my Alarms, by affecting to consult him, as if I had thought him absolutely in the Interests of my Sister-in-law, undertook voluntarily to supply by his Pains the Duties of his Brother, and even to colour his Absence under some Pretence,

tence, that would carry no Suspicion of his Want of Love. Experience only must teach me what Foundation I might lay upon this Promise, and I thought moreover to neglect nothing on my Side to second his Zeal.

Two Days passed over, in which I found nothing that did not square with my Hopes. It is true *Patrick* scarce separated himself a Moment from *Mademoiselle de L—*, and abusing the Liberty, in which he himself perhaps was surprized to find himself, under my Eyes, and in some Sort under the Eyes of his Wife, he seemed to forget that he had other Interests than those of his Love, or other Cares on his Hands than to console and serve his Mistress. In lamenting this Excess of Blindness, I quickned myself to Patience, by the Hopes of being forthwith released from a Scene so odious, and even to make it help in forwarding my Design, by taking Occasion from a straying of this Nature to make my weak Brother sensible of all the Shame of his Conduct. *Rose*, who was faithful in not losing Sight of them, and the Count *de S—*, whom the Pleasure of being with her made no less assiduous about them, constantly assured me, that Prudence and Honour regulated all their Discourse, and even their Caresses and Familiarity. Charmed to see themselves without Restraint, and able to repeat every Moment, that they would live for one another, it seemed, said my Sister, that they had no further Aim or Intention in their Desires. She compared them to two tender and innocent Children, who found a Pleasure and Sweetness in seeing one another, without enquiring why they were pleased, and without pretending to any Thing more than the Satisfaction of a mutual Love. You yourself, said she, you would be charmed to see so much Love mixed with so great Simplicity and Innocence.

I had no Difficulty in fancying how this Sight might appear so pleasureable in the Eyes of *Rose*, and I should have been more alarmed at it, if the Condition of *Mademoiselle de L—* had not been

apt to remove my Fears. All my Apprehensions then turned on the Side of my Sister-in-law, on whom I forſaw it would be difficult to impoſe long. What Pretence could there be to excuſe the Abſence of her Huſband under ſuch Circumſtances, wherein nothing could diſpenſe with from being about her? And if he was not capable of ſeeing her, at leaſt from a Principle of Complaiſance, what Means could there be to ſupport her in the Notions of a Reconciliation with which we had inſpired her? This Reflection raiſed in me ſo much Timorouſneſs and Embarraſment, that I ſcarce had the Courage to appear in her Apartment; and knowing that *Tenermill* continued to viſit her affiduouſly, I began to reſoſe on him the Conciliation of ſo great Interests. I affected even to keep my Chamber for ſome Days, under the Pretence of a ſlight Indispoſition, and I confined myſelf to an Enquiry only into what paſſed about me.

At length even Reſt and Repoſe, in which they ſeemed to be lulled on every Side, became as much ſuſpected by me as the Troubles of which I apprehended the Effects. Whiſt my Tenderneſs and Zeal held me under a mortal Inquietude, I ſaw myſelf neglected, and neither my Sister-in-law, who had ſo much Interest in preſerving my Affections, nor *Tenermill*, who could not be ignorant of my Indispoſition, expreſſed by any Mark of Attention, that they took the leaſt Share about my Diſorder. *Roſe* and the Count were the only Perſons, from whom I received a Viſit; but in apprizing me, that they did not remark any Change in the Conduct of *Patrick*, nor much more in the Situation of *Mademoiſelle de L——* to permit her to return to *Paris*; they confeſſed, that they had been ill informed of the Circumſtances of my Sister-in-law's Condition. *Tenermill*, whoſe Diſpoſitions they themſelves acknowledged were much changed, had deſired them to confine their Cares to *Patrick* and his Miſtreſs; and told them, he had reſerved to himſelf the Conduct of healing the Diſquiet, and minding the Health of my Sister-in-law. Whether he deceived her by Chimeras, or whether
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his Address surpassed mine, he had found out the effectual Method of calming her Mind, or at least moderating those Troubles, that had impaired her Health. He was almost without intermission about her; and during the Interval of his Visits, she called for nobody but her Brother, with whom she had often very long Conversations.

Although the Bias of my Heart induced me always to judge favourably of Appearances, yet I now took upon me to penetrate in some Sort into this Obscurity, to find in it, or to spread over it some Light. *Tenermill*, to whom I immediately addressed myself, seemed to receive my Visit with some Embarrassment. He made Excuses for having passed an intire Week without seeing me, and casting his Neglect upon the continual Assiduity he thought himself obliged to have about my Lady, he proceeded all at once to relate to me the Success of his Pains. He told me, that the Aversion of *Patrick* was a Caprice he could not comprehend; and some Days of Acquaintance having discovered to him all the Merit of our unfortunate Sister-in-law, he had found such strong Reasons to esteem her, that he would at all Sorts of Hazards procure her a more happy Lot. He had began by dissipating a little the Trouble of her Imagination, in remarking from what Prepossession it proceeded, and what Zeal he would hereafter have for her Service. She had been so sensible to the Joy of seeing him enter into her Interests, that he easily disposed her to relish the Pretences with which he had coloured the Absence of her Husband; and from that Time to this had continued her in the same Calm, by assuring her that he should employ himself in nothing but to procure her Happiness, which he durst answer he would establish after a Manner not to be shaken. In Effect, continued he still with an Air more embarrassed, I can offer her an infallible Way to this, and if I am tardy in proposing it to her, it is to give her Time to recover by Degrees from her tedious Troubles. Possibly she may not relish this Method yet; but

sooner or later she will acknowledge, that in her Situation she can hope for nothing more advantageous.

This Discourse surprized me greatly. How can you doubt, said I hastily, but she will greedily embrace every Thing that may secure her an End of her Troubles? If any Thing be capable of staying you, it must arise on the Part of your Brother, whose Resistance I apprehend more than ever. On the contrary, replied *Tenermill* blushing, *Patrick* approves my Views, and my Perplexity is only to make my Lady relish them. You will second us without doubt, added he, in an Enterprize that equally imports the Honour and Repose of our Family. His Blushes, that seemed to me to increase, and the Difficulty he shewed in discovering himself, making me ponder inwardly, to find out the Meaning of a Discourse so mysterious, he drew me out of this Distraction by intreating me with more Submission and Condescension than he ever before had shewn for me, to continue some Days yet without seeing my Sister-in-law. Every Thing, said he, that you can think to propose to her, can only tend to render her easy; she is already so by my Care. Your Disorder is a Pretence that may yet continue, and which I will improve with her to help you to an Excuse.

He left me repeating his Request with many Intreaties; and although this Eagerness could not but augment my Doubts, the Confidence I had at least in his Honour drew from me a Promise, which was intended in Conjunction with his, to produce such happy Effects. Meditating upon our Discourse, what I could imagine most likely was, that *Patrick*, in order to submit to his Duty, was to wait till *Mademoiselle de L—* was restored to her Health, and had quitted our House. But if I should explain by this the Difficulties that *Tenermill* apprehended on the Side of my Sister-in-law, how could I imagine that from thence he had so little to fear on the Part of *Patrick*, when I saw him more than ever infatuated by his Love, and so indifferent for his Spouse, that

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all the Care he took about her was, to inform himself whether she appeared to be in a Way of Recovery ?

In the mean time her Disorder, and that of Mademoiselle de L—, not being so very pressing as to give us the same Alarms, the Count de S—, whose Passion had never cooled amidst so many Storms, proposed to me to conclude his Marriage with my Sister. She came into my Chamber a few Minutes after him, and though her coming appeared to be accidental, yet I easily perceived that this Visit was made by Consent. Never had Love a Right to declare itself with more Openness. It was conducted by Honour and Moderation ; and not having had either Disorder or Weakness to reproach itself with, it had nothing to wait for but just Praise. So I did not make them ask twice for my Consent. Come, said I, to *Rose*, embracing her, and if you know any thing that can augment your Happiness, do you make it mine, by letting me know, that it is from me you may receive it. She answered me modestly, that she had no other Will than that of the Count, and that she should be satisfied, when he had nothing to wish for. He was of Opinion himself, that in the midst of Inquietudes that yet troubled our Repose, he ought not to think of any glaring Solemnities. What he requested of me might be executed without Noise, and without going out of own Doors. I left to him the Care of those Forms that depended on the Ecclesiastical Authority, and his Credit procured them to be shortened. In fine, the happy *Rose* received into her Arms one of the most amiable Men in the World, as the Price of her Love and Virtue.

The Count having his House at *Paris*, I was a little out of Countenance in resisting the Haste and Eagerness he shewed to go there with his Spouse, that he might submit to her the same Empire over all his Substance, that she long had been in Possession of over his Heart. He was so straightly lodged at *Saisons*, that it was a strong Reason for me to consent to his Departure. But I foresaw, that his Presence would one Day be necessary to our Domestick Interests, and

I began to fear, that such a Time was not far off. All the Precautions of *Tenermill* had not prevented my Sister-in-law from discovering that her Rival was at *Saisons*. She went down into the Garden without any other Company than her Chamber-Maid, and by chance *Patrick* was there also taking a Walk alone. Fear, rather than Shame, obliged my poor weak Brother to take to his Heels; and Love or Resentment made his Wife pursue him upon the Track. He fled into the Appartment of *Mademoiselle de L—*, which was the first he found in his way; and although my Lady was too much provoked at his Flight to attempt to overtake him, whether he would or not, she nevertheless curiously enough observed from without the Place he entered to find that it was a Woman lodged in it. She dissembled her Suspicions, but they were verified the same Day by the Confession of *Tenermill*, who had not Power to defend himself against her Instances; or perhaps flattering himself, that from this Acknowledgment, he might draw some Advantage to his own Views.

I was at first ignorant of this Incident; but the Tears and Disorders of my Sister-in-Law gaining Strength, made me suspect that something extraordinary had happened. As there had been no Thoughts of concealing from her the Marriage of *Rose*, I took Occasion from this Ceremony to see her. *Tenermill*, with all the Address he employed to avert the Overtures that he feared would be between us in this Visit, could not suppress either in the Mouth of my Lady, or mine, any one of those unmeaning Expressions which daily escaped from the Vivacity of his Thoughts. She understood then enough from me to judge, that it was not without some Reason that I was prevented from seeing her; and I apprehended also from those Complaints, that she had not power to smother, as much as from a Sadness in her Countenance, that there had happened her some new Subject of Melancholy, which she in vain laboured to disguise. *Tenermill*, from whom I had demanded other Explanations, told me of the Ad-
venture

venture of the Garden, but without adding to it any Overture of his Designs; and by the same Reasons he used for engaging me to observe certain Cautions in my Visit, he perswaded me that it was not seasonable to open himself further to me. The Ceremony of my Sister's Marriage was concluded, and the Condition of my Lady dispensed with her from being present at it; insomuch that as well on the Part of *Patrick*, who affected more than ever to shun coming near me, as on the Part of *Tenermill*, who seemed wholly taken up with some extraordinary Project, and even on that of my Sister-in-law, whose Troubles were visibly increased, I had room to apprehend some new Revolution, which would make me wish for the Aid or Advice of such a Friend as the Count.

His Wife, to whom I must no longer give any other Name than that of Spouse of a Husband so valuable, took part with those Instances by which I laboured to stop this new Disorder; and both her Husband and she submitting themselves to the Force of my Reasons, she joined to them one, which she reproached herself with not having revealed to me sooner. In the private Interviews that *Tenermill* had held with *Patrick*, they had not always used Precautions enough so as not to be overheard. Curiosity having sometimes made the Countess lend an Ear to their Discourse, she heard from their own Mouths, that far from having abandoned their late Project of Divorce, *Patrick* coveted nothing in the World with so much Impatience, as he had a great Desire also to see *Mademoiselle de L—* well enough recovered to enable her to leave *Saisons*, under the hopes of terminating more easily that unhappy Enterprize. But I had already observed from other Testimonies besides that of my Sister, that *Tenermill*, notwithstanding the Compassion and Zeal he seemed to affect for some Time past, and that he had testified to me himself for my Lady, had entered with more Ardour than ever into the Resolutions of his Brother, and in Concert with him had been seeking the most proper Means to assure them of Success. This was all my Sister had learned, and
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she confessed to me, with Shame, that the Fear of chagrining *Patrick* had hindered her from giving me earlier Notice of it.

I shall not give the Name of Christian Charity to those Impulses with which I felt myself fired at hearing this Account. Horror for the Imposture and Treachery had need of no other Motive than natural Probity, and I did not raise my Zeal beyond that. These Shifts and Stratagems had put me out of my Biass. I went in quest of *Tenermill* immediately, and accosting him without any Precautions; Have you turned your Back then, said I, to all remains of Humanity and Honour? Falshood and Perfidy are not Crimes black enough to inspire you with Horror, or to raise in you Remorse. You in vain expect to impose on me, added I, seeing some Appearances of Trouble on his Countenance, I know all, I have been apprised of every Thing; my wretched Sister-in-law shall this Moment be acquainted with your Treachery. Thus, added I with the same Warmth, It was not sufficient for you to have sided against her before you saw her, and to have persecuted her without knowing her, but you now daily abuse her Confidence, the more effectually to make sure her Ruin; and it is under the shadow of Friendship, that you cruelly thirst to glut your Hatred. I cast on him a look of Indignation, and would have left him, my Design being really to go into my Sister-in-law's Apartment, and inform her who it was she ought to mistrust. He stopped me with an eager Haste. His Eyes, though agitated by extraordinary Motions, yet discovered nothing to me that had the Appearance of Indignation or Passion. The very Tone of his Voice was not so strong, as the Resentment of my Accusations might render it in a Character such as his. He pressed me to hear him. I judge by your Reproaches, said he, that you are badly informed of my Designs, and that you have yet less Acquaintance with my Thoughts. Do not precipitate any thing; and let us take some Time to explain ourselves.

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This Moderation, so little expected, having disposed me to hearken to him, he took me by the Hand, as if he had been apprehensive that I had yet thought of nothing but quitting him to repair to my Sister-in-law. I never had any Hatred for my Lady, said he with an Air so mild, that in another I should have taken it for Timorousness, and what you call my Persecutions have never been other than a Desire to do Service to my Brother. I lament that he is so little sensible of the just Value of the Treasure he possesses. He slights a Happiness that a thousand others would purchase with all their Blood. I do not speak to him in any other Language, and you may know it from himself, when he shall be disposed to open himself to you. As to my Lady, I have laboured to console her by the hopes of a better Fate. I have made her Promises that are sincere, and which have had the Power of calming her Imaginations. There is nothing but the Adventure of the Garden that has confounded my Undertaking. She thought my Brother was at *Paris*; I have had occasion to use a thousand Efforts to justify him, or, if you would rather choose it, to deceive her. For with the few Assurances I have given her of being some time or other able to reclaim her Husband, you may well imagine that it is only the Force of holding her in Errors that can restore to her Repose. Nevertheless I flatter myself, that even these Illusions will turn to her Advantage; and you will not give the Name of Perfidy to my Conduct, when you will find it happily justified by the Success.

In so loose an Explanation I saw nothing but a new Artifice to conceal what he had a Mind to hinder me from diving into; and suspecting every thing he said, even to the Tone of his Voice with which he had pronounced it, I did not hesitate a Moment in giving him an Answer. Is it true, said I, that notwithstanding all the Art you have used in wrapping up your Expressions and Designs, you have again joined with *Patrick* in the Resolution of annulling his Marriage? This is the Point upon which I demand a precise and categorical Answer. All that is different from it is

an Intrigue, into which I do not desire to enter, and which does not regard me, but as it relates to the End that I would have cleared up to me. This Question made him speechless for some Moments. At length, seeming to rouse himself out of his Perplexity, he swore in the most forcible Terms of Religion and Honour, that he had no Thoughts but of making my Lady and *Patrick* happy in an honourable and satisfactory Marriage, which should re-establish the Repose of our Family. I was the Bubble of this equivocal Answer. He perceived, that the Opinion I yet had of his Probity had disposed me to embrace the Error, in which he was desirous to engage me; and hastning to draw some other Advantage from it; If you can, said he, trust our true Interest to my Conduct, leave my Zeal for some Time to its own Influence, and moderate a little the Motions of yours. The Retirement you have lived in for some Days past has already forwarded the Progress of my Views, and you can desire no better Proof of it than the Tranquillity in which I have maintained my Lady's Mind. Dispense with yourself from seeing her until the Departure of *Mademoiselle de L——*. I promise to discover to you at that Time the true Interest of our Family; or, if you think that Decency will not allow you to remain here without having some Intercourse with her, promise me, that you yourself will speak to her of my Enterprize in a manner that may serve to augment her Confidence and forward her Repose. For once build upon my Word, added he, with a soft Air, and do not doubt, but that Honour and Virtue are as dear to me as to you.

The Proof he drew from the real Success of his Pains, joined to the Idea I in truth had of his natural Principles, made me smother a thousand Objections, which yet sprung up in my Mind. Without giving myself up intirely to those Hopes, of which he did not discover to me the Foundation, I chose rather to risque something upon his Word, than to insist upon Suspicions, that I could not maintain without believing him the most profligate Man in the World. I even perswaded myself

self in his Favour, that the Countess, his Sister, had not well conceived the Discourse she reported to me, and that I had taken the Alarm upon too light Grounds. In fine, having but little Apprehension, that he could proceed to certain Extremities without my Participation, I determined to leave him all the Liberty he desired, and for once, as he said, to place some Confidence in his Conduct. In declaring to him this Resolution, I added to my Words all the Testimonies of Esteem, that might further engage him to observe his Promises, content enough to find him inclined to afford me his Friendship, and to reckon upon mine as something. He appeared so well satisfied with my Complaisance, that I seriously began to have a good Opinion of his Intentions.

I am ignorant indeed by what Address he succeeded in curing the new Alarms of my Sister-in-law; but, as if he had drawn more Strength than ever from my consenting to his Projects without knowing them, he lulled her into a Situation that gave me as much Amazement as Joy. Not being able to dispense with myself from visiting her, I found in her that Air of Satisfaction, which discovers Happiness, or the Certainty of obtaining it. She spoke to me of the Services of *Tenermill* in Transports of Gratitude, and, although she was not ignorant that *Mademoiselle de L—* was yet lodged in the same House, she shewed no Uneasiness but at the Duration of her Distemper, the end of which she expected as a Beginning to her own Happiness. This Language was so obscure to me, that from the Fear of producing some Disorder to her Views, which I could not penetrate, I thought I could not confine my self to Congratulations loose enough, which seemed nevertheless to confirm her in all her Notions. If there escaped from her any Complaints for the Absence of her Husband, they were uttered with a Sentiment of Compassion, which did not appear to be mixed with any Bitterness, and I even saw her softened and melted down at the Idea she formed of his Situation. All these Circumstances not having any thing in them absolutely Contradictory

dictory to the Promises of *Tenermill*, I waited for an Eclaircissement of them with extreme Impatience. He was with me in all my Visits, and the Embarrassment I daily expected to be exposed to, not permitting me to make them long or frequent, obliged me of myself to diminish much of his.

Five Days had already passed without any Change that might give me more Light, and I admired with what Patience every one contained themselves within the Bounds prescribed them. On the Part of *Mademoiselle de L——* and *Patrick*, there was such a total Forgetfulness of every thing that passed about them, that I had sometimes a Difficulty to find it probable. Whilst they appeared to be so taken up with one another, that their Curiosity scarce extended without their Solitude, I could not be persuaded but they were often disturbed from a Fear of my Sister-in-law. If I must have ascribed their Security to the Intrigues of *Tenermill*, this was another Subject of Astonishment, which yet caused me a greater Admiration. The Count and his Spouse, to whom I without ceasing recommended not to quit them one Moment, gave me the same Account of their Dispositions and Amusements. It was constantly the same Innocence, and the same Tranquillity. *Mademoiselle de L——* was rid of her Fever, but yet continued weak, and the Physician was of Opinion she could not quit her Bed without Danger. *Patrick* having passed the whole Day with her, retired in the Evening with much Precaution, to avoid being perceived by his Spouse or me; as if he had been apprehensive of some Danger in meeting us. He inquired after our Healths; but, as if he were indifferent what we thought of him or his Conduct, he never had brought himself to the Pass of asking, if we had been curious to know why he avoided us. Our House was not so grand as to conceal him always from my Sight, if I had pursued the Inclination I often had of surprizing him in his Passage; but seeing nothing on every Side but Tranquillity, and accustoming myself more and more to build really on the Promises of *Tenermill*, I waited in my Solitude

made only till the Time which he had appointed me was come.

It was hastened by an Event that I was far from expecting, and of which meer Chance threw the first Intelligence in my way. One Day as I went down alone to the Gate, I saw a Man drive up towards me in a Hackney Coach, whose Face I thought I remembered. I was examining his Countenance, when he knowing me more easily by my odd Figure, came up and saluted me by my Name, and the *Irish* Language, in which he addressed me, made me presently recollect that he was *Fincer*. The Joy I should have felt at seeing him in any other Place was converted into Fear and Grief, when one Moment of Reflection upon the Circumstances of our domestick Affairs, made me think, that I could not introduce him into our House without Imprudence. What Pretence nevertheless could I find in sending him away; and on the other hand what Hope had I of concealing from him any Time the Disorder of my Family, and especially with the Reasons I had of suspecting, that this Perhaps was the only Cause of his Journey? It came presently into my Mind, that *Dilnick* had, without doubt, informed him of the Resolution his Daughter had taken of following her Husband into *France*, and that not hoping for a more lucky Opportunity of seeing her again without Danger, he had left *Denmark* with this View. I thus pleased myself in giving the most favourable Turn to his Journey; for it would have been too dismal to suppose him fully instructed in every Thing that I feared I could not conceal from him long enough.

His first Compliments would have removed my Fears by the Air of Openness and Friendship that accompanied them, if the other Embarrassment had not remained on my Mind intire. In the mean Time, whilst he was asking me News of his Daughter, and that the Manner in which I answered him gave me liberty enough to consider upon the Cares with which I was filled, I took the only Choice I had to make in so pressing an Extremity. I do not know, said I, who

who could have directed you to a House, in which I have not the Liberty to receive you. You shall see your Daughter at *Paris*, the Distance is so short to it, that far from making any Stay here, I am of Opinion it would be the best Way to take the Road to Town this very Moment ; and offering him my Hand to shew him into his Coach, I went in after him, giving Orders to the Coach-man to drive to the Count's House.

I could not by these Means deliver myself from one Embarrassment, without at the same time running the hazard of an infinite Number of others ; but I thought I had avoided the most Dangerous. The Fear I was under of giving the least Suspicion to *Fincer* of what we had left behind us, made me often press the Coach-man to drive on faster ; and seeking to divert from us all those Notions I dreaded, I took an Opportunity from the Count, whose House I had named, to speak of the late Marriage of my Sister: The Merit and Riches of her Husband, the Honours and Advantages that my Family would draw from this Alliance, the Difficulties and Delays we met with to surmount ; in fine, every Thing that might avert the Discoveries I feared was brought upon the Stage with an Affection of Eagerness, that hindered the Conversation from flagging. *Fincer* entered so naturally into my Views, that his Readiness surprised me. He reckoned upon the Hopes of seeing his Daughter at *Paris*, and if he asked me any slight Questions, they were not sufficient to raise in me any Embarrassment.

In the mean Time my Inquietude increased in Proportion as we came near the Count's House, and nothing presenting itself to my Mind to alleviate them, I arrived at the Gate under as much Confusion as when I left *Saisons*. The Sight of the Porter, who came to receive us, augmented my Trouble. I was not sure he knew me ; luckily he was acquainted with my Face, although he had never seen me but once before, and the Eagerness he shewed in receiving my Orders, made me think him disposed to execute them.

them. Nothing nevertheless more seasonable came into my Mind, than to ask him whether his Master were at Home; and having answered me that he was in the Country, I did not leave him Time to tell me, that he was surpris'd at my Question. Let us alight, said I to *Fincer*, they will be here this Evening, and we cannot do better than wait for them. The Porter imagined that his Master would return the same Day from *Saisons* with all his Family. We were no sooner got out of the Coach, than the racket I heard through all the House made me judge, that they were setting the Appartments in order under that Supposition.

Chance had luckily enough stood by me till now; but every Moment of the Time to come, into which I was about entering, was not less obscure than the past, I saw nothing by which I might regulate my Resolutions. I scarce durst ask *Fincer* the least Question, from a Fear of falling, whether I would or not, upon the Circumstances or Motives of his Journey. I continued to amuse him by all the Shifts and Subterfuges that my Wit was capable of inventing. I made him admire every thing in the Count's Appartments, and being mortally disturbed at the Bottom of my Soul, I tortured myself at the same time to find out what Choice I might reasonably take. I was many Times upon the Point of begging Leave to retire a Moment; my Thoughts were to write to my Brothers, and to impart to them an Embarrassment, which at least they ought to share with me. I should have propos'd to them to come both to *Paris*, and by their Cares and Submissions to prepossess the Mind of a Man, to whom they owed this Respect. I should have added, that it was as much for our Honour as Interest so to prepare my Sister-in-law, that she might not discover to her Father the just Subjects she had for Complaint, and that they ought with so much the more Pains, to bury our Divisions, as *Tenermill* had given me room to hope, that it should not be long before they were ended. In fine, I should have observ'd to them
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every Thing, that Heaven and the Love of Peace could have inspired me with, and not thinking them less sensible than myself to the Honour of our Family, I should have left them the Liberty to aid my Views with what their Prudence and that of the Count should judge most suitable to the present Circumstances. But another Notion fixed at once all my Irresolutions. *Fincer* having spoken to me of the Place where he lodged at *Paris*, I chid him for chusing any other Residence than the House of *Ternermill*, or that of the Count; and observing to him, that the House we then were in did not want room to lodge him commodiously, I pressed him instantly to suffer his Luggage to be brought there. He yielded at length to my Instances, having a long time held out; and, (which started in me the most lucky Project I could pitch on,) he would not trust any Body but himself with the Care of removing them. I did not consider at all whether Politeness obliged me to wait on him. I ordered some of the Count's Domesticks to attend him, and resolved to take Advantage of his Absence to go in all haste to *Saisons*.

A light Chaise, and two of the Count's best Horses that were ready in a Moment, made me hope I should dispatch this Trip in as short a Time as *Fincer* could have Occasion to employ on his Affairs. While I was on the Road I took up my Time in considering whether I ought to look on his Arrival as an Evil so dreadful, as I had fancied in my first Surprise. But not knowing his Motives, it was impossible to form any Judgment that could be satisfactory. Even his Silence left me another Subject of Disquiet; for notwithstanding all the Efforts I had made to stave off his Explanations, it seemed to me, that his Ardour in enquiring after them from me might have prevailed over my Precautions. Was it natural for a Father, who had expressed so many Fears for the Fate of his Daughter, to be thus easy and undisturbed at the very Time he was about seeing her; and would his Curiosity be so served, if he had not had strong Reasons for moderating it?

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I arrived at *Saisons* full of those Thoughts, and the first thing I did was to give *Tenermill* Notice that I wanted immediately to speak to him.

He was in the Appartment of my Sister-in-law, from whence, as I have already remarked, he was scarce ever absent. Understanding I had come back in post haste, before he heard of my Departure, the uncertainty of what I had to impart made him as he approached assume an Air as disquieted as he might have discovered mine. I had not one Moment to lose, and therefore spoke to him standing. Do you know, said I, that *Fincer* is at *Paris*, that he was here at *Saisons* two Hours ago, that I had stood in need of the Assistance of Heaven to remove him from hence, and that in fine, having conducted him to the Count's House, I am as ignorant what is the Cause of his Journey into *France*, as what Conduct I ought to observe towards him? I have stolen away luckily, added I, to consult with you upon an Incident, that has reduced me to the last Embarrassment: You conceive my Fears; see if among your Projects, and in the misterious Conduct you have affected a long Time past, any thing may be found to remedy all the Evils I apprehend. *Fincer* enquires for you; he enquires for his Daughter, for *Patrick*, for me; in one Word, he will be here this Evening, or we must be at *Paris*.

I observed as I spoke, that *Tenermill's* Countenance was disturbed, and every Word of my Account augmented his Confusion. He continued mute some time; at length reaching me a Chair, he sat down by me, and conjured me to hear him without Interruption.

It is no longer Time, said he, to conceal from you what you will soon know whether I will or not; but I would make a Merit of my Confidence in discovering to you my Sentiments, which it would be easier to disguise from you than my Conduct. After this Introduction, he called Heaven to Witness, that in the Part he took against the Marriage of *Patrick*, he never had any other View than the Happiness of his

his Brother, and the Repose of our Family. He was scarce known to the Daughter of *Fincer*; what Reason then had he to hate her? What I had informed him of her Generosity and Love on the contrary had prepossessed him in Favour of her Character. But he thought the Interest of his Brother ought in his Mind to weigh down that of a Stranger. He would not, added he, enter so deep into this Detail as much to justify the Rigour of which he was guilty in regard to my Lady, as to make me more readily comprehend the incredible Revolution brought about in his Situation. He had been surpris'd and confounded at it himself; but no body could resist their Destiny, and his Example was a Proof, that Men have no Acquaintance with the Nature of their own Hearts. He confessed to me then, that seeing my Lady near at hand, in hearing her tender Complaints, and in seeing her Tears flow, he was pierced with a thousand Sentiments, that he never before experienced, and of which he did not think he had been capable. He had not Power to defend himself from admiring her gentle and modest Virtue, which the Rigours of her Husband might easily reduce to the extreamest Dejection, but which were not capable of making her lose that Air of Moderation, that made her Grief so moving, and which added so many Charms to her unhappy Beauty. Compassion had thus prepared his Heart for Love, and when he began to examine into his own Sentiments, he found himself a Prey to a Passion so piercing, that he had no Hopes left of delivering himself from it by any Efforts he could make. Since that Time it had increased without Intermision; he had made it the whole Delight of his Life, and far from thinking ever after of defending himself against it, he was resolv'd to employ all his Thoughts and Cares to render her happy. Notwithstanding the Promise I had made of hearkening to him without Interruption, yet I stopp'd him short here bluntly. This first Part of his Discourse had given me great Joy, and I should have interrupted him gladly to commend the

the Interest he took in the Tears of my Sister-in-law. But astonished afterwards at the Birth of his Passion, I had been still more prepared to interrupt him by upbraiding him for not having better watched over the Motions of his Heart, which I would have treated as Criminal and Unlawful. But hearing from him that he hugged himself upon them, and instead of combating spoke of nothing but of nourishing them with Complaisency, and seeking sooner or later the Gratification of them, the Resentment to see myself so little regarded, as to place in me such an unworthy Confidence, as much as the Interest of Virtue, made me assume a Voice, which I should even have affected to have made more harsh, if I could have found out any one more proper to express my Indignation. How? said I, having abandoned yourself to a shameful Passion for the Wife of your Brother, do not you blush to make me a Confession of it? Do you believe me then capable of enduring or approving it? Yes, I perceive now the Fruits of your detestable Maxims. After having once dared to advise your Brother to violate his Marriage Vows for a Commerce so infamous, I am not astonished to see you all at one stroke familiarize yourself with Incest and Adultery. Hideous Corruption of Principles and Opinions, cried I, without affording him Time to explain himself! By what Steps have you then climbed to this Excess of Debauchery? One might excuse Love, added I, and may give it a Name that would transform it almost into Virtue. But what abominable and fatal Passion is this, which loses all its Horror for the Sin, and carries with it the Imprudence of placing it even on the Foot of Honour! In the bitter Zeal that animated me, I should have continued to heap on him Reproaches, and should not have failed to have joined to them the most severe Menaces, if he had not cast himself at my Feet to renew his Instances of hearing him. I nevertheless still interrupted him: No, said I, turning away my Head, you shall not force me longer to hear your unworthy Proposals. I tremble too much to listen to them. You

must not hope to find the least Indulgence to the Crime from me; if this be the Project, upon the Faith of which I have had the Credulity of suffering myself to be lulled asleep, I detest and abhor it, and I see nothing more in you than that you are an Enemy to all Honour and Virtue. Nevertheless as his Efforts for obtaining an Audience did not diminish, and as his Embarrassment, joined to the humble Posture in which I saw at my Feet a Man so haughty, had some Power to bend me, I consented at length to hear him, under this only Condition, that he should not mix any Thing in his Words like what had raised in me so much Indignation.

Whilst he resumed his Seat, I observed from the Consternation spread over his Face, that his Pride was mortified at the Part he had to sustain. He began by lamenting the Vivacity that had made me confound his Explanations. You are ignorant of Love, said he mildly, if you cannot pardon a Lover for insisting a little on the Force of his Passion; but what I have told you of mine, concerns little the Bottom of my Project; and that it is such as I have just described to you, or as you would wish it to be, you will presently agree with me, that with the Restrictions I add thereto, it can neither wound my Duty nor your Delicacy. I adore my Lady (suffer me yet this once to use such an Expression, the Sense of which will be presently unveiled to you) and it is in Truth upon the Sentiments, with which she has inspired me, that all the Views I have formed for her Happiness and mine do roll. But with so much Penetration, as I know you to have, how happens it, that you have not all at once unravelled by what Means I think to obtain my Happiness? I must therefore apprize you without going about the Bush, that reflecting on the Caprice, which has hurried my Brother into such Affections for *Mademoiselle de L—*, and upon the little Appearance that he will even return from it, I have thought of a Method to conciliate the Honour of my Lady with the Satisfaction of *Patrick*, and the
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Interest of our Family; that is to pursue the Plan of Divorce, to which the King has given his Consent, but without robbing my Lady of the Name she bears, nor you of the Quality of her Brother-in-law. In one Word, lest I should find this to be yet obscure, he openly informed me, that his Design was to espouse *Patrick's* Wife, and by that Means afford his Brother the Liberty of marrying his Mistress.

Nothing being less in my Mind than the unraveling this Plot, the sole Novelty of so strange a Representation had put me on my Guard against his first Impressions, and from the Fear of engaging myself unseasonably, I should perhaps have continued without giving him an Answer. But *Tenermill*, who had not so long nursed his Project without taking all the Informations that might render it plausible in his own Eyes, made haste to forestal my Objections by a great Number of Examples, which seemed indeed to remove all the Difficulties. The Approbation of the Church, and the Decision of the civil Magistrate, had consented a thousand Times to give a Sanction to Actions of this Nature. I could not doubt of the Truth of the Facts, and the Confidence, with which I heard *Tenermill* speak, made me judge, that in these Particulars he did not at all rely on his own Understanding. I even thought I had a Glimpse of his having brought my Lady to relish his Sentiments and Views; and this Conjecture helped all at once to explain, as well the Tranquillity she had lived in for some Weeks, as the Facility with which I had seen her receive his Applications. All these Ideas, ranging themselves in Order before me, readily led me to wish for the common Repose of *Fincer's* Family and mine, that a Project, wherein I could see nothing that appeared to wound any Law, and which drew along with it the Happiness of so many Persons dear to me, could be executed to the Satisfaction of all the World. If any Embarrassment remained, it was on the Side of *Fincer*; for the Trouble, that from his

Name, and the first News of his Arrival, appeared to me to have been raised in *Tenermill*, was a Proof, that he himself had apprehended from thence some Obstacle. I confined myself to this Objection, and I saw it made him thoughtful. His Answer laid before me other Explanations, which made the Hopes, that I had taken up upon too light Grounds, immediately vanish.

He confessed he had writ to *Fincer*, and impatiently waited his Answer; but that this Diligence in coming to *Paris*, without having given Notice of his Journey, raised in him not a few Alarms. With the Desire and Hopes of bringing him over to his Interests, he had been induced to write to him by very powerful Reasons. In the mortal Dejection and Sadness, wherein he had seen my Lady, he thought, said he, that to dry up her Tears, as much as to dispose her insensibly to the Project he had formed without her Participation, it was necessary not only to hold her in the Error, into which the speedy Appearances of *Patrick's* Return had cast her for some Moments, but even to fortify the Illusion, of which he had remarked the happy Effect, by furnishing her with all the Probabilities she was capable of receiving. It was moreover in Concert with his Brother, whom he brought into an Approbation of all his Designs, that he had at first pretended, that important Reasons, which were the Consequences of his Duel in *Ireland*, had obliged *Patrick* to go aside suddenly and keep himself concealed at *Paris*, in a Retreat more secure than our House. Without this first Precaution, said he, it would have been impossible to make my Lady comprehend, that her Husband, who was so near, and yet neglected to see her, was in Reality in such a Disposition as she had began to flatter herself with; and her Troubles that were absolutely capable of ruining her Health, would have returned with more Force than ever. That having by this Feint restored her to some Tranquillity, and the Measures he had taken convincing him, that she could not be easily undeceived, he had accomplished the

the calming of her Mind, by swearing to her, that he was employed in an Enterprizé that should soon finish all her Troubles, and not any longer give her room to fear the Infidelity of *Patrick*. He proceeded, that he had not deceived her, since he had written at the same Time to *Fincer*, to propose to him the Dissolution of an unhappy Marriage, and to approve of his succeeding to the Rights and Engagements of his Brother. The Adventure of the Garden happening unexpectedly at the Time of these Circumstances, he had stood in need of a great many new Efforts to repair such a mischievous and unseasonable Accident, and Heaven without doubt had seconded his Trouble, since he could not conceive himself by what lucky Fortune he had brought it to a good Issue. But the Ascendant he had obtained over her by the continual Proofs of his Attachment, and the Confidence with which he had inspired her by his Promises, had prevailed over her most just Suspicions. He had moreover assisted himself with a new Artifice, by acquainting her that he had written to her Father, that he soon expected an Answer, and by the Measures he had taken he could peremptorily assure her of Tranquillity for the Remainder of her Life; and without having ever had the Boldness of discovering to her the Bottom of his Projects, he had accustomed her to look on him as the only Man in whom she could put her Trust, and from whom she could expect Succours suitable to her Misfortunes.

This Relation becoming too tedious for my Impatience, I interrupted him with the Zeal of a thousand Thoughts, that crowded on my Heart at every Circumstance. It sufficed me to have understood, that my Sister-in-law was ignorant of all those glorious Projects, by which they disposed of her with so much Confidence, and that she would look on them as so many extravagant Imaginations which would vanish on the first Explanation. I could not impute a Crime to *Tenermill* in his Intentions, and on the contrary rejoiced to find in him so declared an Inclination for her, that gave me no room to fear he would seek to give her

any further Vexation. Ah! from what, said I, do you flatter yourself, that my Lady approves your Enterprize and Inclinations? I see you dispose of her Heart, of her Fortune, of her Hand; but have you consulted her, or at least, among all your Shifts and Doubtings have you any so powerful as to promise you to bring about a Change in her Inclinations? He cast down his Eyes at this Question. You speak, answered he, of the Thing that causes all my Inquietude and Torment. This is the only Point that leaves me under Embarrassment. And is it not also the essential Point, replied I, the Point without which all your Enterprize must pass in your own Eyes for nothing but a mere Chimera? I will not conceal from you my Opinion, continued I in a yet more steady Voice, the Case is too clear to give me the least doubt. If you had by your Address or Applications prevailed on my Lady to relish your Project, I should confess in the Anguish of my Soul, that considering the Disorders of our Family, there are few Remedies from whence we could hope for greater Advantages. But without this Condition, which is as necessary to justify us in the Sight of God as before Men, I cannot approve of your Views, which I find condemned by all the Lights of my Understanding, and I promise Heaven to oppose with all my Power those odious and detestable Mediums, which I cannot in the least distinguish from Violence.

I got up and turned my Back to him, to take some Turns about the Chamber; and the Air I affected convinced him as much as my Expressions, that his Endeavours would be fruitless to inspire me with other Ideas. He continued in a State of Irresolution for some Moments. His Silence and Embarrassment represented a Sight, which was a Novelty to me till that Time. Seeing him so submissive and humble, I could not but admire the Power of the Passions, and that they should have a greater Empire one over the other, than all the Light of Reason. He nevertheless took up the Discourse with Mildness,
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by representing to me, that independent of her Taste, my Sister in-law would not fail, sooner or later, to open her Eyes to her proper Interests; that the Offers he had to make her, being those from whence she might hope for the greatest Happiness in her Situation, it was impossible she should reject them, when made sensible of their Necessity; that if the Consent of her Father should be added to mine, such a Consent only as I should willingly agree to, she would find herself as it were dragged away by the Force of Authority; finding moreover that her Husband had deceived her by false Appearances of a Reconciliation, Indignation and Spite would finish what Duty and Reason had began. I have but one Fear, added he, and that is what the Arrival of *Fincer* has given me. He has not sent me an Answer. The Resolution he has taken of coming to *France*, without prepossessing us of it by his Letters, makes me doubt whether he be not offended at my Proposals. The Silence he has observed with you augments my Diffidence. In fine, I am ignorant how to conduct myself towards him, and I even fear to see him, if you do not first prepare him for my Explanations, which it will be impossible for me to avoid in our first Interview.

Far from refusing this Commission, I hugged myself in finding in him for the first Time so much Docility and Confidence in my Pains. Your Hopes shall not be deceived, said I; and when you embrace the Side of Honour and Reason, you shall never have any Cause to complain of my Zeal. The Mystery you have discovered to me of your Design, retards a Service that I should already have done you; but being myself surprized at the Arrival of *Fincer*, I thought of nothing but getting him away from this Place, and I have had need of all my Skill to disguise from him my Embarrassment. *Tenermill* confessed, that in his Letter he had not only requested him to conceal his Project from me, but cautioned him against my Curiosity, from his Fears of finding in me an Opposition to his Views.

Whatever Eagerness I had to return to *Paris* with these Ecclaircissements, I thought myself under no less Obligation to prepossess *Patrick* with an Accident, that ought to oblige him to observe some Discretion and Caution, to which he had become in a Manner insensible, at least until the Time of his Divorce, with which he flattered himself even more than his Brother. *Tenermill*, charmed at my Moderation in receiving his last Overtures, promised to put him in Mind of what he owed to Decency; and not doubting, after what Manner soever *Fincer* should take those Things, but he would desire speedily to see his Daughter, was the first to acknowledge, that under such delicate Circumstances we should not venture his finding Mademoiselle *de L—* under the same Roof with my Sister-in-law. There was nothing in the Manner of her coming there that could give us any Reproach, and her Sickness had laid us under the Necessity of suffering her to continue in the House; but although he assured me she was not yet recovered, the Motion from a Journey so near as *Paris* could not be as dangerous as her Departure was necessary. *Tenermill* engaged to make her relish this Reflection, and warranted, that it should be no less approved by his Brother.

I parted with these Hopes. The Count *de S—*, to whom the Impatience of *Tenermill* scarce suffered me to speak a Moment, would accompany me to *Paris*, to shew in his own Person the Honours of his House to *Fincer*. We made great Speed under the perpetual Fear, lest *Fincer* should entertain some Suspicion of my fair Dealing. We found him at the Count's House, whither he had conveyed his Luggage. He was walking about under great Disturbance. Having given Thanks for the first Civilities of the Count, he asked his Leave to take me aside for an Instant. As I did not expect he would be beforehand with me, this Haste appeared to me to cover some Mystery, the Explanation of which I waited for with as much Impatience as he had to give it me.

Fincer,

Fincer, during the Interval of an Hour's Absence, had learned, that all my Family was at *Saisons*, when he went to it, and consequently suspected me of some Artifice in the Care I took to remove him from it. This Thought, joined to the Prepossessions *Tenermill* had inspired him with against me by his Letters, and possibly to the former Mistrusts communicated by him to *Dilnick* in *Ireland*, disposed him not only to look on me in general as a dangerous Man, but to think me particularly interested in the Ruin of his Daughter. He knew nevertheless that it was under my Conduct she had come from *Ireland* to *France*; but putting no Bounds to his Jealousy, he imagined, that I had not perswaded her to leave her Country, but for the Sake of succeeding more easily in her Ruin, when she should find herself without Defence and Advice in a strange Realm; and from whatever Source he drew the Scheme of Revenge, which he ascribed to me, he supposed in my Hatred all the Passion and Malignity, of which People commonly accuse Church-men. With this frightful Idea of my Character, his Resolution to manage me with some Address was a Violence he did himself for the Interest of his Daughter; and in the private Conversation he demanded, he had no other Design than to sound my Dispositions, by laying me under a Necessity of explaining my Thoughts on the State of my Family. I, who believed I had as strong Reasons to wish to hear him, thought much less of forestalling him by my Overtures, which might have been something different from his Notions, than to give him full Time for apprizing me with what he had at the Bottom of his Heart.

The Tone he assumed at the Entrance into his Discourse had nothing in it either passionate or bitter; but his Inquietude and Vexation were visibly painted in his Eyes. You cannot be ignorant, said he, of the Motives that have brought me into *France*. The Misfortune of my Daughter has reached my Ears. I know she has found nothing but a perpetual

tual Source of Affliction and Bitterness in a Marriage, from whence she might have expected all the Happiness of her Life, and the just Tenderness I have for her, does not permit me to be indifferent about her Situation. Then, without touching on *Tenermill's* Project, he entered into a Detail of all the Subjects of Complaint, that my Sister-in-law had received from *Patrick Dilnick* had informed him of every particular that had passed in *Ireland*; and *Tenermill*, apparently to give a greater Force to his Proposals, had painted to him the Disgusts of his Brother, with such Touches and Lineaments, that I could not have any Difficulty in knowing the Picture.

Judge, added he, looking at me with a steady Eye, what ought to be my Alarms. A Father does not confine himself to Fears alone for his Daughter; he must see her satisfied, or must revenge her. But you, continued he, whom your Age and Character seem to bind to the Care of preserving Peace and Order in your Family, how has it happened, that you have not stopped these Evils, which have taken their Birth under your Eyes? Why do you endure that they should be perpetuated? What has my Daughter done to you? I shall see her without doubt: I shall learn from herself what her Crimes are. But if you have unreasonably made her unhappy, do not you fear the Resentment of a Father injured in the Person of her, whom he holds most dear? He would have continued in the same Tone, if such injurious Reproaches had not made me forget the Resolution I had taken not to interrupt him. Far removed, as I was, from penetrating into his Reasons, I stopped him with such Motions of Grief, as ought to have been sufficient to have given him a more just Opinion of me; but his Mind was not in Freedom enough to give him room to distinguish those Marks of Integrity and Innocence. He gave but little Attention to my Trouble; and rising from his Chair, while I was labouring to justify myself, he walked at a great Rate about the Chamber, as if he disdained

disdained to hear my Excuses. I continued nevertheless to lay before him every Thing that might help to bring him back in my Favour. I traced over in few Words the History of his Daughter's Marriage, and every Thing I had done in it to compleat her Happiness. I laid a Stress on my Counsels, my Fatigues, and the continual Loss of my Repose. I appealed to the Testimony of his Daughter herself, who would do Justice to my Intentions, and from whom I had the Vanity to think that Esteem and Friendship were due to my Services. He heard me, notwithstanding the Affectation he seemed to shew in turning from me his Face, and shutting his Ears to my Justification. Drawing near again, he interrupted me in his Turn, and the Questions he asked gave me an Opportunity of speaking to him of *Tenermill*. The Heat in which I was engaged in my own Defence, did not prevent me from reflecting, that I had not yet drawn any Light upon the principal Interest that I ought to unravel. You will sooner or later know me, said I, in order to force him at length to open himself, and you will know from *Tenermill* himself, in whom you acknowledge so much Love and Zeal for your Daughter, whether I have any Reproach to fear from her, or from those who interest themselves in her Happiness.

This Incident appearing to me to awaken his Curiosity, I took advantage of his Silence to add, that *Tenermill*, who already knew of his Arrival, desired impatiently to see him, and that he had imparted to me his Views for re-establishing the Peace of our two Families. But that by which I had thought proper to inspire in him more Confidence for me, appeared to him a new Proof of my Dissimulation. He could not call into his Mind that *Tenermill* himself had exhorted him to be upon his Guard against me, without imagining that from some Notion of his Designs, I was endeavouring dextrously to penetrate into his Secret. He did not answer me a Word on this Head, and casting on me a Look of Indignation that made me comprehend how far removed I was from touching

his Heart; if my Lord *Tenermill*, said he, knew where I am, he would not be so slow in coming to me, and I should, without doubt, have seen my Daughter with him here. Apparently there are Reasons for hindering me from seeing them; but I know how to overcome the Obstacles. He then quitted me hastily to return to the Count, who continued in the next Chamber. I followed with an Intention of stopping him, and not being able to overtake him, I made a thousand useless Efforts to persuade him, that he had some Interest in granting me yet a Moment's Conversation. He addressed himself to the Count, who appeared surprized at our Agitations; and without giving the least Attention to my Request, he asked him in a constrained Voice, if he might have any Hopes of soon seeing his Daughter? The Count was embarrassed at this Question. Without being sufficiently instructed in all Circumstances he knew well enough what had passed at *Saisons*, to imagine easily that the Pretence of *Fincer* could produce any thing but Trouble. His Answer was, that my Lady beginning to recover, she would not be long before she came to *Paris* to embrace her Father.

I again laid hold of this Moment to renew my Instances. Come, said I friendly to *Fincer*, I have a thousand Things to tell you, that will dissipate your Inquietude. Put a Confidence in the Promises of an honest Man. And seeing that nothing could move him; suffer me added I, to speak to you openly before the Count; he is devoted to the Interests of our Family; our Secrets cannot be placed in better Hands. He seemed to be under Apprehensions lest I should in Reality explain myself in the Presence of the Count, and begging me to keep within myself all the Motions of my Zeal, he fell upon indifferent Matters, which in spite of me gave a new Turn to the Conversation.

During more than an Hour of such trifling Conversation, I could not but admire, how capable he
was

was of so much Constraint, and I asked of myself in what it might end. Nevertheless I was in hopes it would continue till Night; and my Resolution then was to return to *Saisons*, and give an Account to *Tenermill* of the sorrowful Success of my Cares. I was determined also to open the Matter to my Sister-in-law, and I flatter'd myself that I should interest her in the unravelling of an Adventure, from whence I began to fear some unhappy Consequences. In the midst of the Trouble that all these Ideas raised in me, a Lacquey came to give us Notice of the Arrival of my Lady and of my Lord *Tenermill*. I heard indeed the ratling of a Coach coming into the Court. A Thunder-bolt falling at my Feet, would not have given me less Fear. I got up in the greatest Hurry to meet them, and did not consider whether I gave *Fincer* room to accuse me of want of Manners.

I had Hopes to learn from *Tenermill* what might bring him to *Paris* without my Knowledge, and above all with my Sister-in-law, in regard to whom it was of importance not to expose her with so few Precautions to the Questions and Shiftings of her Father, and to prepossess him of the Disposition of *Fincer*, from which I could promise myself nothing more favourable for him than for *Patrick*. But he had scarce perceived me, till without sinking his Voice, and without stepping aside from my Lady, whom he led by the Hand, he conjured me to go instantly to *Saisons*, where my Presence was necessary, and to turn over to him the Care of managing *Fincer*. I opened my Mouth to lay before him my Difficulties. He did not give me Time to finish what I had to say, and passing by me hastily without making an Answer, he threw himself into the Arms of *Fincer*, who followed at my Heels with the Count.

The Tone of his Voice, in which he prayed me to be gone, was so earnest, that I did not once deliberate, whether I ought to have so much Complaisance for him. What Opinion soever I always had of his Character, I considered he was more interested than I in unravelling of so strange an Adventure,
and

and would not have so rashly engaged himself in it, without some Reason to reckon upon the Success of his Enterprize. The Commission he charged me with was no less obscure ; but I knew at least with whom I had to treat, and in whatever Disposition I might find *Mademoiselle de L——* and *Patrick*, I had nothing to fear but the Difficulties I might find in opposing myself to their Tendernefs or Resolutions. I went away. My Reflections while I was on the Road did not roll upon any Thing but the Motives that could engage *Tenermill* into so precipitate a Step, and my Attention not hitting upon the Reason that might have appeared naturally to me, I arrived at *Saisons* under all my Uncertainties.

Patrick was not ignorant either of the Departure of *Tenermill*, or the Arrival of *Fincer*, I found him at the Gate of our House, and the Joy he discovered on seeing me made me judge of the Impatience he had in waiting for me. He cleared up all at once my Doubts, by apprizing me, that in my Absence his Brother had received an Express from *Fincer*, desiring him to go to him immediately to the Count's House with his Daughter, and that he had treated him in his Letter with so much Confidence and Friendship, that he had not the least Hesitation in going there upon this flattering Appearance. My first Question related to my Sister-in-law. Is she gone without seeing you, said I to *Patrick*? She believed I was gone myself, answered he, and although I neglected to learn from *Tenermill* by what Art he had settled her Mind, yet her Countenance, which I privately observed at her Departure, carried in it no Marks of Inquietude. But added he, with an Air of Satisfaction that he had not shewn for a long Time before, she was not the only Person here who had cause to abandon herself to Joy. I was informed by my Brother, that he has communicated to you the Design with which Heaven has inspired him for our Happiness. You know it, added he, embracing me with Transports ; this is the Way to repair all the Evil you have done, and to make me for ever the
Happiest

Happiest of Men. I had a Difficulty to disengage myself from his Arms, in which he yet hugged me close. I looked on him for some Time without making him any Answer, and the Air with which I held my Eyes fixed on his ought to have made him sensible, that my Mind was not in as much Freedom as his. At length, opening my Mouth with a Sigh; under the perpetual Trouble, said I, into which you have cast me, I am ignorant myself what I have to condemn, or what to approve: And laying hold of his Hand to lead him to take a Turn in the Garden, I began to ask, what Part he had taken in his Brother's Projects, when I found another Subject of Surprize by discovering *Mademoiselle de L—*, who advanced nimbly towards us with my Sister. Her Face appeared so plump, and of such a lively Carnation Colour, that I could scarce persuade myself she was just recovered from a Fit of Sicknefs so dangerous as they had represented to me. I never in my Life before saw her in such a good Plight of Body, and with such a Freshness and Clearness in her Complexion. *Patrick* and *Rose*, who perceived my Amazement, looked on one another with a Smile, which made me suspect some Part of the Truth. I explained myself enough to oblige them to confess, that *Mademoiselle de L—* had been a long Time recovered, and that the Continuation of her Sicknefs had been a concerted Feint, to give them a more free Enjoyment of the Pleasures of seeing her.

What frivolous Amusements were these under our Circumstances, and what Omen could I draw to ground their Conduct on! I was no less out of Countenance at the Air of Joy that reigned among them. Was this a Season to give themselves up to such Unsettledness and Wandering; and did not they owe me at least other Regards and Management, when they could not doubt but my Disposition was intirely different from theirs? I was yet ignorant in what Particulars *Tenermill* thought my Presence and Cares necessary; but I saw only too much Occasion they had for a Guide; and I trembled that they had not Prudence

dence enough remaining among them all to perceive the Advantage they might draw from my Advice. In fine, not hoping to procure myself (as soon as I desired) a private Conversation with *Patrick*, and flattering myself yet less, after the Experience I had of his Willfulness, that I should be able to assume any Empire over him, I contented myself to demand of them, what were their Views, and what they promised themselves from the Arrival of *Fincer*, and the Departure of my Lady. *Patrick* answered, that his Hopes appeared from-henceforth to be too well established to make a Secret of them to me; that my Lady, urged by the absolute Command of her Father, would not refuse her Consent to their Divorce; and that *Tenermill*, who placed his whole Happiness in espousing her, being in a Condition to afford her those Pleasures, which she had not found in her first Marriage, no body in the World could condemn a Step, that would appear grievous to himself, if he had sought any thing by it but his own Interest.

By supposing the Consent of my Sister-in-law, I could in reality find nothing absolutely condemnable in this Answer. But, what Appearance was there, that she should surrender herself so easily to the Commands of her Father, and even what Certainty that *Fincer* was disposed to lay such rigorous ones on her? I well knew that she had been amused with a thousand false Hopes by the Address of *Tenermill*, who nevertheless proposed to himself after this Manner, both to alleviate some part of her Grief, and insensibly make a Progress in her Heart, by rendering himself Master of her Confidence. She had suffered herself to be persuaded of the Absence of her Husband, which still continued a Pretence. She had believed that the Presence of her Father would contribute to the Establishment of her Repose; and upon the News of his Arrival, she had eagerly wished to go to *Paris* to see him. But can the Illusion endure a long Time? And since *Tenermill* had himself confessed, that in all the Familiarity he had with her, he never assumed the Boldness once to pronounce the Name of Love, ought I to imagine, that

that he would find her disposed to hearken to him, as soon as he should open his Mind freely enough to propose to her his Hand.

Nevertheless this Care less immediately regarding me, as long as she was under the Protection of her Father, I gave *Patrick* an Answer, that flattered his Sentiments without betraying my own. Do not doubt in the least, said I, but that your Happiness and that of your Brother, are equally the Object of my Views. But let us take Care, that nothing enters into them, that may be to us a Reproach. My Lord *Tenermill* has pressed me to leave *Paris* to rejoin you. I am deceived if he did not think, that the Residence of *Mademoiselle de L——* at *Saisons* is not so proper for her, since you only are here alone with her. No, no, interrupted *Patrick*; if my Brother has requested you to come to us, it is with another View, the Explanation of which we have agreed together to defer to another Season; and we have thought, added he, that your Presence and that of my Sister will be sufficient here to shelter us from all Suspicions of Slander. I know not, replied I, to what end my Presence may serve, but I think my Sister is under an absolute Necessity to go to *Paris*. I insisted upon this Necessity from the Persuasion I was in that Decency had been but too long violated by an Evil that I would feign now put a Stop to; and representing to my Sister all the Reasons which ought to induce her immediately to follow her Husband, I added in order to give more force to my Advice, that I could not myself answer what time I should pass at *Saisons*. At length they submitted to my Reasons. *Mademoiselle de L——* went away with my Sister, who undertook to set her down at her own House. I had an extreme Difficulty to withhold *Patrick*. He was afraid of wounding good Manners and Love in letting his Mistress go away without waiting on her as far as *Paris*.

Weak Brother! With what Compassion did his Weakness inspire me! But was I less to be pitied than he; I, who was become as it were the Sport of inconsiderate

rate Youth, and who had just endured the Affronts and Scorn of a Man, whom I knew so little as I did *Fincer*? The Ardour of Charity made me brook them with Patience; and by the same Principle I ought to forget all the Reasons I had to slacken in my Zeal for *Patrick*. I knew no further Remedy to touch his Heart; and since he had failed in all the Respect he owed, at least to my Character, I plainly foresaw I had no more to hope from his Reason, no more than from the Tenderneſs of Blood. Nevertheless I could not renounce the Conſolation I received in having fulfilled my Duty, and the moſt juſt Reſentments never yet made me ponder whether I ought to repay the Outrages of an ungrateful Family by Indifference and Forgetfulneſs. The Grace of Heaven, ſaid I to ſupport myſelf under the Bitterneſs of my Heart, perhaps waits the Moment it has fixed to call them home to themſelves. Perhaps Heaven has ſtaſtened their Con- verſion to ſome Method, which is to me as yet unknown. I will not leave off, to urge, to preſs, to ſtrive againſt them. What I cannot gain by my Advice and Reproaches, I may perhaps obtain by my Tears, and may ſtop them by my Cries.

The Languor into which I ſaw *Patrick* fall after the Departure of *Mademoiſelle de L—*, gave me ſtronger Reaſons than ever to know the Strength of his Paſſion. Scarce had he the Complaiſance to give me the Ecclair- ciſſements I demanded of him upon divers Circumſtances of the Conduct and Project of his Brother. He him- ſelf was ignorant of one Part of it, and as to that which he was in a Condition to inform me of, I knew from the extent and ſteadineſs of *Tenermill's* Views, that the Embarraſment, in which I imagined I had ſurpriſed him in the two Converſations I had with him, proceeded leſs from a Principle of Weakneſs, than from a Fear he had of letting me diſcover too much. He loved, and the Expreſſions of his Tenderneſs were not too much exaggerated. But Ambition as much as Love had entered into his Views. His Fortune, ſuch as King *James* had given him, was not ſufficient to gratify his Projects of Eſtabliſhment. His Thoughts
were

were to augment it by an advantageous Marriage ; and haughty even to a Degree of making a Torment of the Submissions to which he must reduce himself in pleasing a *French* Lady, he had taken up a Notion, that it would be a more easy and short Method to insinuate himself into the Esteem of his Brother's Wife, with a kind of Assurance of obtaining her Hand and Fortune, at least when she should be countenanced by the Authority of her Father, and that she should begin to despair of the Return of her Husband. The Charms of a Woman so amiable had nevertheless made a lively Impression on his Heart, and that was it he called his Happiness, to have so luckily found an Opportunity of conciliating his Love and Fortune ; but in opening himself to me upon the Subject of his Love, he discovered only the Moiety of the Interest with which he was moved.

In this Manner, although by Starts, and every time with some Interruptions, I drew from *Patrick* a great Number of Hints, that aided me in penetrating into those, with which he refused to acquaint me, or which perhaps he did not know himself. I did not mention a Word to him of my Sister-in-law. It was in a Manner a Point uncontroverted, that his Heart must never soften for her ; and the Scene had been so changed, that in consulting mine, I knew no longer on what Side I ought to turn my Desires. I should have advised him, if he had given me Time for it, to put himself on his Guard against a Passion, that did not discover itself but by Ravings and immoderate Excesses ; and since he had so freely submitted himself a Slave to Love, I should have exhorted him at least to wear his Chains with more Fortitude and Dignity. But the Day after the Departure of his Mistress, disquieted in all Appearance for her Absence, and seized with a Desire of seeing her again, he left *Saisons* without imparting his Intentions to me. My Lacquey, who met him by Chance, received from his Mouth an Order to advertise me of his Departure, with some civil Compliments, which that Opportunity alone made him remember to send me.

My

My continual Troubles had accustomed me insensibly to receive the most grievous Strokes without Emotions. Nevertheless not being able to look on this new Incident as a Thing indifferent, I thought immediately to get on Horse-back, to follow this silly Brother, and force him, if it were possible, to return to the Place he had left. His Absence on a Day, wherein he might every Moment expect to receive from his Brother some important News to decide his Fate, appeared to me to be a monstrous Forgetfulness, which could not proceed but from the last Excess of Blindness. How could I imagine he could propose any thing to himself more interesting, than his Love, which appeared by this Conduct to possess the intire Man? Nevertheless the Fear of provoking him by my Zeal, made me choose to charge my Lacquey with a Commission, which I thought too difficult for myself. I dropped upon Paper the first Reflections that came into my Mind, and hastened *Jacin* away with my Letter: This Lacquey, whose Understanding and Discretion I before remarked, was not only capable of making more Speed than I, but if he did not overtake him on the Road, he had Directions to push forward to *Paris*, and give him my Letter in the Presence of *Mademoiselle de L—*, whom I had a mind to Interest by this Step, to force him herself to return the same Way again.

I was expecting his Return, when I received two Letters by an Express, one from *Fincer*, and the other from my Lord *Tenermill*. Out of Impatience I opened them both successively, without being able to determine which I should read first. However I gave the Preference to my Brother's, and found from the first Lines that he was at the Top of his Desires, since he began upon Congratulations upon his Happiness; seconded, said he, by paternal Authority, he had at length triumphed over the Resistances of the amiable *Sarah Fincer*; and the Consent obtained from her for a Divorce, had been dispatched according to the most legal Forms. The King, before whom he had immediately laid it, had confirmed it by his Approbation,

probation, and two *English* Bishops at the Court of *St. Germain* had given to it the Ecclesiastical Sanction. Fearing, lest any Doubt should remain with me, he had sent me in the second Page of his Letter a Copy of *Sarah's* Consent, and of the Ecclesiastical Act of *St. Germain*, counter-signed by *Fincer*, who testified to me also the same thing in his Letter. Thus Heaven and Men agreeing to favour his Enterprize, nothing, added he, remained, but to put an end to it by a double Ceremony, of which, it was but just I should be the Minister: As the Difference of our Residence made no Distinction in the Rights and Usages of our Nation from those of *France*, there was no necessity of making any Application to the *French* Bishops to obtain their Dispensation, which had been already clearly enough granted by the Act of the two *English* Prelates. He then conjured me speedily to give the Nuptial Benediction to *Patrick* and *Mademoiselle de L——*. That it was with this View he had so earnestly recommended to me the Evening before to go to *Saisons*, and that I could not use too much Diligence in removing from *Sarah Fincer* all those Appearances of Hope, that she yet had of the former Inclination of her Heart. That after having united the happy Couple with me, I should come in all haste to *Paris*, to accomplish the good Fortune of our Family by joining him to a Lady, whom only he loved.

Fincer's Letter, which all my Surprise did not hinder me from reading immediately, contained an effectual Confirmation of all these Articles, with some Apologies for the offensive Treatment he had given me from false Prepossession, for which he reproached himself, and promised to repair by an Esteem and Friendship without Reserve.

Who cannot imagine here, that my first Motions, were nothing but Transports of Joy, and that I thought myself at the end of all my Troubles? I for some Moments used my utmost Endeavours to persuade myself to it, and taking the Circumstances of my Brother's Letter in the most favourable Sense, I countenanced, as much as I could, the Idea he gave me

me of our Happiness. I found without Question a little Precipitation in his Desires, and although I could not doubt the Truth of those Instruments, of which he sent me the Copy, yet I was not of his Opinion, that with the Approbation of the King and the two *English* Prelates, we might altogether withdraw ourselves from the Authority of the Diocesane Bishop. But his Haste appeared to me to be well justified from the Reason he gave; and as we were near to the Ecclesiastical Tribunal of *Paris*, I foresaw as little Delay as Difficulty in obtaining those Licences, and Indulgences, which are established by Usage. Moreover they would shorten their Forms in a Case of Exigency; and I had known that in favour of Rank and Quality, or from the Importance of Circumstances, they sometimes relaxed a Part of their Discipline: Thus, the Objections that my Delicacy could form against the Proposal of *Tenermill*, appeared to me easy to overthrow. Nevertheless, after these very Reflections, one Doubt remained, that neither proceeded from the Nature nor Difficulties of my Commission, and which diminished much of the Ardour, that, as it seemed to me, I ought to shew in satisfying *Tenermill*. In my Surprise, I examined, if this Trouble was not a Weakness of Self-love, which made me feel some Vexation for the Ruin of my handy Work, and to look on the Success of an Enterprize opposite to all mine, as an eternal Stain on my Prudence. This Thought, which made me fear I had given an entrance to Pride into my Heart, might possibly have obliged me on the Spot to have sacrificed all my Repugnances to it, if *Patrick* had been at *Saisons*; and I took Occasion from it to dispatch a second Courier after him, to press him at least to come and deliberate with me upon an Incident, of which I did not fancy he had got so early an Account. I inclosed in my Letter that of his Brother, and advised him to go to the Bishop's-Court with this Piece, to assure himself before-hand of those quick Dispatches we had to hope for from the Arch-Bishop of *Paris*.

'The Moment I had sealed my Letter, a Servant gave me Notice of his Arrival with *Mademoiselle de L—*, and I saw him at that Instant lead her in; their Eyes so sparkled with Joy, that I all at once imagined, I had nothing new to inform them of. His first Expressions were made up of Cries and Transports. Do you know my Happiness, said he, with the Voice of a Man beside himself? *Fincer* has consented to my Divorce from his Daughter, she is to marry *Tenermill*. We are all happy. Marry us, added he, we will be married this Moment; I will not part with the Hand of my dear *Julia*; till we have received your Benediction. I would have interrupted him by letting him know, that I was already informed of this happy News, and to make him explain himself upon such Circumstances as I did not know; but I could get nothing out of him but a Repetition of his Instances to marry him. In the Name of God let us put an end to it, said he a thousand Times in a Moment, it is the Intention of *Fincer*, it is the Intention of *Tenermill*. Do you not see, that without a little Haste our Happiness yet runs some Risques? I shall have Time to give you an Account of every Thing you desire to know, but do not let us delay the Ceremony. I endeavoured still to interrupt him, by representing, that being in a Catholick Country, we must not think that the Ceremonies of the Church could be so slightly passed over as in *Ireland*. I would have added, that a Letter from *Tenermill* and *Fiucer* was not sufficient to give me those Certainties I could have wished for. The Approbation of the King, and of the two Bishops that represented the Clergy of *England*, was an Authority that I would not pretend to contest; but it seemed to me, that this Approbation ought to have been published with other Measures; and moreover, I could not get over the Difficulty that arose in relation to the Diocesan Bishop. These Reasons would have had the Force of making me resist all the Solicitations in the World. But it was not possible to make him hear them. The ardent *Patrick*, not listening to any thing but his own Transports, was going to lay hold of my
Arm

Arm to help me to lift up my Hand, and was out of Breath in conjuring me to give them my Benediction.

I had need of some Event, such as unexpectedly happened all of a sudden, to deliver me from so obstinate a Persecution. My Sister-in-law having found Means to escape from the Count's House, got into the first Coach in her Way, and not doubting from the Discourse she had heard, but that the Marriage of *Patrick* and *Mademoiselle de L——* would be solemnized the same Day, she took the Road to *Saisons*, with all the Transports of a Lover, and all the Fury of a Wife, in order to disturb a Ceremony, to which it was false that she had given a free Consent. Her Father had employed Force in procuring her Hand-writing. In the Indignation, with which he was filled against *Patrick*, he had rejected no Means to take away his Daughter from him; and *Tenermill* perhaps owed the favourable Dispositions *Fincer* had for him less to his Esteem, than to the Hatred he bore his Brother. The unhappy *Sarah* became the Victim of this Resentment. *Fincer* did not blush to make her sign a Consent whether she would or not, against which she never ceased protesting. He was shut up with her in a Room, and seising her by the Arm he guided her Hand. Afterwards committing this infamous Piece to *Tenermill*, he exhorted him to make the due Use of it without delay, and this in reality was the Consent, from whence they had taken all their Measures, as they had declared them to me in their Letters. The Countess was ignorant of this Violence, and *Tenermill* himself did not know how far *Fincer* had carried it. They both of them swore to me afterwards a hundred Times, that notwithstanding the Unwillingness they knew my Sister-in-law had to the Separation, yet they were perswaded by seeing her Consent signed with her Name, in the Hands of her Father, that she had at length submitted to paternal Authority; and if they had known, that she had shed Torrents of Tears, yet they should have looked on them as the Remains of a Passion, which she laboured to extinguish. The Care with which

Fincer

Fincer had her guarded by her Woman had given Strength to their Error; for the Countess herself had not the Liberty of seeing her, and *Tenermill*, taken up in procuring the King's Consent to his Marriage, had not seen her until his Return, and after the Departure of the Courier who brought his Letter to me. He had Thought to take away all Hopes from her, and to crown the Work of *Fincer*, by informing her that *Patrick* was to be married the same Day, and it was he indeed who gave Notice to *Mademoiselle de L*—— by the Countess to return to *Saisons*, there to receive the matrimonial Benediction from my Hand. My sorrowful Sister-in-law, not coming to herself more from this Declaration, had deceived the Vigilance of her Women, and her Transports had not cooled even when she got to *Saisons*.

She took due Care we should not have immediate Notice of her Arrival. Having, on the contrary, stopped all the Servants whom she found in her Way, she opened herself the Parlour where we were, and chilled our Blood by her Presence. The Posture of the two Lovers, who were standing opposite to me, made her, it is probable, believe, that I was ready to join their Hands, or that perhaps I had already began the Ceremony; and this Suspicion was so much the more natural, as she might remember the Circumstances of her own Marriage, in which I did not use many more Forms. However it was, for I never since had the Opportunity of learning the Truth from herself, she advanced towards us with a Motion expressive of all her Fears, and seizing the Hand of her Husband: Are they married, said she to me trembling? I made haste to answer her, that they were not. Ah! replied she, without giving me Time to add one Word, do not pollute your Hands with Sacrilege! you are deceived, if any one has made you believe that I have given my Consent to it. I would sooner have my Life wrung from me by a thousand Torments. And casting herself down at the Knees of *Patrick*; take it away from me yourself with your

own Hands, said she, dissolving into Tears; see my Bosom, do not fear to strike; I will make no Resistance against your Wounds! but do not expect that I will ever surrender the Rights you have given me by your Oaths; I will maintain them to my last Breath. You are mine, continued she, heaving out a thousand Sobbs, I call Heaven and your Brother to my witness. Alas! have I forfeited my Rights? Have I given you any Reason to hate me? What have I done to you, but loved you too much, and without ceasing sought to please you? She continued holding his Hand, although he made some Efforts to disengage it. I know not what Attention he gave to her Discourse; but he appeared to give much more to the Motions of *Mademoiselle de L—*, whom he held with his other Hand, and who in the Confusion she was doubtless in, drew it with all her Force to get from him. He was apparently fearful lest she should get out of the Room, and perhaps out of the House, insomuch that it was a curious Sight to see him between two Women, animated by Motives so different, who drew him each to her Side, or rather one of whom he drew, whilst he was drawn by the other. One Moment, said he to *Mademoiselle de L—*, casting a Look on her, in which his Distraction was painted, I beg of you to stay one Moment. I began to fear lest Indignation should seize my Sister-in-law, and make her vent her Grief in Outrages against her Rival. But at the same Time I was trembling for the Consequences of this Scene; my Astonishment was extreme to see it take a Turn much more capable of moving me. Stay, *Mademoiselle de L—* stay, cried the sorrowful Daughter of *Fincer*, I demand of you this Complaisance for me; and will it cost you dear, if it hazards you nothing but to be a Spectator of your own Triumph? I think you worthy of being beloved, since you have made such powerful Impressions on the Heart of my Husband. But if you love him, as much as I love him, Alas! you understand how great my Torments must be! cannot Compassion find a Place with Love? Will you misuse the Ascendant

you

you have gained over my Fate by killing me with cruel Despair? I yield up to you that Part you merit in his Love. Let him love you, I consent to it; let him see you without ceasing; let him live with you; but let him not hate me; let me enjoy the Name of a Wife; and suffer me to live with you and him. Is it to you that such a Division is injurious? Obtain of him for me that Part of his Heart which I have a right to demand, and I will never dispute with you that, of which you are in Possession. Ha! continued she; in giving Way to the Effort I made to lift her up, I cannot keep myself up any longer, my Strength fails me; but I am very glad he sees me in this Condition. This is not indeed Sickness, 'tis Anguish, 'tis Despair. It depends on you, added she, still addressing herself to *Mademoiselle de L—*, alas! it depends on you to put an end to me. I see well, that it is in your Hands I ought to intrust my Life; for it may possibly begin to be dear to him, if you take any Interest in it. Have Pity on a Woman, who never has offended you. Why will you be less generous than I? Would you, that I prostrate myself at your Feet? my Pride shall never murmur at it; such an Action will not the more abase me; nor is there any Sacrifice that I am not ready to make you.

It would be useless to add any Ornaments to a Scene so moving. It so softened me into Compassion, that I had not as yet the Power to pronounce a single Word. But I could not see my Sister-in-law prepared to cast herself on her Knees before her Rival, without feeling a new Sort of Emotion, which immediately untied my Tongue. Ah! what are you going to do, cried I, stopping her? and are you capable of suffering it, said I, to *Mademoiselle de L—*, turning myself towards her, I should have added something to this Rebuke, if she had not prevented me by a Step that I never expected. With her Eyes moistened in Tears, which a Sentiment of lively Compassion had forced from her, she threw herself about the Neck of my Sister-in-law; whilst *Patrick*, as much moved at this

I 2 Sight,

Sight, as I had been by the former, remained speechless and pensive in expectation of what the Consequences of these Things would be. Mademoiselle *de L——* held herself for some Time bending over my Sister-in-law's Face, against which she had fixed her own. I should be unworthy to live, said she at length, if I were not sensible of the Price of so much Sweetness and Generosity. You shall have no Reason to lament my Sentiments or Conduct. Live to be happy. If there be a Necessity of any Sacrifices here, I am sensible on whom Duty imposes them, and I condemn myself to them. My Example perhaps will have the same Effect on your Husband.

These Sentiments would have charmed me, if they had not been accompanied with other Tears than those which I ascribed to the first Motions of Compassion. But they afterwards yielded a Torrent, which afforded too plain a Testimony of the Violence she did herself, and made me foresee, that they would not be as durable as they might have been sincere. *Patrick* was not taken up with a Reflection so favourable to his Love. Penetrated to the very Bottom of his Heart with a Discourse, that appeared to him to be an Infidelity in his Mistress, he considered little, whether the Reproaches with which he thought he had a Right to upbraid her, were a new Offence in his Spouse. He lamented himself, with Tears in his Eyes, as the most forlorn of all Men; and in the Indignation of his Heart, which made him pronounce the Words, *ungrateful* and *perfidious*; he wished, perhaps, the first Time for the Power of revenging himself by reducing himself to his Duty. My Sister-in-law, who scarce durst persuade herself that her Senses were not deceived, out of the Goodness of her Heart, pardoned her Husband a Repentment, which seemed to confirm what she had just heard; and pretending to give no Attention to the Complaints that had escaped him, she payed Mademoiselle *de L——*, by a thousand Caresses, the short Satisfaction she had received from her Words. Heaven only knows what Turn this Conversation would have taken, from whence I durst not hitherto promise

promise myself any Thing; but in the Moment I was addressing myself to *Patrick* to moderate his Passion; and to exhort him to make an Effort worthy of himself, and of the Example of his Mistress, an unexpected Piece of Intelligence arrived to cast us into new Troubles. *Fincer* had come with my Lord *Tennermill*. They drove close upon the Heels of my Sister-in-law, and *Jacin*, who luckily spied them upon his Return from *Paris*, had got the Start of them to inform me in Time of their near Approach.

I had not two Choices to make. I must not only receive them, but relate to them what had just passed before my Eyes. I prayed *Mademoiselle de L——* to retire into the next Appartment, and congratulating her in my Turn for the Victory she had obtained over herself, I exhorted her, as I led her towards the Door, gloriously to support a Resolution so noble. I left *Patrick* sitting in an Elbow Chair some Paces from his Wife, not doubting in the least, but that, what his Wife might yet add to soften him, would second in his Heart the Resentments, with which I thought he was filled against his Mistress. But how unseasonably did I flatter myself in pretending to know any Thing of Love? *Mademoiselle de L——* in passing from the Chamber turned about her Head, and cast her Eyes on him. I observed this Look; I saw nothing in it more manifest, and declared, than a languishing and pining. Nevertheless returning to my Place, I began to hope something, from a Compliment he addressed to his Wife with an Air mild and easy enough; yet I understood from his first Words, what little Grounds I had for my Expectations. He got up to tell her, that he never should be in that Situation during his whole Life wherein he would not conserve for her a Respect, which she merited by her Goodness and Virtue; but since she was acquainted with the Secrets of his Heart, she had room to judge that it was not in his Power to add any Thing to this Sentiment. I was already near him; but this did not hinder him from turning immediately to the Door,

and flying out of the House in as much Hurry as if he had been pursued.

Empoisoned Look! which awakened in his Heart all the Power of Hope. My Sister-in-law had resisted all the Agitations I have described; but this new Treachery intirely subdued her Constancy. She fell in a Swoon on her Chair. The Diligence and Applications that I could not dispense with myself from using about her, made me loose all Thoughts of *Patrick* and his Mistress. I was busily employed in giving her Assistance, when *Fincer* gave Notice of his Arrival with *Tenermill*. They came in the Moment she began to open her Eyes, and nothing being able to persuade her to lay herself under a Restraint, they were Witnesses to her first Lamentations.

This then was enough to make them discover one Part of our Adventures. The severe *Fincer*, who had treated her with so much Rigour, appeared moved at the Fainting and Weakness in which he saw her, and from henceforth laying a little Stress on the Consent he had forced from her, he forthwith signified his Thoughts to me like a Man who reproached himself for his useless Violence. Nevertheless the Conclusion of what he said confirmed me in the Thoughts I always had of his Character: I reckoned greatly, said he, on the Measures I had taken with my Lord *Tenermill*; but since she is so obstinately resolved to live unhappily with a Husband, who has so little Consideration for her, she must suffer all the Rigour of a Fortune, which she has voluntarily chosen. *Tenermill*, who during this Time was giving her all the Assistance, that she yet stood in need of, heard this kind of Determination, that absolutely ruined his Hopes: He came to us, and by a way of Reasoning plausible enough represented to *Fincer*, that of the two Sides he had to chuse, that Method which agreed best with the Honour of our two Families, and the particular Happiness of his Daughter was, without doubt, the only one he ought to stand upon. He insisted even upon the Shame that would result to *Fincer* from the Disgrace of an only Daughter, for whom the World would

would never suppose, that a Husband would have shewed so much Contempt and Disgust, if he had not had very powerful Reasons to weigh down all her Charms. The Consequence naturally followed of itself. He must, without consulting her too much, make use of all the Advantages he had over her, and since we happened to be so luckily together, I ought to conclude the Ceremony of the Marriage by a Benediction, that the Presence of a Father would render inviolable.

He shewed very little Delicacy in a Proposal of this Nature. But I am representing an ambitious Man, whose very Love favoured of the principal Passion that swayed his Heart. Besides *Tenermill*, with all the Reasons I have given, was privately stung, that his Brother without willing or thinking of it, had inspired the Daughter of *Fincer* with those Inclinations she refused to entertain for him.

Thus was he a Slave to many Weaknesses, when he thought he was experiencing only one, and what he took for the Motions of Love, might successively be the Effects of many Causes less glorious. Nevertheless what he said made an Impression on *Fincer*; but the Power that disposes of Fortunes and Affections, did not incline her to consent to his Desires.

I could not hearken to him without being offended at an Obstinacy that began to become seriously Criminal. As long as I was perswaded by his Intimacies with her, and by Arrival of *Fincer*, that my Sister-in-law might be brought to some voluntary Composition, I gave way to this Hope, and the real Advantage of two Families prevailed over my particular Repugnances. But after what I had seen, of which I had a Share yet before my Eyes, after such invincible Proofs of Opposition from my Sister-in-law, I had nothing remaining with me but Horror for the Violence they had employed against her. It is in vain, said I to *Tenermill* in a bitter Tone, it is in vain to flatter yourself with Success, to which you ought no longer to pretend. The Authority of a Father does not at all justify the Crime, and from

henceforth it will be a Crime in you to renew your Persecutions. I had heretofore had a better Notion of your Project ; but I see nothing in it now but Cruelty and Injustice. In a Word, added I with a resolute Air, I know the Dispositions of my Lady, and in her Name I oppose myself to every Thing that you dare attempt to force her to be your's. She shall then be no body's, answered he bluntly ; for I have an Instrument of *Patrick's* Protest against the Marriage into which you have engaged him ; and if you suppose any Crimes here, I see no body but you we have a Right to accuse of them. This Reproach stung me to the Quick. Ingrate ! cried out I with Tears in my Eyes, is this the Price I ought to receive for my Affection and Services ?

In the mean Time *Fincer* hearkened to us in Silence, and looking on the double Refusal, which exposed his Daughter, according to *Tenermill's* Expression, to be no body's, as a bloody Outrage on her, he instantly took a Resolution more strange than any Thing I have related. You shall be all satisfied, said he to us without any Marks of Resentment, and taking her by the Hand with an Invitation mild enough to remove from her any Fear of following him, he pressed her to go out with him a Moment. I know not by what Artifice he continued to procure her Obedience with so little Resistance ; but dissembling his Designs to the End, he made her Step into the Chaise in which he came, and seating himself by her, retook the Road to *Paris* without giving us any Notice of his Departure. We knew it nevertheless the same Moment. *Tenermill* cast a furious Look at me ; you have cost me my Fortune, said he ; but if I find my Suspicions just, beware of my Vengeance. I was going to answer him with a good deal of Confusion ; he was already at the Door of the Chamber, and leaving the House on foot, for want of other Conveniencies, he went away without any other Attendants but his Lacquey.

The Trouble I was in did not hinder me from thinking, that *Mademoiselle de L——* and *Patrick* might

might be alone in the next Appartment. I went to them to enquire what Explanation they could give of the precipitate Departure of *Fincer* and his Daughter. Having looked for them in vain, I was informed, to compleat my Disorder, that they went away immediately after the Arrival of *Fincer*. They did not leave me any Insight into their Designs, and I saw myself thus left alone, with the mortal Regret of not knowing what I had next to do, nor with what I was menaced.

Religion might inspire me with Patience, but it could not inform me on what Side I ought to turn myself in this inextricable Labyrinth. My only Resource was to dispatch *Jacin* to *Paris*, to inform himself only of the Situation of so many senseless Extravagants, who seemed voluntarily to renounce every Shadow of Prudence and Reason. I waited for his Return with an Impatience as great as my Fears. Night being passed over before he could find the Means of executing my Orders, I might reckon this frightful Interval for one of the most cruel Trials to which Heaven had yet put my Virtue. At length I saw him arrive in the Morning, and he brought me two Letters from my Brothers. Without giving me Time to read them, he told me that *Fincer* had not returned to the Count de S——'s House, and that having sent for his Trunks to the Place where he had gone to, he without delay had taken Post with his Daughter for *Denmark*. He had himself declared his Departure to the Count's Domesticks, who had conveyed to him his Luggage, and without suffering a single Complaint or Reproach to fall from him, he would not let them return to their Master till the Moment he had got into his Chaise. *Tenermill*, who was at the Count's, had heard this News with Transports near a-kin to Despair, and he was in this Disposition, when he put Pen to Paper to write to me.

As to *Patrick*, *Jacin* could not discover to what Place he had retired; but having gone many Times to the House of Mademoiselle de L——, with the

Hopes of finding him there, at length a Servant put into his Hand the Letter he brought me, without giving him any further Account, which made me judge, said *Jacin*, that my Brother had taken his Mistress's House for his Retreat; nevertheless he was also perswaded that *Mademoiselle de L——* was not with him there. He earnestly requested the Honour of seeing her, and they were all steady in their Answers, not only that she had not returned there yet, but that they did not know how long her Absence would continue. Without doubt, added *Jacin*, you will find other Lights in your Letters.

I opened them trembling. That of *Tenermill* betrayed in it all the Haughtiness of his Character. He told me without reserve, that I had by the same Stroke ruined his Fortune and Repose; that since I had smitten him in two Places so sensible and grievous, I should no longer expect any Thing from him but an immortal Hatred; that he declared his Resentment to me, and I should give Thanks to my Profession for limiting him to Thoughts alone. If I loved my Safety, I should fear to provoke his Anger by exposing my odious Figure to his Eyes. I hugged himself upon the Order he found at *Paris*, commanding him to repair to his Regiment, which would pass the Seas with the first Opportunity. It was a Pleasure to him to be removed far from the Place where I inhabited, and the Disposition he found he had towards me, upon his leaving *France*, he swore he would retain his whole Life.

O Heaven! cried I shedding a Torrent of Tears, by whom am I treated with so much Haughtiness and Disdain? Is it by a Brother, to whom I never prayed for any Thing but the most precious Favours of Heaven and of Fortune? on whom do thy Menaces fall, furious *Tenermill*? Is it not upon thyself, who deprivest thyself of those Aids, which you have ever drawn from my Tenderness and Services? Whilst I resented his Injuries so bitterly, the Hopes of finding some Consolation in the Sweetness and Friendship of *Patrick*, made me open my second Letter. The Stile
of

of it was more moderate ; but how great nevertheless was my Surprize and Grief to see in it, with less Passion, the same Resolution of breaking absolutely with me, and if not Declarations of Hatred, at least the Language of an ulcerated Heart, who called me the Author of all his Misfortunes, and absolutely disclaimed my Friendship and Advice. I had made a Conscience, said *Patrick* in his Letter, of resisting the Inclinations of the Daughter of *Fincer* : Ah ! why had not I been ashamed in *Ireland* of doing a mortal Violence to his ? I had believed my Conscience bound by the Ceremonies of the Church, was it less bound by the Laws of Nature ; when I had openly violated them to marry him against his Will ? Did he ask more for making him happy, than I had done to throw him into an Abyss of Misfortunes ? In fine, if the Authority of the King, the Power of the Bishops, as well as that of a Father, if the Approbation of all our Family united together had not Power to make me surmount imaginary Difficulties ; why had I more Deference in *Ireland* to my own peculiar Caprices ? He then concluded, that he had as little Dependence on my Understanding as my Friendship ; and if he did not forbid me in Words as injurious as *Tœnermill*, ever to present before his Eyes my odious Figure, he advised me no longer to take the least Share in his Affairs, not being able to answer, said he, how far the Excess of his Resentment might be capable of hurrying him against those who opposed themselves to his Marriage.

Whatever Difference I could find between these two Letters, I saw at the Bottom, that they both proceeded from two Hearts equally exasperated, the Expressions of each corresponding mutually to their natural Characters. Friendship appeared to me to be extinguished between us for ever : For supposing there were greater Hopes of a Conversion from the natural Mildness of *Patrick*, I had nevertheless a Glimpse, that he would put our Reconciliation at a Price, to which it would be impossible I could submit. All his

Sophistry could never change the Opinion I had of my Duty. The Excess of Resentment, by which he flattered himself, perhaps, that he could terrify me, was not at all capable of cooling me in an Opposition to his Marriage. I consequently foresaw a War as open with him, as that which his Brother had declared against me, and if Charity did, on this Account, make me shed Tears of Blood, I found from Justice wherewithal to satisfy myself against the very Weakness of my own Heart. With what Ardour nevertheless did I not pray to Heaven to stop the Hatred and Divisions that menaced our unhappy Family? But did I not do every Thing in my Power to prevent them? My Tenderness and my Cares, were they ever slackened? My Zeal itself, had it any thing in it too bitter? And in the Confidence with which I reposed myself on the Projects, of which they made a long Time so great a Mystery, did I not enter into them with more Moderation and Complaisance than perhaps they ought to have expected from a Man of my Profession? Whenever in reality they opened to me any Method of Reconciliation, not wounding the Rights of Humanity, nor the Laws of the Church, with what Joy did I not immediately offer my Consent and Service? These were some of the Reflections I made upon the Letters for the rest of the Day, when Heaven started in me a Thought, from whence I yet promised myself a Delay, at least to this Domestic War, which I had not flattered myself to have been able longer to avoid; and the Ardour, with which I laid hold of this Ray of Hope, was to me as it were a new Pledge of the Integrity of my Intentions.

In admiring the Constancy of my Sister-in-Law, who had supported herself with as much Resolution as Affection against the Sollicitations and even Violences by which they endeavoured to oblige her to consent to a Divorce, I observed that the Means they had employed were capable only of making a Woman rebel, who saw herself treated with so little Address and Management. *Tenermill* had deceived her a long
Time

Time by false Promises, or at least by giving her Hopes that he would soon make her more happy, and that the Choice he had made of writing to her Father would infallibly help to re-establish Peace in our Family; he had given her room to flatter herself that it was by reconciling her to her Husband; he pretended to serve her: And the Quiet which she had appeared to enjoy until the Arrival of *Fincer* was built only upon this Foundation. She had taken Part with those Notions at *Saisons*, and perhaps had never yet thought her Happiness so certain, as when she was informed that her Father was at *Paris*, and that he pressed *Tenermill* to come with her speedily to him. Nevertheless the first Explanations she received of those Things, not only destroyed so sweet an Expectation, but mortally perplexed her by a Proposal of a new Marriage, which made the Thoughts of a Divorce yet more terrible. To her refusing to consent to this Scheme, they gave no Answers but by absolute Commands, and the Weight of paternal Authority. Their Words were succeeded by Violence. What Method was this to gain over the Mind of a Woman, and to wrench from her Heart a Passion, which she had made her Idol!

But I fancied, if I myself should take a Way more mild, by endeavouring to persuade her, that she in vain made Resistance against the melancholy Necessity imposed on her, and if I should make her understand all the Oppositions I had found in the Heart of her Husband towards bringing him back to his Duty, with which she seemed yet to flatter herself, I should at length make her drop those fatal Hopes, which were the Poison out of which all her Troubles were compounded, and I should perhaps lead her to desire for her own Repose, that my Brother should hasten to enter into the last Engagements with her Rival. There was a Necessity of determining myself to go to *Denmark*; for the Execution of so great an Enterprize as to transact such an Affair by an Inter-course of Letters, would be a Method too slow and

too

too uncertain. What Numbers of Objections would be made, to which I foresaw I must make Answers, and which I could never remove intirely by writing? But neither the Fatigue nor the Dangers of the Journey were capable of stopping my Zeal; I hugged myself with the Thought, which I took for an Inspiration of Heaven itself; and I did nothing but strengthen myself in this Resolution.

B O O K VIII.

I Was so far from changing my Mind at my up-rising, that I employed all my Cares in making Preparations for my Departure. There remained only one Difficulty that could Occasion me any Doubt. I wished that my Brothers had been informed of my Design; but I hesitated upon the Manner of giving them an Intimation of it; and not daring to trust it to a Letter, I considered of chusing no other Interpreter than myself. Nevertheless I could not forget their Menaces. They were both one and the other of them in the first Heat of their Resentment; and I doubted whether they were disposed to hear me, or were capable of giving due Caution and Respect to their Expressions. I chose a Medium, which was to communicate to them one Part of my Design by Letter, and demand a private Meeting to lay open to them the Remainder of it. Reckoning that my Eagerness to serve them would be considered as a sort of Justification, I was resolved not to speak of the late Scenes, nor of the Harshness, with which they treated me in their Letters. I charged *Jacin* with my Commission, and gave him Authority to add to it whatever he judged proper to reclaim such ill disposed Minds. He returned to me in less than an Hour with this mortifying Answer, that they would neither see me nor receive my Letters. They were obstinately bent, as it were by Consent, to break all kinds of Measures with me, and the only Difference between them was, that *Tenermill* answered *Jacin* with his own Mouth, instead of which *Patrick*, (whose Residence at the House of Mademoiselle *de L——* was no longer a Secret,) sent his Answer
by

by a Servant. I lamented their Passion ; and far from being disheartned, I drew from thence new Courage to enterprize a Matter that I had not dared to risque at first. The Confirmation of *Patrick's* Retreat was another Reason that ought to animate me. With what View, and by what Forgetfullness of common Decency had he chosen the House of his Mistress to lodge in ? The Suspicions arising in my Mind, in Proportion as my Reflections enlarged themselves upon this Thought, did not suffer me to delay my Departure a Moment. I trembled already to touch upon any of those fatal Circumstances, in which Noise and Clamour would in the End take Place of Advice and Tears.

In the mean time I chose to go directly to the Count's, from whom, or from the Countess, I had Hopes of drawing some Hints; that might give me a little Light. My Arrival there could not be a Secret, and my Design was not to have it so. Such a Precaution nevertheless was necessary, had it been possible. I had scarce got into the Count's Appartment, when *Tenermill*, understanding I was so near him, ordered his Horses to his Chaise, and went off to *St. Germain*. I was advertised of his Departure, whilst I was enquiring from my Sister and her Husband the Reason of all the Frenzy that transported him. I found by this Account, from whom it was he had a Mind to remove himself, and I vented my Grief in some Sighs. The Count and his Spouse were cruelly afflicted at this Disorder. They related to me how great his Transports were upon hearing of the Flight of *Fincer* and his Daughter, and they did not dissemble it, that ascribing to me the Loss of his Fortune and Happiness, he was perhaps my Enemy without Hopes of a Reconciliation.

Do you condemn me, said I with a Voice sunk by Grief, and do you think that the Laws of Heaven and Earth would suffer me to observe any other Conduct ? They answered in a little Confusion, that it did not belong to them to decide the Matter, and that moreover they had no Party to chuse among Persons

Persons so dear. From hence I conceived, that if I ought not to fear their abandoning my Interests, I could count no more upon engaging them in any Step displeasing to my Brothers. I embraced the Count; your Goodness, said I, is known to me by a hundred Proofs, and I commend the Equality you shew by thus dividing yourselves. But do not you see, that your Friendship for them is converted into Cruelty, if you do not put a Stop to their Ruin? How have you suffered *Patrick* to abuse the Weakness of *Mademoiselle de L—*, even to obtain her Consent to lodge him in her House? Is not this a shameful Disorder, upon which my Duty does not permit me to be silent? They both cast down their Eyes. My Suspicions became more urgent. Explain yourselves then, said I, and do not leave me under an Uncertainty that disturbs all my Blood. You demand of us, answered coldly the Count, what we ought not to inform you of, what we have sworn not to discover to any Person in the World, and what you would have thought yourself obliged to conceal, if it were committed to you under the same Trust. But seeing my Confusion increase, do not, added he, entertain a Suspicion, that wounds the Honour of *Mademoiselle de L—*, and it is your Brother who must reveal this Secret to you.

The Confusion of my Thoughts did not permit me to hear what was proper to encourage me in his Discourse, and forgetting even the Design I had of declaring to them the Project of my Journey, I asked Permission to leave them, in order to go immediately to *Patrick*. I was resolved to enter boldly into the House of *Mademoiselle de L—*, without giving any Notice of my Visit; upon which none of the Servants would dare oppose my Passage. The Example of *Tenermill* made me fear lest *Patrick* should take Advantage of the least Hint to make his Escape. I will accost him in Spite of his Teeth, said I, walking up alone with a Motion that gave me Spirits; I will oblige him to speak to me: Do not let him hope to find me as easy to be deceived as I was at *Saisons*.

I will

I will unveil this odious Mystery, that they labour to disguise from me with so much Care; and though it should cost me my Life, I will stop the Progress of a Disorder, which I have come too late to the Knowledge of to combat in its Birth. I must confess here that the most upright Zeal is subject to many Illusions, and I have sometimes need of these Examples to reduce mine to more just Bounds.

I went into the House where I was sure of finding *Patrick*. Far from being stopped by any Obstacle, I met not one Servant who did not treat me with a Respect that they thought due to their Master's Brother; and I observed only an Embarrassment, which appeared equal in all their Answers, when I pressed them to shew me the Way to my Brother's Apartment. However, not being able to find it without a Guide in so large a House, of which I did not know the Windings, I asked for his Valet de Chambre, the same Servant with whom he was so much dissatisfied in *Ireland*, and whom I established in his good Graces after our Arrival at *Saisons*. He appeared to me with an Air of even more Consternation than the others, and commending their Silence, he whispered in my Ear to go with him aside into a remote Chamber, where he promised to give me such Lights as he would not do any Body but me.

I followed him with Eagerness. You ought not, said he at length, to be offended at the Refusal of all the Servants here to introduce you to my Master's Chamber. He will receive no Body here, and the Answer he directed to be given you Yesterday, might make you understand, that his Orders regarded you in a more particular Manner. But with whatever Resentment he is exasperated against you, I know, added he, the Extent of the Tenderness and Respect he bears you, and I cannot imagine that his Anger will resist them long. I have discovered also, that the Care he takes of removing you from the Knowledge of his Affairs, is only occasioned by a Fear of finding you not well disposed to approve them;

them; and I am on the contrary persuaded, that you will not condemn altogether his Conduct, if you knew with what Measures it has been always regulated.

This is the Cause, said he, that makes me pass more easily over the Scruple, which would oblige me to Silence with all the World but you; and, conjuring me to make a prudent Use of the Confidence he placed in me, he told me, that his Master was married two Days before; that is on the Night of the same Day he had left *Saisons*. I was not so much Master of myself to suppress the Marks of my Grief at this strange News. And you praise his Conduct, cried I, when he makes himself guilty of the most shameful Irregularity?

Do not condemn us without a hearing, interrupted this honest Valet; it is by the Circumstances I think him justified. He resumed his Story. After having left you, said he, my Master, who was willing to avoid meeting Mr. *Fincer*, watched the Moment of his Arrival, and retaking the Road to *Paris* as soon as he saw him engaged with you, he brought here Mademoiselle de L——, with whom he continued but a short Time, occasioned by a Scruple she herself raised of being too long with him alone without a Witness. He went abroad with the Hopes of meeting my Lord *Tenermill*, whose Resolutions it imported him to know. He did not find him till towards the Evening at the Count's, when one came from Mr. *Fincer* for his Trunks, which they did not refuse sending him. The News of the Departure of him and his Daughter, produced in the two Brothers very different Impressions; while my Lord *Tenermill* thought he found in it a Reason for giving himself up to Despair, my Master, without taking the least share in the Affliction of his Brother, persuaded himself, that this Flight was a Favour from Heaven; and keeping close to the Thoughts that sprang up in him upon this Occasion, he immediately got out of the Hands of my Lord those Instruments that had been prepared for his Divorce. *Jacin* returned

ed with these Assistances, upon which he had established all his Views: It was at this Juncture that your Letter came to him. He had given Orders upon his Arrival that the Door should be shut against all the World, and fearing from you some new Obstacle to the Design he had in Agitation, his Commands were more particular to exclude every Body coming from you. Nevertheless the Obstinacy of *Jacin*, who would not be repulsed by all our Refusals, made him resolve to answer you. I was Witness of the Irresolution with which he several Times began anew his Letter, as if it had been a Matter of great Importance to him to regulate his Stile well; and from some Words that he dropped, I do not doubt but he writ to you in the most proper Manner to take away the desire you might have of opposing his Enterprize. I was ignorant till Night in what all these Motions, with which I saw him disturbed, would end: His Discourses with Mademoiselle *de L——* were exceeding lively; and I began to be amazed, that after having made a Difficulty of suffering him too long with her alone, she had so soon got rid of this Scruple. In fine, the Lady being apparently prevailed upon to follow his Resolutions, they went together to *St. Germain* without any other Servant but me. We alighted at the Castle, where my Services becoming more necessary to him, he declared to me, that he was going to unite his Destiny to that of Mademoiselle *de L——*, and that he had for that Purpose occasion of an *English* Bishop, whose Appartment he ordered me to enquire for. Having found it without Difficulty, he acquainted this Prelate with his Name, and the subject of his Visit. The Instruments he produced confirmed his Words; he had nothing to do but to furnish a Matter, which had been concluded in the same Place, and the Execution of which met with less Difficulty in the King's Chapel than at *Paris*: So the Bishop made but few Objections. They called in some Witnesses, and towards Midnight my Master received the nuptial Benediction with such Motions of Joy, that he could scarce contain.

Some Hours being taken up in preparing the matrimonial Certificate, and a few other Matters of Form, we could not get back to *Paris* before Day. In going up with my Master to the Appartment of Mademoiselle de L——, I confess I could not think without trembling, that he was without doubt going to take Possession of those Rights, which she had just given him over her, whilst I had before my Eyes the lively Image of what passed that Evening at *Saisons*, and that having observed, with too much Curiosity perhaps, all the Steps of my Lady, I recalled to my Memory the constant Opposition she had given to her Separation. I had Occasion of all the Influences of Respect to smother those sorrowful Reflections. But when I expected from my Master his Orders for undressing him, instead thereof I received a Command from Mademoiselle de L—— to call up all her Servants. While I was doing this, she made all her Women continue about her, as if she was apprehensive lest People might reproach her for having been alone with her Husband; and when I had brought her Servants to her, she declared to them, without speaking of her Marriage, that being under a Necessity of some Time absenting herself, for she left to my Master the Care of her House, and gave him all the Authority she had over them. She made no delay but to take a light Breakfast. The same Coach, that had carried us to *St. Germain*, had been ordered to wait at the Gate. She got into it with my Master, accompanied by a Woman who had been her Governante from her Infancy, and I was still the only Servant who had Orders to follow them. She drove to the new Convent of *English* Nuns, where, upon a Letter of Recommendation procured from the Bishop, who celebrated her Marriage, she was received by the Superior with great Politeness and Distinction. My Master often mentioned her by the Name of his Wife in speaking of her to the Superior; and not laying himself under any further Restraint before any Body, upon taking his Leave, he gave her a thousand passionate Kisses. At his Return he took me aside in private. He laid a good deal

deal of Strefs upon the renewal of his Confidence, and charging me to keep secret all I had seen, he did not conceal from me, that the Retreat of Mademoiselle de L—— into the Convent, where he had left her, proceeded from the Scruples which she yet opposed to his Happiness. She submitted to his Desires upon this Condition only, from the Hope he had successfully given her, that *Fincer*, upon getting an Account of their Marriage, would immediately dispose of his Daughter. Mademoiselle de L—— was resolved to wait till this Event was unravelled, before she would live with him, and publicly take on her the Quality of his Spouse. All the Difficulty consists then at present, added *Patrick's* Confident, in giving Mr. *Fincer* Notice, that my Master is at length married to Mademoiselle de L—— by the Ceremonies of the Church. It is in finding out a certain Way of doing this, that we are alone employed, and during this Interval he is resolved to avoid you, in Appearance out of Fear, lest you should dive into a Conduct, that he would not expose to your Reproaches, and which he has trusted to nobody but my Lord *Tenermill*, and to the Count and Countess of S——.

I had Time, during this Story, to recover myself from all the Agitations that the Beginning of it had given me. The modest Retreat of Mademoiselle de L—— made a little Amends for the Temerity of her Marriage; and with whatever Eye I could look upon so indiscreet a Step, the Measures, with which it was accompanied, made it indeed appear less criminal. However, I thought it no less true, that an Engagement of this Nature could not pass for any Thing but a culpable Abuse of the Ecclesiastical Ceremonies, at least on the Part of my Brother and Mademoiselle de L——, who ought not to have disguised the Obstacle that should have stood in their Way. I justified the English Bishop, and the King himself, from the Care that *Tenermill* had taken to conceal the Resistances of *Fincer's* Daughter. They had given their Decision upon the Testimony of her Father, upon that of my Brothers, and even upon her own Consent,

Consent, to which they extorted her Hand whether she would or not. This was an Excuse that Charity furnished me with in their Behalf. But all my Reasons not leading me further to believe, that *Mademoiselle de L——* and my Brother could be justified by any Excuse, I continued convinced, that under even the Supposition of a future Consent of *Fincer* and his Daughter, an Union so little lawful ought to be renewed, to give it the Merit of a Marriage.

I did not impart these Reflections to *Patrick's* Valet; but that did not hinder me of taking Occasion from this Story to confirm my intended Design of making a Journey to *Denmark*. I considered, that without an Obstinacy to keep up her Passion, *Sarah Fincer*, to whom I durst no longer give the Name of Sister-in-law, would necessarily lose all Remains of Hope, when she heard of the Marriage of her Husband. After a Step of this Nature, she could no longer flatter herself with the Thoughts of bringing him back to her. Besides, what had she ever to oppose to those Instruments, upon the Strength of which he founded his Proceedings? Her Consent, it is true, was not in the best Form; but would my Testimony, which was the only Point from whence she could hope to draw any Aid, be sufficient to give Credit to her Exceptions? Thus her Protestations and Complaints, not passing from henceforth for any Thing but the Repinings of an inconstant Woman, who seemed to repent of an Act, which the Publick would be convinced she had signed voluntarily, there would remain no other Resource for her but Patience and Forgetfulness. I made Account, that by the Force of my Instances and Pains, I should bring her to relish such powerful Reasons, to make her abandon an Ingrate, and I should corroborate myself also, in order to serve a guilty Brother, with every Thing that I found most blameable and most odious in his Conduct.

In the mean time my Eagerness to see him being as much cooled by my Indignation, as by the Tranquillity in which I was upon the Score of *Mademoiselle*

de L—, I declared to the Valet de Chambre, that I would not expose him to the Displeasure of his Master, by opening to me his Door against his Will. What I have heard, said I, is sufficient to regulate my Resolutions. Inform him not that you have seen me, or at least, let him not know that I have the smallest Suspicion of his Marriage. It would be too afflicting to me, that he should look on the Service I thought to do him, as a Mark of my Approbation of his Conduct. But tell him, if you think it necessary for his Repose, that knowing him to be obstinate in violating his Duty, I have voluntarily taken the Resolution of going to *Denmark*, only with the View of diminishing the Subject of his Remorse, by perswading, if it be possible, his unhappy Wife, to grant such Consent as he desires. Exhort him to Moderation until my Return, and if he shall think he owes any Acknowledgment to me for my Zeal, charge him in my Absence to bring back also his Brother *Tenermill* to more moderate Sentiments. It cannot without doubt but be observed, with what Facility my Love for those two Ingrates assumed the Ascendant over all the Murmurs of my Heart, and how little these Sacrifices cost me in Favour of Peace and Friendship.

The Thoughts of my Journey becoming instantly my only Employment, I did not pass by the Count's without imparting to him a Resolution, in the Execution of which I foresaw his Friendship would find many Difficulties. He commended my Intentions, but having formed to himself a very just Idea of the Character and Disposition of *Fincer*, he represented to me in lively Colours all I had to fear from his Hatred. I know, said he, from the Accounts of my Servants, with what Harshness and Rigour he is capable of treating even his Daughter. Exasperated at her Regret for leaving *France*, and taking Offence at her most tender Complaints, he threatened to put her to Death with his own Hand, if she refused following him; and it was by horrible Imprecations that he forced her to suppress her Tears upon stepping into the Chaise. Judge, continued the Count,

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what it is you are to expect: Your Errand will only help to kindle up his Resentment; and he will look on abusive Reproaches as the least Effect you may fear from his Vengeance. The Countess laboured also to augment my Alarms by a thousand other fatal Predictions, and laying a Stress on her Compassion for *Sarah*; what Necessity is there, said she, to go and renew her Troubles, by bringing her Misfortune under her Eyes? Ought an unfortunate Woman, who perhaps has Death near her Heart, be pursued even to her Grave? I interrupted her: Neither my Words nor Applications, answered I, shall have any Thing in them that can give her Offence. You talk of pursuing her, on the contrary, it is Aid and Consolation I think to carry her. Moreover, added I, this is to lose Sight of the principal Motive of my Journey, and I am not pleased to see you forget, that this Step is necessary to repair a Temerity, from whence your Brother has nothing but unhappy Consequences to hope.

I gave them also to understand, that there were few Objections strong enough to cool me, when I thought I was called by Duty. What I drew most profitable from the Advice of the Count, was a Detail of Instructions for the Road I was to take, and which he was well acquainted with, having made the Journey many Times during the War. They helped to spare me many unprofitable Fatigues, in giving me the Opportunity of meeting what would possibly have escaped all my Enquiries, had I taken the common Road. Nevertheless not having Reason to foresee any new Adventures to oppose my Intentions, I employed some Days in making Preparations for my Journey with more Pains than I should have taken, had I known the short Continuance of it. They were interrupted by nothing but some Efforts I made to bring about a Reconciliation with *Tenermill*. I writ to him often to *St. Germain*, and reckoning that he would be affected at least by the new Hopes he might conceive, for his Love, I discovered to him in my last Letter, that it was his Interest, as much as his

Brother's that carried me to *Denmark*. But he appeared as insensible to this, as to the Testimonies of my Affection, and I could not get one Word of Answer from him.

I began then my Journey with as much Ardour as Resolution. *Jacin* composed all my Train. Instead of taking the Way of *Holland*, which perhaps would have been the shortest Road, I proposed to myself, following the Directions of the Count, to reach *Cologne*, from whence he had traced out to me a Road through divers Towns, where I should never want Conveniences or Carriages. He counted upon it, that by the Ease and Pleasures of the Way I should recover what I lost by the Tedioufness of the Length of it. *Fincer*, who without doubt had the same Instructions in taking his Journey to *France*, returned towards *Copenhagen* the same Way. I was ignorant of this Particular, and the Start he had got of me not giving me Reason to think I should overtake him, I travelled on without making any greater Haste, than that of desiring to be soon at the end of my Undertaking. We had already come near the Frontiers, when changing Horses at the Post-House, *Jacin* gave me Notice, with an Air of Consternation, that he had got a Sight of *Fincer* in an adjoining Yard, and making further Enquiries had learned, that *Fincer* having travelled some Days before to reach *Flanders*, had come back this Road with his Daughter, manifestly with a Design to return to *Paris*. This Piece of News caused me less Emotion in itself, than from the Reflections it immediately gave me upon the Cause of so hasty a Return; of which I made many unserviceable ones, or which at least ended in nothing but in making me alight from my Chaise to regulate my Steps according to Circumstances. After some Moments Deliberation, I perceived myself inclined to go directly into the Chamber I saw *Fincer* go up to, and to confess, without further Ceremony, that I took this Journey to follow him. But the Remembrance of the Count's Caution and the Passions and Resentments he made me fear,

had

had power to put a Stop to this Design. On the contrary, I chose to conceal myself from the Eyes of an exasperated Man, from whom I saw no Means of defending myself, should he take it in his Head to insult me; and relinquishing from henceforth my Thoughts of *Denmark*, I determined to return to *Paris* close at his Heels, with a Resolution to observe him.

He did not long lay me under the Necessity of keeping myself concealed. The Impatience he had to go forward appearing from all his Motions, he soon got into the Chaise with his Daughter, and I oftentimes heard him recommend Speed and Diligence to his Post-boy. He was scarce gone, when I turned with the same haste towards *Paris*. My Design was after this Manner to follow him from Post to Post, till he came to the Place he was bound to. Without penetrating into his Intentions, I was persuaded in the main, that it was some new Reflection upon the Adventure of his Daughter, that called him back towards us, and I could not flatter myself that it was in our Favour. But it was an Advantage to have met him; and I thanked Heaven for it as for a sensible Benefit, which gave me an Assurance of the divine Protection.

Upon our Arrival at *Paris*, *Fincer* and his Daughter continued for some Time at the Post-House; and this was another Happiness, that being intent to follow them closer at their Heels, in Proportion as we came near the End of our Journey, I kept nevertheless out of their Sight in alighting immediately after them in the same Yard. *Jacin*, to whom I had already given my Orders, dextrously helped to conceal me. I made him keep a Coach in waiting some Paces from the Gate ready to take me in. I made no Haste to go abroad; but taking care to keep myself aloof, I attentively observed every Thing that passed about me. *Fincer* dispatched abroad one of his Servants, who waited some Time before he returned. During this Interval he appeared much disquieted, and on the other Hand his Daughter having retired to

the Corner of a Room, where she sat down with her Woman, seemed to be filled with some Thoughts that possessed her intirely. Her Paleness and disquieted State excited my Compassion. At length *Fincer's* Messenger returning, I saw them go off both together in their Chaise, having changed nothing but their Horses, and my Curiosity becoming still more strong, I followed them off-hand in the Coach that waited for me.

It would be difficult to express how great my Fear was, when having followed a long Time close behind them, I at length perceived it was the Street, wherein Mademoiselle *de L——* lived, that they were in search of. They actually went into it, and my Alarms redoubled upon seeing them stop a little Distance from her Gate. I had then not the least Doubt remaining but they were come there to offer her some Outrage; and though I knew she was out of their Pursuit, it was enough that *Patrick* lived in the House to make me apprehensive of some fatal Scene. Nevertheless, *Fincer* was of such an advanced Age, as one had no room to judge it apt or natural for him to commit Acts of Violence. But is not Rage capable of making up the Defects of Strength; or at least does it leave freedom of Mind enough to be sensible of its own Weakness? I continued trembling till the Moment I saw them alight, and was assured by the Testimony of my own Eye-sight, that they went into a House almost opposite to that I was apprehensive they had a Mind to enter. The Coachman had his Orders to drive off, and the Quiet I saw all about, helped me enough to remove one Part of my Fears; but I was not so credulous as to believe, that it was Chance only that made them take up their Lodgings so near Mademoiselle *de L——* and *Patrick*.

My Disquiet would possibly have fastened me a long Time to their Gate, if my Confidence in *Jacin* had not given me room to believe, that I might safely trust to him the Care of watching them. I retired when I had given him my Directions; and driving immediately to the Count *de S——*'s House,
my

my first Care was to give *Patrick* Notice by one of my Sister's Servants, that he had *Fincer* and his Daughter for his near Neighbours. Such a strange Piece of News alarmed the Count and Countess as much as it did me. You see, said they, that the Tears of *Sarah* have prevailed over the Resentment of her Father, and that not laying aside her Hopes, she has conjured him to bring her back to *Paris*, to try once more to soften her Infidel. But in taking up this Conjecture, the Rage of *Fincer* appeared more to be dreaded, when he should come to discover the Marriage of my Brother, and should reproach himself for having returned to *Paris* for nothing but to be a Witness with his Daughter to a Sight of which she must endure all the Disgrace. Thus we gave ourselves up to a thousand uncertain Reasonings, till the Return of my Valet, who brought us Discoveries much more mischievous than all our Suspicions.

He had not waited long for the Opportunity he wished for of talking to some of *Fincer's* Servants: Far from seeking to conceal their Journey, they ordered to be published in the Neighbourhood the Name of their Mistress, that is to say, the Name of my Brother, which she continued to bear with the Title of my Lady. In a Word, *Fincer*, upon his Departure from *Paris*, had left there one of his Servants to follow *Patrick* in all his Motions, and the Spy had executed his Trust so faithfully, that being informed of, or perhaps being present himself at my Brother's Marriage, he took Post immediately to overtake his Master. *Fincer*, being driven beyond all Hopes at a Resolution, which he looked upon as a deadly Outrage on his Daughter, took no Counsel but from his first Fury. He returned the same Way he went, and among divers Projects of Revenge, without yet fixing upon any thing, he resolved at first to take up his Lodgings opposite to *Patrick*. His Hope was to make the Disgrace, with which my Brother had loaded his Daughter, to fall back on himself, by publishing that he had two Wives,

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and consequently had tricked one or the other. The Servant, who gave this Account to *Jacin*, added, that his Master would not limit his Revenge to that Point only ; but he was no further informed of the Detail of his Projects.

In the midst of those Vexations, from which we could not defend ourselves, we had immediately this one Comfort, that the Malice of *Fincer* would be at least disappointed in his first Expectation. The Marriage of my Brother not being publickly known, nor even his Name enough, so as to be much taken notice of in such a City as *Paris*, he had not much to fear, that an Accusation of this Nature could cause him all the Mischief they intended to do him ; and though it were capable of embarrassing him, it could have little Effect in the Absence of *Mademoiselle de L—*, with whom no body could imagine he had the least Commerce. Should they pretend to make publick the Celebration of the Marriage at *St. Germain*, they would be under the Necessity of employing those Arms, which themselves had furnished my Brother with for his Defence. The Consent of *Sarah*, to which no Objection could lie as to Form, that of *Fincer* himself, who had inserted into it all the Conditions that could give it Authority, the Sanction of the King, annexed to those two Instruments, the Licence of the Bishops ; in fine, every thing that could serve in appearance to justify his Conduct.

In Truth my Heart did not countenance this Reflection ; and if I could foresee that *Patrick* would sooner or later be reduced to this Manner of Defence, I already thought what Grief it would be to me, when I should perhaps be forced to give Evidence against him in the Cause of Justice and Truth. But could *Fincer* be reproached with less Imprudence, who must know that we were in a Condition to cope with him, and who, consequently, would expose his Daughter to more Vexation, than he could possibly create us.

We learned the Day following, that he had added many Footmen to his Retinue, and had given them the Liveries of our House, and affected to make
them

them parade before his Gate, with no other View than to raise the Curiosity of his Neighbours. He hired a Coach, and painted our Arms upon it. His Vanity perswading him that all the World had their Eyes open upon his Conduct, he went so far as to send often to *Patrick's* House to enquire after his Health in the Name of his Wife. The Simplicity with which the Servants answered this Compliment, might have made him see one part of his Error. The Porter of *Mademoiselle de L——*, who knew nothing of the Marriage of his Mistress, gave them for Answer, that *Patrick* was either well or ill, without looking further into the Compliments sent him. He knew, as well as the other Servants of the House did, that my Brother was married in *Ireland*, and that he did not agree with his Wife; insomuch that the Interest she appeared to take in his Health might pass for the Remains of an Affection, that signified nothing, and which was no more than a common Custom among well-bred People. Another Reflection that might have given some Mistrust to *Fincer* of his Enterprize, was this, that having never yet seen *Mademoiselle de L——* appear, he might have doubted at least whether she were not altogether absent, and in the end easily discover, that not having lived in her House after her Marriage, there was in this Affair some Mystery, which the Publick was as little acquainted with as he, and which therefore might render all his Measures useless. But far from turning his Suspicions on that Side, he, on the contrary, took a Pleasure in fancying, that it was Fear and Shame confined *Mademoiselle de L——* within her Walls, since she knew him to be so near a Neighbour; and this Captivity, which he imagined he had forced her to, appeared to him a Beginning of his Daughter's Triumph. He did not forget to give Notice of his Return to the Count *de S——*, and not having added to it any Marks of Esteem and Politeness, this Step appeared to us less in the Shape of a Compliment of Friend-

ship, than a Declaration of War against all our Family.

In the mean time *Patrick*, whom my Sister had informed of the Incident on the first Day, and who had afterwards got an Account of it by a Thousand other Ways, did not think himself superior enough to the Fears with which they would inspire him, to remain in Tranquillity so near the Danger. As he had laid down a Law to himself to go abroad but seldom, and to pass in his Closet all the Time he did not employ in seeing *Mademoiselle de L—*, the Affectations of *Fincer* were not at all a Reason capable of keeping him more close shut up; but he went abroad attended with more Precautions, and not being able to imagine in what this Scene would end, he advised with *Mademoiselle de L—* upon so urgent an Embarrassment. Love had a greater Share in their Deliberations than Fear. *Mademoiselle de L—*, who was already too deeply engaged, had yet need of a Pretext to force the last Bounds in which Honour had stopped her. Possibly she hugged herself at the Bottom, at finding an Opportunity of surmounting her Scruples. In fine, moved at the Alarms of *Patrick*, or rather vanquished without doubt with her own Longings, she formed with him a new Project, which would for ever set them free from all Sorts of Constraint, and assure them of Quiet, which they despaired of finding amidst so many Obstacles. This Scheme was to leave *France*, and retire privately into some of the Towns of *Germany*, which *Mademoiselle de L—* knew. She was acquainted with the Language of that Country; she was a Protestant. Her Substance, of which the greatest Part was lodged in the trading Companies, was no Confinement to her in whatever Place she took up her Residence, and might upon all Occasions be remitted to her by Bills of Exchange. These Motives, fortified by the Impetuosity of a long Passion, determined her to promise *Patrick*, and even to urge him immediately to remove all Difficulties that might retard their Departure.

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He took great Care not to communicate to us so rash a Resolution. In the mean time Decency obliging him sometimes to see the Count and Countess, this did not suffer him to conceal from them the Return of *Fincer* and his Daughter. He spoke of it as an unlucky Accident, less dangerous by any real Injury he could do them, than cross and troublesome by a little Vexation he might cause them; and thereupon explaining himself with more Indifference than even he ought to have of it under this Supposition, he prayed the Count and his Sister to have as little Uneasiness as he had upon that Score. I easily discovered that he was not at all sincere; for not being able to avoid meeting me sometimes accidentally, he at length consented to see me; and without coming to an Explanation upon the Matter, which he rejected at the first Word, he seemed to suffer my Presence without Trouble in the Conversation he had with his Sister. I laid before him, that *Fincer* would not at all confine himself to one single Stratagem, and on the contrary, being provoked at finding so little Resistance, he would study all at once to revenge himself by some Disdain and Outrage. Who knows, said I, if while he is busying himself in Appearance with childish Affectations, he is not setting some secret and powerful Engines at work to vex and perplex you? I added every thing that Prudence might advise in an Affair surrounded with too many Obscurities to hope from it so easy a Success; and if I conducted myself in such a Manner as not to sour him by my Reproaches, I gave him nevertheless to understand, that I could not find either so much Innocence or Security, as he did, in his Engagement. But he answered me in a Tone, that discovered his Trust and Confidence in other Shifts and After-games, but less Disposition than ever to be guided by my Advice.

It was not without Foundation that I laboured to put him on his guard against the Attempts of *Fincer*. I had not continued in a State of Inaction since my Return, and had penetrated further into his Stratagems, than *Fincer* himself could mistrust. The Day after

our Arrival, having set *Jacin* upon his Track, I understood, that though in exterior Appearance he was busied in a feeble and childish Revenge, he meditated nevertheless other Enterprizes, to which even his Comedy was so useful, that it ought not to be looked upon but with the most serious Eye. Having discovered that in the Space of two Days he had been many times seen at the House of the most celebrated Advocate of *Paris*, I went there after him, and pretending to know nothing of his being there before me, I gave the Advocate a State of the same Case, with this Difference only, that our Motives were set forth with an Explanation of the Facts. The Advocate, whose Probity equalled his Understanding, confessed to me at first Sight, that being retained on the other Side, he had no Answer to give me, but what I might mistrust. Nevertheless he told me, if I would repose a little Confidence in his Honour, I may take it for granted, that the Cause of my Brother was very bad, and that I could not expect much Success from it. *Fincer* had confessed to him, that the Consent of his Daughter was in our Hands; but he accused himself for having extorted it from her by the extremest Violences; and he had no Fear in appealing to our own Testimony. But to flatter ourselves, that in *France* the Authority of the King of *England*, and of some Bishops of that Nation could support an Attempt of this Nature, or even to suppose that the most voluntary Consent of *Sarah* would be sufficient to justify a Separation, for which no serious and lawful Cause could be given, was to feed ourselves with a dangerous Illusion. Having confirmed his Opinion by a Number of Reasons and Precedents, he added an Advice that made a great Impression on me. *Fincer*, said he, appears to be a Man to be dreaded. Fury animates all his Thoughts; and if he be resolved to stick to the ordinary Methods of Justice, he will not do so till he has in a Manner been fully assured that they will turn out favourably to him. Thus in either Case, we had nothing happy or successful to promise ourselves. This Discourse, of which the
Tone

Tone and Manner was even more expressive than the Words, left me some Alarms, and I lamented that I could not explain them more openly to *Patrick*.

There is no Necessity of remarking every Moment the Reasons, that made me so timorous in regard to my Brother. What I am going to say is with a Confidence, drawn from the Testimony of my Heart. No fear could have made me hesitate a Moment in embracing, with Zeal, the Side of Justice and Innocence, if I could have flattered myself with the least Hopes of succeeding by Boldness and Courage. But sorrowful Experience had taught me so well, that I had nothing to hope for from this Method, to move a Heart hardened against all Sorts of Endeavours and Reasons, that I was reduced from this Motive to try such Means, for which I had the greatest Aversion. The Hopes of obtaining *Sarah's* Consent for a Divorce had began to stagger me, when I had seen her Father engaged in an Understanding with *Tenermill*; and notwithstanding what I had just heard from the *French* Advocate, I was yet convinced by divers Examples opposite to those he had alledged; that in a Case such as ours, an Union of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Authority could take away many Difficulties. Had I not besides known, that other Advocates of *France* had given different Opinions, when they were consulted by my Brothers? And to go to the worst, if the Case were so easily decided against us in *France*, was it not easy for us to quit that Country, and retire into some other Dominions, where the Decision of our King and Bishops would be more regarded? But this Determination itself must suppose the voluntary Consent of *Sarah*. And indeed it was from this Thought that I formed the Design of going to *Denmark*, to try to obtain such a Consent by my Sollicitations and Advice, from whence I hoped for better Effects than from any Violence of her Father. Whatever turn the Affair might take, the same Reason made me yet believe, that I ought to try this Method, and I was in search of an Opportunity to proceed in

that Way, when I had the Conversation with *Patrick* I have just related.

Jacin had my Orders for this Purpose, and I had no Doubt, but that what he had not already executed, was not yet impossible for his Zeal. He had founded all the Servants of *Fincer*; their Answers were all the same; *Sarah* was so sick, that nobody was admitted into her Chamber; she had not got out of her Bed since her Father had taken a Lodging in the Street wherein *Patrick* lived, and the Physicians had poisoned her with Medicines. Perhaps I could have guessed her Ailments. She desired with as much Ardour as I, what I was in search of with such great Eagerness; but held back by the Orders of her Father, to whom she had expressed some Desire to see me, and who had opposed her in it with his ordinary Menaces, she durst not run the Hazard of admitting me into her Appartment. The Address of *Jacin* surmounted nevertheless all Obstacles. He watched the Moment when *Fincer* went abroad; and pretending to have met him in some Place, where he had charged him with a Message to his Daughter, he obtained the Liberty of seeing her. His Compliment was short: Finding her disposed to receive readily what he came to offer, it was agreed between them, that I should take Advantage, as he did, of the first Time her Father should go Abroad, and that she would run all sorts of Risques to converse with me a few Moments.

This Stratagem succeed the Day following. I was moved from the Bottom of my Heart at the Sadness and Dejectedness I saw in her Countenance. She stretched out to me her Hand; come here, said she, come and inform me if there yet remains in you any Pity for my Troubles. You have never yet used me ill; but may I yet reckon to find in you any more Zeal for my Interests, or ought I to lament at least your Coldness? Nevertheless, added she, seeing me cast down my Eyes to hear her, I shall never persuade myself, if I do not learn it from your own Mouth, that you have lent your Aid to the horrible Enterprize of your Brother. He has taken Advantage of a Consent, of which
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he knows the Imposture, and which he has seen me disown in your Presence. He has married himself at *St. Germain*. Perhaps you did not know of this till after I did; perhaps you made a Difficulty of approving it; but I know not whether I may yet flatter myself with this Thought, or if I ought to rank you among those who have desired my Destruction.

It was too easy to justify myself to refuse her this Consolation. I satisfied her in few Words, but pressed by the fear of *Fincer*, who might surprize us every Moment, I engaged her by divers Questions to communicate to me what she knew of the Projects of her Father. She did not seek to excuse herself from gratifying me in this Request. Alas! said she, this is the over Measure of my Misfortunes, that being reduced to the Extremity I am in by the Injustice and Cruelty of my Husband, I should be yet capable of all Alarms into which his Interest casts me, and this new Torment makes me more unhappy than all his Sights. She related to me then, with what Passion her Father had forced her to take the Journey to *Denmark*, with the sole View of raising as many Embarrassments to my Brothers, as he pretended to have received Insults and Vexations from them. But hearing on the Road that his Hopes were frustrated by the precipitate Marriage of *Patrick*, his Fury had changed all his Resolutions, and he had no other Thought than to return to *Paris* to revenge himself. In his first Transports he talked of nothing but washing away this Outrage with the Blood of *Patrick*, and to employ the Arm of another, if the Strength of his own failed him. He appeared so fixed in this Resolution, that the trembling *Sarah*, seeing her Tears useless in appeasing him, and not daring to look for any further Remedy, had at length offered him to marry *Tenermill*; but he had rejected even this Marriage as a Satisfaction coming too late, and which would always leave the Disadvantage on his Side, since it came after the Offence: *Sarah* could obtain nothing by her continual Instances, but to make him suspend his Revenge for some Time, under Pretence that it was of Importance to dive into the
Circum-

Circumstances that might render my Brother more or less guilty ; but if he had respited his Vengeance by this Motive, he had formed the Resolution of beginning at least to affront *Patrick*, by lodging so near him, to make him understand for what it was he threatened him.

In the mean Time, the Thought having come into his Head to consult some Advocates of *Paris*, he saw a new Way opened unto him from their Opinions. The thirst of Blood was changed into an eagerness for judicial Proceedings ; and this Passion being more agreeable to his Age, he seemed to surrender himself up to it intirely. *Sarah* informed me, that he had employed many skilful Practitioners to draw up a Memorial, in which the Ingratitude and Treachery of *Patrick* were to be aggravated in the most black Colours, and that he waited to form his Libel juridically, which Instrument was in a Readiness to appear this Instant. His Intention was to draw the Eyes of the Publick upon his Enemy. The Retirement, in which he saw him hide himself, had provoked him ; and this apparent Tranquillity appeared to him to be another Insult, which he was resolved to punish. In fine, not being enough Master of his Reason to put these Effects of his Hatred into any Method, all his Notions and Designs clashed together, and made him successively take a thousand Resolutions the same Day, diametrically opposite to one another.

I waited, till *Sarah* having represented to me the Rage and Intrigues of her Father, should lay open to me her own Views ; but calling herself back again to ask me what Affection I yet had for her, I was surprized to hear her add nothing but Complaints and Lamentations for her Fate, and fruitless empty Entreaties, which ended in requesting me to conserve an Esteem of her, and to afford her my Compassion. The Reflection I made upon these Expressions, joined to her Confession of the Disposition she had shewed to her Father of marrying my Lord *Tenermill*, revived in me all the Ideas that had determined me to take the Journey to *Denmark*. Without being afraid of what the Hatred of *Fincer* might
cost

cost me to struggle with, I thought this Moment favourable to make her enter into the sole Reconciliation, from whence any Hopes of Happiness could arise to us. I did not take up my Story from a Distance. Having given her Assurances that I was such a Man as she seemed to wish for : It is but too true, said I, that my Brother thinks himself authorized to enter into a new Marriage from the Approbation of the King and our Bishops ; and if his Wife, added I (with an Imprudence that was not pardonable but from the Intention that made me designedly commit it) is not yet possessed of those Rights which she received before the Altar ; this is only owing to Motives of Decorum and Modesty, which she judges of Importance to her Reputation, not to shew too much haste in submitting herself to her Husband's Pleasure. She is retired into a Convent, where you may well fancy that the Ardour of your Infidel will not permit her to continue long. Your Divorce is then consummated, though the Marriage of my Brother be not. Without doubt they misused your Consent, which was wrung from you whether you would or not ; it ought to have been voluntary : This is a Truth that I would support to the last Drop of my Blood, if I had been advised with on your Side ; but such as it is, it has passed for current in the Eyes of the King. And how could the King but be over-reached in it, when he saw it fortified by the Certificate of your Father ? What I would conclude from hence, continued I, is, that without entering into a Discussion of the Duty of my Brother and his new Spouse, it is certain you have nothing more to hope for from the Heart of an Infidel ; and when with my Testimony, which you shall always have ready at your Service, your Advocates shall raise Objections to this Marriage, which they may perhaps too lightly think unanswerable, you will then remain no less deprived of him, whom you justly impeach of Ingratitude. I looked on her attentively at every Word I pronounced ; and as it were encouraged by the deep Silence with which she affected to hear me,

me, I ventured to declare to her openly what it was impossible but she must have understood by halves.

One Word from you, said I with the most soft and tender Voice, would re-establish Happiness and Friendship in our Families. Accept in Reality by one single Word of the Offer my Lord *Tenermill* has made you of his Heart and Hand. And as I had immediately apprehended an Objection she would not fail making : Fear nothing, added I eagerly, from the Resentment of your Father, and look upon it only as a hasty Passion that cannot endure long. I will undertake to manage his Mind, he cannot long shut his Eyes upon the Advantage of an Alliance, which will end all our Divisions, and assure you of a Rank worthy of you. Did not he think in this Manner when he so freely approved the Proposals of *Tenermill*? I fear no Obstacle but from you. But, on the other Hand, I should say, that I cease to fear this, since I propose nothing to you that you have not offered to your Father, and will consequently be freely disposed to see it succeed.

If I feared to be interrupted by the Objections or Refusal of *Sarah*, I, on the other Hand, was amazed to see her continue so long silent. She appeared to listen to me at first; but I thought I observed towards the end, that all her Attention was turned on her own Thoughts, and I was more convinced of this, when having stopped me to give her the Liberty of answering, she continued still some Moments not only without opening her Mouth, but without even observing that I had done speaking. She nevertheless got out of this Reverie with some Marks of Confusion, and labouring to recollect some Words of my Discourse which had struck her Ears, she answered them in a Manner, that she judged might be equally suitable to something she had not heard. You give me Advice, said she with an Air less melancholy than embarrassed, that I should never be capable of following. It was only my Fear for the Life of my Husband, that obliged me to make an Offer to my Father, that I should without doubt have ill observed,
and

and which I have a long Time reproached myself with. Have you yourself taught me to forget, added she with a forced Smile, that the Bands of Matrimony cannot be dissolved but by Death? Then listening immediately, as if she thought she heard her Father; but I much apprehend, added she, lest I should expose you too much in your first Visit, by keeping you here too long. Go, my dear Dean, and remember the Promise you have made to love me. I reckon upon it so much, that I shall make no Difficulty in giving you Notice when you may come here without Danger. She gave Orders to one of her Servants, whom she immediately called, to conduct me with Precaution to the Gate.

She spoke these last Words in a Tone so different from what she had began with, and even the Air of her Countenance appeared to be so much changed, that if I was extremely amazed at an Adventure so strange, I was no less so when, upon going away, I found I was nothing the wiser for it; nor in Reality did I understand the Meaning of it till after the unhappy Consequences of this Conversation, when I called to mind my Indiscretion, by which I had made myself guilty before-hand of the most fatal Accident of this History. I will not break into the Thread of my Story to declare it now, although I confess that the Indiscretion of that Moment never will be sufficiently made amends for by all my Tears.

Going out of the House with hasty Steps, all my Reflections turned upon what I had just seen and heard. Notwithstanding the Uncertainty I was in as I walked along, yet being rather inclined at the Bottom to hope than to fear, I banished from me every thing that might constrain or clogg my Imagination, in order to dwell upon a thousands Things capable of flattering it. If the Passion of *Sarah* for *Patrick* was at length cooled, and if the Easiness, with which she seemed to me to combat my Arguments, was a Proof of this, to which all my Doubts ought to give Way, what happy Fruits might not I have promised myself from my Victory? Without repeating those which I
have

have already mentioned, was not my Reconciliation certain with my Lord *Tenermill*, and could the very Tranquility and Honour of our House be better established? I longed to communicate such sweet Hopes to the Count and Countess of S——. I did not delay a Moment in going to their House. They had been informed by myself of the Visit I intended to make to *Sarah Fincer*, and they waited for the Success of it with Impatience.

The News I carried them, set off with the Prepossessions with which I laboured in a Manner to fill myself, made them take up the same Idea with me of the Dispositions of *Sarah*. In the midst of their Joy upon this Occasion, they thought it seasonable to dispatch an Express to my Lord *Tenermill*, who had left *St. Germain* two Days before to join his Regiment. The Project of an Embarkation for *Ireland* being upon the Point of Execution, it was to be feared he would escape us in the very Moment Fortune seemed to reserve for him all her Favours. Four Days seemed to us sufficient to remove all our remaining Difficulties. I did not provide myself with a false Courage, when I promised *Sarah* to encounter the Hatred of her Father, nor did I flatter myself with presumptuous Hopes when I engaged to bend it. What would I not attempt to succeed in an Enterprize so suitable to my Character and Principles? Moreover I had some Inclination to believe (although Politeness made me conceal this Conjecture from his Daughter) that far from having so much Hatred or Disgust as he pretended for the Hand of *Tenermill*, he would accept of it with more Satisfaction than ever since the Marriage of *Patrick*, if he had the Offer of it; or that he would again court it with Eagerness, if he durst reckon upon it, that he should not meet with a Repulse. Thus the Slight he affected, was, in my Opinion, no more than the Mask of a proud Man, who refused beforehand what he feared he could not obtain, but would embrace with great Joy, when he had an Offer of it, and would sacrifice all his real Resentments and affected Slights, to assure himself readily of the Possession

Possession of it. Without this Supposition, I must look on him, not only as a cruel and unnatural Father, but one absolutely insensible of the Honour of his Daughter; and we had remarked nevertheless, through the Course of his Rigours, that he had nothing in the World so dear to him as her.

When I began to repose myself upon such favourable Appearances, *Jacin* brought me an Account, that he had observed extraordinary Stirs among *Patrick's* Servants, and that he was deceived if it was not the Token of some new Secret that would soon break out. He had nevertheless, made some useless Efforts to penetrate further into it. *Patrick*, more alarmed at the Bottom than he cared to own, and shut up as it were in a Sort of Prison, by the Neighbourhood of *Fincer*, from whence he could never stir abroad without Fear, had so strictly forbid his Servants from having the least Acquaintance with those of *Sarah*, that out of Fear of failing in his Orders, they had become almost as unsociable and inaccessible as himself. He had moreover, by his Favours and Promises moulded and disposed them to follow blindly all his Will. In the mean time, his intended Journey requiring Care and Contrivance, it was impossible that all their Motions could be kept secret, and *Jacin* perceived this. I should have given more Attention to this Information, if I had not made too great a Reckoning of my Brother's Valet de Chambre, to whom I had recommended not to leave me in Ignorance of any Thing that was of the least Importance to his Master. But even this Youth had his peculiar Interests to serve. *Patrick*, imparting to him the Design of his Departure, had recommended nothing to him so strictly as Discretion, and the Promises or Threats with which he had accompanied this Order, had made him look upon a blind Obedience as a Sacrifice necessary for the Advancement of his Fortune.

It is however true, that I had no other Light given me of this Enterprize which my Brother was on the Eve of executing. The principal part of his Furniture

niture and Goods had been removed out of Town in the Night time; a trusty Man was charged with the rest of his Affairs. Mademoiselle de L—— was to have come that Evening to her House for some Particulars, which necessarily required her own Presence; and without even thinking of bidding us adieu, which they apparently turned over to do by their Letters, they proposed to begin their Journey for Germany before Day.

It was the Day following the Visit I had made Sarah, that all these Measures were to be executed. Patrick, though resolved to conceal from us his Departure, yet came to the Count de S——'s House towards the Close of that fatal Day. I was there; all the Repugnance he had to hear me, and which the Embarrassment he was in made the Marks yet more perceivable, did not take from me a Desire to relate to him the Conversation I had with Fincer's Daughter. He had heard it that Evening from the Count and Countess, whom he had seen in my Absence. If you ever have had, said I, any Reason to confide in my Friendship, it is now you ought to have it, when you see me abandon my former Work, and change my Inclinations and Desires to conform myself to yours. I begin to interest myself as much as you in the Success of your Marriage; my Difficulties give way to so many Reasons as speak in your Favour. At any other time I doubt not but my Sincerity would have moved him; but filled as he was with his Design, and not being come to the Counts but with a View of concealing it, he without Question was apprehensive of my Penetration, and this Fear made him interrupt me with his ordinary Coldness. His not shewing more Emotion at the Relation of all Fincer's Menaces, and his Indifference for Events that so nearly touched him, raised in us a Surprise, which we had a Difficulty to get rid of after his Departure.

In the mean Time as it was important for my Views to draw a positive Answer from Sarah, I had given it in Charge to Jacin to contrive a new Interview with

with her. He had not missed the Opportunity of getting into her Appartment, and of speaking to her ; but instead of finding that Eagerness she had the Evening before to see me, he received only a short Answer, by which she prayed me to put off my Visit till next Day. She was up, and dressed with as much Care as if she were disposed to go abroad. *Jacin* spoke to me with Admiration of the Change he had observed in her Eyes and Countenance. Her Languor had given Place to a natural Air of Vivacity and Joy. One could not have suspected she had passed so many irksome Days under such an over-burthen of Grief. It could be no other than the Hopes of a better Fortune that had wrought this Miracle, and according to my Prepossession, I attributed it to an Effort she had made on herself to forget *Patrick*, and make herself happy in the Arms of *Tenermill*.

How far was I from penetrating into her Situation ! I should make a bad Entrance into the melancholy Circumstances I am about to relate, if I did not trace them higher up to the Cause of my Error. The Distractions I remarked in the Discourse I had with her were indeed the Effect of my Words, and denoted in her Mind as much Perplexity and Agitation as I had conceived. But it was neither that which busied me more, nor what I thought capable of possessing her intirely, that in reality had fixed her Attention. It had dropped from me, (without any other Design than to do honour to the Moderation of *Patrick* by remarking that he had observed at least some Measures with her) that Mademoiselle *de L*—— had retired into a Convent, and that by Agreement with my Brother she had postponed the Consummation of her Marriage to more settled Times. This raised two new Thoughts in the Mind of *Sarah*, or rather awakened in her Heart two Hopes more repugnant than ever to her Repose. Losing instantly all Attention to the rest of my Words, she put herself on thinking that her Fate was not at all so desperate as she imagined, seeing the Situation of Mademoiselle

de L—— was not different from hers, and that the new Tie that *Patrick* had entered into had nothing in it more strong and more inviolable than that by which he was engaged to her in *Ireland*. She from thence concluded, that there yet remained many ways for her to try, and the Absence of her Rival offered her one of them, which she preferred to all those of which she had the Choice; and that was to surprise *Patrick* in the Solitude he lived in, and to employ every thing most powerful in Love to touch his Heart. This Notion flattered her so much the more, that since her Arrival from *Ireland* she never had desired any thing with so much Ardour as to have an Opportunity of conversing with him alone. Circumstances of Affairs had always robbed her of this Opportunity, and she ascribed the Triumph of her Rival to nothing else but to the Advantage of seeing and talking to him continually.

She did not propose this Enterprize as a Matter easily to be effected. It was this she meditated upon so profoundly, when I thought her attentive to my Reasonings and Advice. She knew by a thousand unsuccessful Trials, that she had little Intercourse to hope for from my Brother's Servants, and she would not expose her Secret to any Body who was capable of betraying her. But having dextrously got new Informations after my Departure, she learned from her Landlady that *Mademoiselle de L*—— rented a hired House, and that the Proprietor of it maintained a House-keeper, for whom he had reserved a Chamber. This Hint was sufficient. The House-keeper, of what Character soever he might be, was not a Man to whom the Commands of my Brother were Laws, nor who could find more Interest in following them, than in receiving a considerable Sum of Money, by which she thought proper to gain him over to her Interest. She employed her Landlady to bring him to her privately. Gold produced its Effects; she disposed him by her offers to do her all kind of Services.

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This Man was not ignorant that Mademoiselle *de L*—— was about quitting her House, and that *Patrick* had already sent away the most valuable of her Goods. But they had carefully concealed from him that they did so in order to take a Journey to *Germany*; and the Rent of the House being paid beforehand, he had little Curiosity what the Designs of his Lodgers were. Nevertheless, the Explanation he had given thereupon to *Sarah* was to her a new Reason to press the Execution of her Project. She fancied it was the Constraint *Patrick* was under in her Neighbourhood, that had made him think of Lodging in a different Quarter; and the Uncertainty of finding him again if he once removed from her, did not give her leave to suspend this Enterprize further than to the Day following. This was the Day in which *Jacin* had found her so brilliant; occasioned as much by the Satisfaction of her Heart, as the Ornaments of her Dress.

It was scarce dark enough to favour her Design, when, leaving her Confident in her Chamber, with Orders to tell every one that might come to her, that she had need of some Hours of Rest; she committed herself to the Guidance of her Landlady, who succeeded luckily enough in getting her abroad, and putting her into the Hands of *Patrick's* House-keeper. She had told them the Services she expected. The Business only was to open to her my Brother's Appartment, when she might be assured that he was in it alone; but learning from the House-keeper that he was not yet returned from Town, she changed her first Design into that of going that Moment into the Appartment, and waiting there his Return. The solitary Life he led, and of which the House-keeper gave her an Account, was a sufficient Reason for her not to fear that he would return with any inconvenient Company.

In the mean time, as if the evil Genius of our two Families had taken Care to conduct these Events, this Opportunity that appeared to *Sarah* to be so happily chosen, and from whence she already flattered

tered herself she should draw great Advantages, was about being the most dolorous Moment of her whole Life. She was going to see near at hand what appeared to her most formidable at a Distance, and to find an open Grave, where she expected Consolations, and perhaps Pleasures, that she had never hitherto had a Taste of. For this was a Confession she made me afterwards. In reflecting on the Happiness she was going to have in being alone with *Patrick*, it came into her Mind, that all her Misfortunes proceeded from herself by an excess of Modesty and Reservedness, that she had always kept up with him. The Heart of a Man insensible demanded to be attacked with less Discretion. She blamed herself for having never stirred him up by her Caresses; and considering that a Wife has a thousand Rights, of which even her Virtue does not forbid her the Use, she was resolved in order to soften and melt down the Ingrate, who was not acquainted enough with all her Charms, to step a little out of those Bounds wherein she had contained herself too long. This Thought corresponded with that she had already conceived of her Situation. In supposing the Marriage of Mademoiselle *de L——* to be celebrated with the same Ceremonies as hers, she thought herself on that Side under a sort of Equality with her; and the Point on which she fancied the Solidity of the one or the other Engagement might depend, being Consummation, her hope yet was to bear down the Ballance by getting the Start of her Rival. This was an Argument ill conceived, proceeding from this, that she did not sufficiently comprehend, that *Patrick's* new Marriage was not founded but upon a Nullity supposed in the first, and that if hers on the contrary had all the Conditions that render those Engagements inviolable, this would necessarily infer a Nullity in the second.

In fine, her Imagination being filled with her Design, and trembling nevertheless at the Approach of a Moment she panted after, she desired her Guides to leave her in my Brother's Appartment. They retired into that of the House-keeper. She was taken up

without

without doubt in preparing herself for a Scene, that required more Experience than she had in it, and more Art than she was capable of to conduct it. The Chamber was lighted by two Candles already left there by the Servants, expecting the return of their Master. They had carried away, as I have observed, the principal Furniture of the Lodgings, and the rest being scattered about without Order, scarce could she find a Chair that was not loaded with something or other to hinder her sitting down. However she found one at last, which was in a manner hid behind the Door of one of those Presses that People sometimes fix in the Wainscot, to make good an Unevenness in the Wall, and bring it upon a Level with the Chimney. This Door was left open in the hurry of unfurnishing the Chamber; and far from shutting it to expose herself openly, *Sarah* hugged herself with having got a Situation that seemed to favour her natural Timidity. She waited only a short Time; but her Emotion redoubling at the first Noise she heard, she thought she observed that my Brother was not alone. All she could imagine was, that he was followed by some of his Servants. Nevertheless, the Noise increasing in Proportion as they came nearer, she plainly distinguished the Voice of a Woman.

To what Transports had she not all at once abandoned herself, if she had known the Voice of her Rival! And this had been the greatest Happiness that Heaven in its Goodness could have granted her; it would have spared her these mortal Grievs which e're long tore her Soul asunder, and prevented those fatal Extremities which followed them. It was indeed *Mademoiselle de L——* whom *Patrick* brought from the Convent to finish what was wanting in the Preparations for their Departure, and to leave *Paris* together during the Darkness of the Night. He proposed to her to be seated at their coming in. The Servants immediately cleared a Settee filled with part of the Goods, and in moving them, the Table on which the Candles stood was pushed so near the Door that hid the restless *Sarah*, that it made a Sort of a Prison of

the Place where she was settled. She thought nevertheless of nothing but keeping herself undiscovered; and her Attention not falling yet on any thing but the Danger of being seen, she hoped that at the End of such an unseasonable Time, which she took for an indifferent Visit, she should be soon delivered from this Restraint.

In the mean time, *Patrick*, disordered for a long Time with the Impatience of Love, burned with the Desire of seeing himself at Liberty, and commanded the Servants to retire. He no sooner found himself without Witnesses, than he abandoned himself to all his Ardour, and used a thousand Expressions too plain to leave *Sarah* longer under her Doubts. He had been accustomed to treat *Mademoiselle de L——* with so much Respect, and she had opened herself to him in a Manner so steady and resolved on the Bounds she was willing to impose on herself, that without doubt he had hitherto thought of no other Pleasures than of seeing and hearing her. But can one paint Love as a Passion so violent, if it could easily be subjected to such Bounds? *Patrick* instantly laid hold of one of her Hands, which she took no pains to draw back. He fixed his Lips to it with such an Ardour, that the Smack reached even to the sorrowful *Sarah*. What a mortal Wound was this for a Woman passionately in Love, who saw herself robbed of those Transports of which she coveted to be the Object? What Violence did she do herself to keep in hers? The fear of mortally offending an Ingrate by covering him with Confusion in the Eyes of her Rival stopped her more than any Consideration of what she owed to herself. She had the Power to supersede her Cries, which were a thousand times ready to force their way, and at least encouraged by the Words of *Mademoiselle de L——*, who warned my Brother to assume a great Empire over his Inclinations, she resolved to support a Scene, from which she flattered herself that she had no other Consequences to fear.

The tender Protestations of *Patrick* were another Torment that did not cost her less Trouble to support.
How

How many Times did he swear, that he was at the Fulness and Height of all his Happiness, and that with the Assurance of being beloved, he had nothing more to wish for the Repose of his Heart? With what Art had Mademoiselle *de L——* obtained that which the unfortunate *Sarah* was in Despair for having failed in? And with what Right did a Rival, (whom she did not imagine to have half so much lively Tenderness as she herself felt the Testimony of at the Bottom of her Heart,) mix herself in the Affairs and Interests of a Man, whose Wife she could not yet look upon herself to be, since she yet thought herself bound to defend herself against his Caresses? She listened to her laying down Details and Particulars that were suitable only to a known and avowed Wife, and of Projects of Conduct and Settlement, that supposed the Certainty of an undisturbed Life and an inviolable Union. But to whom ought Cares of this nature to appertain, and why had they yet been never tasted, since the sorrowful *Sarah* had payed the Price of them? But what Excess of Bitterness, when the Entertainments of the two Lovers falling upon herself, they hugged themselves for having avoided her Persecutions, and finding themselves on the Point of fearing them no more? The restless Curiosity of Mademoiselle *de L——* rendered the Torment of *Sarah* every Moment more insupportable. She asked *Patrick*, if it were very true, that he could part without Regret from a Lady, of whose tender Love he after all could make no doubt. His Answers were not absolutely disobliging to *Sarah*. He did Justice to her Charms, and confessed still more freely, that he owed her much Gratitude for her Favours. His Frankness even made him avow, that after the sole Object for whom he desired to live, he had nothing so dear to him as her, and he did not know any Body more amiable.

This Confession would have carried in it some Sweetness for *Sarah*, if the Complaints of her Rival, who could not hear it without discovering some marks of Jealousy, had not made my Brother change his Tune. Whatever Proofs he had given her of his

Passion, he thought himself obliged to disperse even the smallest Clouds, that could give her room to doubt that she was the only Person beloved, and this kind of Reparation was not made but by a Comparison of Charms, of which the Advantage was not given to *Sarah*. But his Heart growing warm with a Discussion so tender, he took the Privilege from the Reproaches of his Mistress to redouble the Vivacity of his Caresses. Without remembling the Bounds he had just submitted to by fresh Promises, he took her in his Arms with a sweet Violence, and glewing his Lips to hers, shared with her in those Transports a thousand Extasies, of which they both now made their first Essay. The sudden Surprise of so much Pleasure bereaving Mademoiselle *de L*— of the Strength, and perhaps of the Desire to defend herself, *Sarah*, who had not lost a single Motion of theirs, did not doubt but they were on the very Point of that tender and critical Moment, which she feared they would enjoy, as much, perhaps, as she wished it for herself. Shame, Fury, all the Passions that could gain Birth from such a Thought in the Heart of an injured outraged Woman, drove away all Fear, and every other Consideration that might have stopped her. She arose without deliberating the least, furiously pushing forward the Door that concealed her, and consequently overturned the Table on which the Candles stood, and without being the least terrified by the Darkeness that this Accident produced of a sudden all over the Chamber, pronouncing with a broken and interrupted Voice the Words, *Wanton and Perfidious*, she threw herself prostrate on the two Lovers, who were too near her to have escaped her Efforts, if the greatest of Disasters had not fixed her immoveable at the Feet of *Patrick*. He wore one of those short Swords, better known by the Name of a Hanger, or hunting Couteau, which he had preferred to his wearing Sword for the Conveniency of a long Journey. In his first Surprise, which made him fear every thing from an attack so brisk, distinguishing nothing, and not thinking of any thing but

but defending the Life of *Mademoiselle de L——* and his own, he drew this fatal Weapon, and pushed it so unhappily from him, that with one Thrust alone he laid flat the miserable *Sarah*.

The Noise of her Fall, and some Groans escaping her, made my Brother judge that he had nothing more to fear from an Enemy, whom he thought he had got the Start of; but trembling at a Blow so tragical, he was impatient to know the unhappy Object. The Servants drawn together by the Bustle, came in immediately with a Light, and discovered to his Eyes a Spectacle that pierced him with Fear and Horror. *Sarah* lay extended along the Floor without sign of Sense or Feeling, and her Blood, streaming out in great Torrents, was already so spread over the Boards, that in the Posture he was with *Mademoiselle de L——* he could not take one Step without trampling in it with his Feet.

With whatever Empire Love rules in the Heart, a frightful Consternation, which he has confessed to me a thousand Times he never sought to withstand, suspended the Violence of his Passion, and did not leave him the Power to look on all the Horror of his Fate. He pressed the Servants to bring Help to *Sarah*, and the Words he pronounced in giving this Order, were the only Words that escaped his Mouth. In the mean time *Mademoiselle de L——*, busying herself in giving Assistance to her Rival, this Sight awakened him all at once, and moved with the Impression that such hateful Cares would make on *Sarah*, if she should come to open her Eyes, he ran to stop her. Ah! What is it you are going to do, said he, taking her by the Arm, and without adding one Word, he led her to the Chamber Door, and put her into the Hands of her Women, who had gathered together with all the Servants they had in the House. He returned backwards with the same Silence; but perceiving that in the Precipitation with which he had got up, he trampled his Feet in the Blood he had just shed, and which he saw yet flowing, he threw himself down in the first Place he could get to sit on,

as if he had walked on Red-hot-iron, the Heat of which his Feet were not able to endure; he wiped them with his Handkerchief, which he drew back indeed all bloody, and which he laid before him to affect his Thoughts with a double Share of Grief and Consternation. His Valet de Chambre, who watched all his Steps, has told me, that without being able to pronounce one Word, or heave one Sigh, he saw a Torrent of Tears trickle down his Cheeks.

Nobody daring to interrupt him, he continued in this Situation as long as he doubted of the Life of *Sarah*. But finding she began to give some Marks of Sense, he with Eagerness approached her. They had pushed the Settee towards him without Design, and for want of a more commodious Place, she was seated on it to wait the coming of the Surgeons. He sat down on it near her. One Moment of Repose having drawn her out of her Swoon, he was the first Object on which she let fall her Eyes. She called up all her remaining Strength to reproach him in two Words for his Cruelty. Ah! Inhuman! said she, you will see me without doubt in the Condition wherein you have wished me; but was it you who ought to have put me into it? The Tone of this Reproach betrayed much less her Resentment than her Grief and Love. And truly *Patrick* could not resist it. He was in a Manner fearful till now to testify his Grief and Passion; but yielding to the Ardour of these Troubles that now distracted him, he let himself fall at her Knee, and took her Hands upon which he a thousand Times imprinted his Lips. She yet found so much Strength to ask him; if it was to her he intended to address such tender Caresses, or if the Place she was in were not the Cause of his Mistake? Though he remained without answering her, she seemed to find some Pleasure in the Continuation of his Caresses. This was a Language so much the more moving to her, as it was the first Time she had experienced it; and perhaps she began this Moment to thank Heaven for giving her some slight Hopes, which she

she did not think too dearly payed for by the greatest Part of her Blood.

Mademoiselle de L— had, during this Time, taken the only Choice she had to make which seemed agreeable to such cross Circumstances. She got into her Coach which she found ready to receive her, and returning to the Convent, from whence she came, had charged her Servants to give her an Account next Day of every Thing that should pass at her Lodgings during her Absence. This Resolution saved her perhaps from many unforeseen Disasters, which she might with Difficulty have escaped. She had scarce left her House, when *Fincer* entered it with the utmost Fury. I never doubted but that being already informed of the melancholy Event that had just happened, he would have glutted his Desires of Revenge in the Blood of so detested a Rival, if Chance had thrown her in his Way. His Landlady could not be ignorant of the Misfortune of *Sarah*. She had taken Advantage of the Confusion, in which she saw all *Patrick's* Servants, to escape without being observed, and full of the Subject that lent Wings to her Feet, she was the first to tell *Fincer* that his Daughter had been just assassinated in the neighbouring House. This furious old Man imagined, without further Information, that this Fact was committed in the House of Mademoiselle de L—, and perhaps by her Hands. He swore to make her the first Victim of his Rage. He immediately ran over, and though they might easily have hindered him from going into the House, yet my Brother's Valet de Chambre, coming down at the Noise made at the Gate, judged with great Prudence, that it was properer to admit him quietly, than give him Time to spread the Alarm through the Neighbourhood. He even confessed to him immediately the Disaster that had happened to his Daughter, and seeing nothing to fear from the Disposition he had left my Brother in, he did not refuse to shew him the Way into the Appartment.

Every Motion of this old Man was no less furious. Perhaps he thought less of assisting his Daughter

than of revenging her. Nevertheless the Sight that presented itself to his Eyes, dissipated one Part of his Resentment. The Surgeons had come before him While they were examining *Sarah's* Wound, she had her Head leaning on my Brother's Bosom, which he at the same time was busy in supporting with his Arms. Inquietude and Grief were painted on his Countenance. An Interest so tender animated the Cares and Looks of *Fincer*, who far from taking him to be the Enemy of her, whom he had just wounded, he might have taken him for her Defender. This Sight put a Stop to *Fincer's* Reproaches. He came up to his Daughter, and the Silence he observed, during the Operation of the Surgeons, shewed at least that the black Agitations of his Heart were suspended.

This was the first Time he ever saw *Patrick*. The Impression of an affecting and moving Countenance, added to the Care he saw him employ in assisting *Sarah*, mollified his Hatred insensibly, even to make him forget that he was the Man in the World whom he thought had offended him most mortally. When the Surgeons had given their Opinion of the Wound, and however dangerous they declared it, they yet judged, that *Sarah* might be instantly removed to her own Lodgings, as the Father had desired, he did not oppose my Brother's Ardour, which he redoubled by comforting and following her. He seemed affected with the Satisfaction she felt from it, and saw him even enter the Lodgings with her without shewing any Displeasure at the Liberty. This was another Subject of Astonishment for those who knew the Bottom of Affairs, to see *Patrick* so constantly employing all his Cares about a Lady whom he had treated with so much Rigour. It would be difficult to unravel the Truth of his Sentiments; and his Countenance bore the Marks of Embarrassment and Confusion, as much as of Compassion and Zeal. He slackened his Attendance so little, that giving himself up to it intirely, he passed the Night about *Sarah's* Bed, sometimes employed in asking her Pardon for his Barbarity, and sometimes inspiring her with
 Courage

Courage by his Exhortations and Careſſes ; ſometimes getting up to walk about her Chamber in Silence, and reſuming his Place near her with an Agitation he could not moderate.

His Valet de Chambre did not leave him till Day ; but not having Power to perſuade him to retire in the Morning to take a few Moments Reſt, he ſtole away from *Fincer's* Lodgings to tell me all the Adventures of this fatal Night. The Order of his Story, which he took up from the Article of *Mademoiſelle de L—*, and the Wound of *Sarah*, made all my Attention fall on the moſt frightful Circumſtances of the Miſfortune he related. In the firſt Surprize of ſuch a tragical Scene, I thought of nothing but going to *Fincer's*, and I did not ſtop demanding what Meaſures *Patrick* had held with him. I followed only the Sentiments of my Grief, which made me look on this dreadful Incident as the laſt Wound that the diſorderly Paſſion of my Brother could give to the Honour, the Fortune, and the Repoſe of our Family. My Deſign was to throw myſelf at the Feet of *Fincer*, to aſſuage his juſt Fury by my Submiſſions, and to obtain of him by force of Entreaties and Tears, that he would not in its full Extent make uſe of all the Right we had given him to work out our Deſtruction. Whatever Place *Patrick* could chuſe for a Sanctuary, I already thought him threatened with an inevitable Vengeance, and ſaw nothing that could ſecure him from *Fincer's* Rage. Thus, without waiting for any further Explanations, I preſſed the Valet de Chambre to carry the melancholy News to the Count and Counteſs *de S—*, with a Note from me, ſhewing them the Neceſſity of employing all their Credit to prevent our Ruin. My Orders were as piercing as my Fears ; I did not give to the Valet even the Liberty of replying, and ſeeing me determined to go immediately to *Fincer's*, he took no Pains to remove my Fears by giving me a Detail of thoſe Things, that he ſuppoſed my own Eyes were going to inſtruct me in.

I went into *Fincer's* Lodgings trembling. One of his Servants, of whom I enquired whether I might be admitted to see his Master, told me, that he was with my Brother in his Daughter's Appartment. This Answer cast me into a thousand fresh Terrors. I made him repeat it to me, being not well satisfied that I had heard his Answer plainly. How could he have such a Fancy, that our mortal Enemy could be quietly in Company with the Object of his Hatred, and above all, in the Presence of *Sarah*, who was the only Source of it? I could represent nothing to myself, that was not apt to redouble my Alarms, and confound all my Notions. In the mean time not thinking from thence but that my Presence was more necessary, I went in Haste up Stairs, and passed into the Appartment with the greatest Uneasiness. Nobody can ever form an Idea what my Surprise was, when instead of Passion and Fury, of which I expected to be a Witness, I saw *Fincer* and *Patrick* sitting in Silence near *Sarah's* Bed, little heedful indeed of one another, or at least shewing little Attention to each other in Appearance, but also without any Marks of Mistrust or Resentment, and as it were equally taken up with the Sight that lay before their Eyes. They both got up on seeing me approach. Their Salutation was cold; and not accompanied with one Word. The dejected Appearance of my Brother, and the Disorder of his Dress made me judge all at once, that he had spent the Night in the same Situation he then was. Without yet penetrating into a Mystery too obscure for me, I thought I was relieved from one Part of my Fears, and sat down in an elbow Chair, which a Lacquey drew to me.

For some Moments we all three kept Silence, which I durst not break. I lift up my Eyes on *Fincer*, who held his cast down, and shewed some Appearance of Embarrassment and Restraint. *Patrick* sat next to *Sarah's* Bed; he took one of her Hands, on which he fixed his Lips for a Moment: At length turning himself towards me with an Air altered by the Bitterness

ness of his Thoughts; You know my fatal Adventure, said he with a deep Sigh, do you know any body so guilty, and so wretched? I saw some Tears stream from his Eyes, which gave Testimony to his Grief; and the Tone alone with which he pronounced these four Words, discovered to me all that passed in his Soul.

My Slowness to answer him might have been looked upon as an Affectation by People less filled with their own Conceptions, and consequently more forward and eager to hear me explain mine. But I should have been able to have continued longer without any Fear of offending them by my Silence, which proceeded from the Uncertainty into which their very Consternation cast me, and that Appearance of Reserve, which I saw in them for each other, notwithstanding the familiar Situation in which I found them. What Judgment could I make of their Dispositions? *Patrick* was feelingly affected with his Misfortune, and though I had not had that Proof of it which lay before my Eyes, yet I should have expected no less from the natural Affection and Delicacy of his Humour. A Heart so nicely tender to Sensations as his, was incessantly open to all Sorts of Impressions; and how ought it to be to this of a deadly Wound given by his own Hand? I fancied moreover, that notwithstanding all the Passion he felt for *Mademoiselle de L—*, he yet never refused his Esteem to the Innocent *Sarah*; consequently Pity had found nothing to combat in taking entire Possession of his Soul; and I thought him so thoroughly pierced by that Passion, that all those of his Love were by it in a Manner suspended. But what other Fruit from thence could I hope for, but a Softness and Compassion of a few Days? After so many Changes and Caprices, after so many dissembled Appearances, so many violated Promises, and Oaths forgotten, could I have the least Remains of Confidence in any Thing that might serve for a Foundation to common Conjectures; and in the Fickleness and Changeableness of *Mademoiselle de L—*, as well

as his own, had I not too much Experience to know the Foibles or Treacheries of Love?

In Regard to *Fincer*, the gloomy Meditations, in which I saw him plunged, seemed to cover more Rocks and Quicksands. To what Cause could I ascribe the Relaxation of his Transports, and did not his visible Calm menace us with some unforeseen Storm? I fancied nevertheless, that only the Grief and diligent Attendance and Cares of my Brother might have had Power to move him; but that flattering himself perhaps, even to promise himself from *Patrick* a happy Return to his Daughter, he waited for more clear Explanations to regulate his Intentions and Conduct. Divided between this Thought and the Doubt I laboured under, of the true Dispositions of my Brother, I found my Situation from thence to be most ticklish, and the Choice of my Expressions very difficult to make. I had yet the unhappy *Sarah* to manage, who past doubt fed herself with the same Hope that her Father did, and who, notwithstanding the Faintness she laboured under, cast on me an Eye of Complaisance, of which I thought I understood the Meaning.

Surrounded by so many Dangers, I chose to reduce myself to general Reflections upon the Necessity of referring to Heaven an Infinity of Events that surpassed the Penetration of Men; and turning this Thought in a Manner most proper to reconcile all those who heard me; I added, that it was sometimes from the Womb of Obscurities themselves, that Providence seemed to take a Pleasure in giving Birth to Light and Peace. As they had not pressed me to give an Answer, so they did not shew any Haste in giving me a Reply. *Fincer* maintained an obstinate Silence, and *Patrick* sunk in an Abyss of Sorrow, appeared to give little Attention to what I said.

In whatever Manner this Scene might end, I by Degrees got rid of my Fears in Relation to *Fincer*, and confirming myself in my first Thoughts, my Boldness increased even so far as to address directly to him some Testimonies of the Share I took
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in his Misfortunes. He seemed affected with my Compliment; but instead of answering it, he arose from his Seat in the same Silence, and taking me by the Hand, led me into the next Chamber. Having offered me a Chair, he continued yet some Moments without opening his Mouth. At length, lifting up his Eyes on me; you seem, said he, to have an Apprehension of the Horrors that environ me; and when I see your Brother drowned in Tears after having pierced the Bosom of my Daughter, from which of these two Evidences ought I to make a Judgment of his Sentiments? I will not conceal it from you, added he, that my Indignation and Hatred were at the Height; and can Fancy conceive what Numbers of Outrages I have received from your Family? Nevertheless I find myself checked in my Projects of Revenge by an Event that ought to hurry me into them; and I am myself in quest after every Thing that may help to suspend my Resentment. Has your Brother a Charm, continued he, to delude successively both Daughter and Father? Tell me, what does he pretend by this Excess of Grief, in which I see him totally sunk, by his Complaints of his Fate, by his Sobbs and Tears, which have found the Power of melting me down; and if he yet endeavours to sport with the Credulity of *Sarah*, whether you join with him to betray us.

I confess, added he, that having Yesterday seen him for the first Time, I have ceased to blame the Taste and Inclinations of my Daughter. I before looked upon the Picture she drew to me of him, as the Exaggeration of a Woman passionately in Love, who sought to justify an unworthy Affection by the Chimeras of her own Imagination: But this noble and interesting Physiognomy is a Treachery of Nature, if it conceals a double and perfidious Soul. I have been so moved by the Air of Kindness and Affection, diffused over all his Features, that I suspected *Sarah* to have been remiss in something to please him at the beginning of their Marriage, and by her own Fault to have lost a Heart, which does
not

not seem made to render her happy by some Oversight in her Duty. It is from you, added he still, that I must expect a frank Information, whether my Daughter has fallen into any Disorders, that have been capable of offending her Husband? whether she has neglected any Care, or violated any Duty? if she has forgotten herself by any Weakness, that may yet be repaired by Repentance? in fine, if he loves her; if I have any Dependence to place on the Sentiments he affects under my own Eyes, since the Misfortune she has drawn on herself by her Imprudence: For it is so manifest that he is not voluntarily guilty, that I cannot possibly impute it to him as a Crime.

From so many strange Confidences, the Air and Tone, with which they were pronounced, was not what raised in me the least Astonishment. Far from discovering from it the terrible *Fincer*, from whom I always trembling apprehended some fresh Violence, I saw a Man dismayed with Inquietude and Affection, who even interested me in his Troubles by the Frankness of what he spoke. Indeed I made this Reflection, that transient and inconstant Motions made no change in the bottom of a Character; but the more this Thought inspired me with Diffidence, the more I conceived myself obliged to side with the Disposition in which I saw him, by flattering the Hopes to which he appeared so sensible; I confirmed in him all he thought to the Advantage of my Brother; and if I durst not positively answer as to the Views that engaged him so constantly about *Sarah*, I did not remove from him those Inferences he might draw from some happy Revolution. I even endeavoured with Condescension to anticipate those Objections which might arise from his Engagements with Mademoiselle de *L*——; a Marriage, in which all the essential Conditions were wanting, appeared to me a feeble Obstacle to the Renewal of his first Bands. I treated it as a prophane Wantonness, which could not cast the least Blemish on the most Holy of all Engagements; and giving myself up perhaps too much to my own Desires, I proceeded to advise *Fincer* in every

every thing that I could without Scruple inspire him with proper to countenance his Hopes, but which I could not hazard absolutely, without laying down better the Effects they might produce. As we have nothing to fear, said I, but from the Ascendant of *Mademoiselle de L—*, nothing is so important as to keep from my Brother every thing that may too lively recal in his Mind the Idea of her, and to join to the Inclination that keeps him here every thing that the Contrivance of our Imaginations can furnish us with to detain him here a long Time. *Fincer* greedily laid hold of this Overture, and gave Orders on the Spot that nobody whatsoever should be admitted to speak to *Patrick*, or to put any Letter into his Hand without his Knowledge. The Surgeons, who came at the same Time to take off the Dressings, having declared, that the Danger was not at all diminished, and that *Sarah* could not be kept with too much Care, I saw *Fincer* over-joyed at the Impression this Discourse made on my Brother, and the Thoughts, that the Ardour of his Cares had redoubled with his Grief. The Count and Countess of *S—* came in vain to pay what they thought to be their Duty to *Sarah*; *Fincer* ordered them to be answered, that her Condition did not give her Leave to receive their Visit; and this was less the Weakness of his Daughter than that of *Patrick* he thought to manage.

Going Abroad to observe what passed without Doors, I found, some Paces from the House, my Brother's Valet de Chambre, who complained to me that he could not get the Liberty of speaking to his Master. I had so many Proofs of his Discretion and Fidelity, that I made no Scruple of opening myself to him. The Confidence I placed in him, and the new Views I laid before him, re-kindled all the Zeal he had for his first Mistress. Discovering himself in his Turn, he made me Apologies for concealing the Preparations for the Journey to *Germany* from me, and it was now he let me into all the Circumstances of the Project that was to have been executed the precedent Night. I thanked Heaven heartily for having diverted him from this Course by Ways superior to our
vain

vain Prudence. This Man had already gone to the Convent of *Mademoiselle de L——*, and pursuing the Orders she had given him upon leaving her House, he related to her the Sequel of the tragick Accident, of which she had been a Witness. The eagerness of *Patrick* to follow *Sarah*, and his Perseverance in passing all the Night in *Fincer's* House, had made a deep Impression on her. Some Mutterings escaped her upon this Occasion, which the Valet de Chambre told me, and in her Discontent had charged him with a Letter for my Brother, containing in all Appearance other Complaints. Discretion hindered me from opening it; but from this Notice forming a Scheme, which I prayed Heaven to second, I ordered the Valet de Chambre, having first imparted to him my Views, to return to the Place from whence he came, and to tell *Mademoiselle de L——* plainly, that my Brother not only had no Thoughts of quitting *Fincer's* Daughter, but was too much taken up with his Grief and Care to find Time to answer her Letter. The Scruple coming into my Mind from the jealous Agitations, into which I was going voluntarily to cast *Mademoiselle de L——*, was taken away, by calling to Mind how much Bitterness, and what Anguish she had with much less Justice raised to the Innocence of the unfortunate *Sarah*. It must necessarily happen, said I to my Confident, that she will redouble her Complaints and Letters. Hearken quietly to the one, and receive the others. Make no Answer to her Complaints, but by excusing my Brother on the Score of the deep Melancholy in which he is plunged; and further to excuse the little Attention he appears to pay her Letters, improve the Interest and Zeal, which continually bind him to the Care of a Person by whom he is sure to be beloved. These were Instructions enough for a Man of Understanding, who immediately laid hold of the full extent of my Project.

Possibly I should have followed him to the Convent under the Impatience I laboured to hear him on his Return, if I had not had Notice given me by a Lacquey of the Count *de S——*, that two Couriers waited

ted for me at his House. The one was sent from *St. Germain* by *M. de Sercine* by the King's Order, who commanded me to attend him before the End of that Day; the other was the one I had dispatched three Days before to my Lord *Tenermill*, to communicate to him those Hopes, which were entirely overturned in so short a Space. Both the one and the other giving me room to expect important News, I immediately went to the Count's, where nothing was more proper to give me Satisfaction, than the Explanations with which they entertained me.

The Courier, from whom I expected News from *Tenermill*, informed me, that having Night and Day made prodigious haste, he arrived at *Dunkirk*, the Moment the Squadron had put to Sea. Nevertheless, not despairing to gain the Vessel wherein my Brother was, before it was out of Sight of the Port, he had procured a Shallop, which by the Force of Oars put him aboard. *Tenermill* did not receive the Account of such a hasty Message without giving extraordinary Marks of Surprise and Emotion. Nevertheless, having been a long time under Disturbance and Disquiet, he recovered himself well enough to write me quietly a Letter, which the Courier put into my Hands.

His first Lines were a short Answer to a Reproach I had made him in mine, of having in a manner proclaimed open War against me, and indeed in siding against me with all the Appearances of a determined Hatred. He answered me, that these were Thoughts he was not capable of in Regard to a Brother: But for a firm Resolution of breaking off all Acquaintance with me, and of hearkening as little to my Counsels as Maxims, he had weighed the Matter in the Bottom of his Heart, and Time would only help to fortify him in his Opinion. Moreover, if he had used any Expression too harsh, I ought to ascribe it to nothing but the first Heat of a just Resentment. Was I then resolved eternally to work the Torment of my Family, by the Impulses of an inconsiderate Piety, which

which without doubt would bring about my own, and to ruin the Fortune of my Brothers, in disturbing all their Hopes by my Inquietudes and perpetual Clamours? He desired no more than the Example before my Eyes to make me sensible, that Zeal is a dangerous Guide without Prudence, or, if that Expression should yet offend me, without a certain Degree of Understanding drawn neither from Religion nor the Study of Books, and that I hitherto could never acquire with my Prejudices. How could I think, when the King's Service call'd him out of *France*, that is to say, the very Moment that Honour and Duty obliged him to be gone, to awake in his Heart every Thing, that I knew to be most ready to make him regret his Departure? I could not be at all ignorant of the Ardour of his Passion for *Sarah*; was this then the Time to irritate it by Hopes, to which he should take good Care how he gave himself up, when they came to him from so suspected a Hand; but which were nevertheless capable of giving him incessant Trouble during his Voyage? They had already sown a cruel Discord in his Soul. He had fretted at the Necessity he was under of continuing his Journey. Happily Honour and Reason, for they were more sure Guides to him than my Zeal, had given him Power enough to follow them. If nevertheless there should be any remains of Hope for him, if the Heart and Hand of *Sarah* were yet an Interest he was permitted to aspire to, he conjured me not to prejudice him in such favourable Dispositions during his Absence. Then coming by divers Windings to a Compliment, which he seemed to make with an ill Grace, he perceived well, added he, that in spite of all his Complaints, there were no Rights but what I must acquire over his Heart at this Price.

The Scene being changed since so many new Events, I found nothing in his Letter, on the first Reading, that could stop my Impatience to know the King's Commands by Mr. *de Sercine's* Note. Having received it by an Express, I not only saw
nothing

nothing in it clear enough to satisfy my Curiosity, but as if they took a Pleasure in redoubling my Agitations, the Expressions of it were so equivocal, that it was impossible for me to discover whether it were to the King's Goodness or Dissatisfaction that I ought to ascribe the Attention he appeared to shew me.

I did not nevertheless go with less Diligence to *St. Germain*. In reading over *Tenermill's* Letter in my Chaife, I was moved I confess with his Reasoning, by which he would prove, that my Zeal was sometimes deficient of Understanding. It had escaped me at my first reading it; but I found it so just in the Example I have related, that not thinking at all of defending myself against my own Conviction, I turned my Eyes on other Parts of my Conduct, in which I already trembled for having wounded with so few Measures any rule of Charity or Prudence. This Examination took me up all the rest of my Journey. I do not, said I to myself, ask at all to be excused; they shall always find me ready to confess my Faults; always ready to receive even from them those Instructions and Lessons, which may inform me in what I am ignorant of; but shall I give them a Relish of that very Thing which I labour to hear from them, or of that which I see them too often violate by a Contempt more culpable than Ignorance, I mean the sacred Duties of their Religion, those Principles that make the Man of Honour in the Eye of God, and without which all their boasted Knowledge forms only a Science miserable and unprofitable? If they will learn from me to Regard the Laws of Heaven, I promise to give them all the Attention they shall ask to those Rules established by the Prudence of Men.

Nevertheless continuing to think, as it was my Duty to do, that the Knowledge of Religion was the only thing that merited our Esteem and Study, I condemned myself for having really too much neglected every thing that did not in a sensible Manner relate to it, and for not having enquired at least, if this Knowledge

ledge of the World, which I had contemned with Reason in supposing it contrary to the Principles of the Gospel, might not be reconciled to them by some Agreement, which I had not at all dived into. Although it was natural for me to fancy from thence so much the more Difficulty, as the Gospel itself in every Page inspires us with a Hatred of the World and its Maxims, yet the Reproaches that I found just on the Part of *Tenermill*, in a Case wherein the Interest of Religion was not in Appearance concerned, made me judge, that it must have a real, though less sensible Relation to it; as there is nothing in it just, which does not ascend to Religion as to its Source. After this Reflection, I had no Difficulty to find by what Connexion the Spirit of the Gospel extends itself even to the most simple Business of Society. It is a Spirit of Order, which wills, that all Duties be fulfilled, and which takes them all in, notwithstanding the Difference of their Kinds and Degrees, by proposing to all the same Object for the ultimate End. Thus, when my Zeal for re-establishing the Peace of our Family by the Marriage of *Tenermill*, had carried me to awaken his Love in the Moment of his Departure, it was indiscreet. I had not openly wounded any Thing but human Prudence, by proposing to slacken his Courage in an Opportunity of Honour; but this Sort of Honour being relative to Religion by its Utility in maintaining Society, it was to Religion itself, that I had indirectly brought some Prejudice.

It is not to vaunt here too much my own Character, to describe with so much simplicity of Heart, and Love for Truth and Justice, that it was a lively Satisfaction to me to be convinced that *Tenermill* had Reason? It remained for me nevertheless, to make the Application of a new Principle, of which I had acknowledged the Truth, to the Circumstances of Events, and the Particulars of my Conduct; for in forming the Resolution of submitting myself further to the Rules of human Prudence, I did not thereby remain

remain less firm in rejecting them, when they appeared to me to oppose the Rules of Religion.

The same Day I experienced, that this Study has its Difficulties, which must render the Commerce with the World extremely toilsome, for those who seek to conduct the Interests of another Order. Upon my Arrival at Court, I learned from Mr. *de Sercine* what he had not explained to me by his Note. *Patrick* had not so absolutely turned his Attention on his Journey to *Germany*, as to forget his Duty to the King. On the Eve before his Departure, he thought it would be to expose himself to the King's Displeasure, to go away without his Consent ; and fearing however some Obstacle on the part of that Prince, if he should appear himself at *St. Germain*, he had prevailed on his Friend *Anglesey*, who was yet in *France* with his Sisters, to be the Bearer of the Testimony of his Duty and Submission. *Anglesey* had accepted this Commission, but not being informed of more than half the Occasion of his Retreat, he could not give Satisfaction to the King's Questions, who had interrogated him with much Curiosity. It was to give more certain Informations that I was sent for by his Majesty's Orders, and Mr. *de Sercine* gave me to understand with an Air proper to alarm me, that Curiosity was not the sole Motive that made him desire to see me.

This Preparation augmented the Embarrassment I had already feared to be under in the King's Presence. What Discoveries ought I to make him ? At what Point would this human Prudence, the Necessity of which I perceived more than ever, oblige me to stop ? I had a thousand Things to conceal for the Interest of *Patrick*, a thousand Things to lay open, a thousand to hope, and a thousand to fear. Hitherto all my Troubles and Cares had been inclosed within a small Circle of Persons, with whom I had always lived, and whom I familiarly knew. Here the Scene presented to me Objects entirely new ; and my Ideas of Religion did not at all hinder me from thinking that I was going to appear in the Presence of what the World considers as the most respectable. I was ignorant

rant in what Manner my Reason, and natural Resolution should assist me, if the King should begin, as I expected, with Reproaches and Complaints. But this good Prince had nothing in Reserve for me but Favours. Before he questioned me upon the Journey of my Brother, he told me, that not having till now seen me at *St. Germain*, I ought not to complain of having had so small a Share in his Favours; and that I had laid him under the Necessity of searching me out, to grant me near his Person, the Place of Almoner in ordinary, which he had intended for me a long time past. He added to it a Pension sufficient to make me live with Decency; and obviating the Objection I might have made from my Engagements in *Ireland*, he advised me immediately to discharge myself of my Benefice.

He continued to enlarge himself on my Praise and that of my Brothers, by affecting to interrupt the Motions of my Gratitude; and when at length he came to speak of the Departure of *Patrick*, he testified to me some Regret, that he had lost the Opportunity of engaging to his Court by some convenient Post, said he, without naming it, a Man of his Merit and Birth. He did not push his Questions further; and, as if he had apprehended the laying me under some Embarrassment, which I feared; he did not speak a Word to me of the Misfortune that had brought so much Trouble into our Family, and which he thought at an End.

Thus the Goodness of this Prince spared me the Difficulties I expected to labour under. It was easy for me after he had done, to return my Acknowledgments in such a Manner as not to expose myself to the Necessity of falling into the Danger I had avoided. I informed him that *Patrick's* Journey was deferred, and perhaps broke off entirely, and I added by Way of Apology for him, that the Reasons which had made him think of going, were become less urgent. Let him be here then to-morrow, said the King, and depend on it, that what I will do for his
Fortune

Fortune shall make him forget his Journey to *Germany*.

I should have laid hold of the Opportunity of this Order to return immediately to *Paris*; if Mr. *de Sercine* had not informed me, that it would be an ill Return to the King's Favours, not to continue to make my Court to him till his accustomed Hour of retiring. I passed all the Time he was at Table, and some part of the Night in discoursing with him on the State in which I had left *Ireland*. Having heard of the Death of my Lord *Lynch*, he asked me the Circumstances of it, and this Recital having a necessary Connexion with our late Adventures, I found myself engaged in a Narrative from which I should have been glad to have been excused. However, it led me to a Subject more agreeable, and which appeared interesting enough to make me continue it a long Time; and that was the last Disposition of *Lynch*, which had left me Master of the Trust of his Father's Treasure. I gave the King a Description of all the Wealth I had there observed, and we considered by what Means it might be transported into *France*.

It was so late after the Hour of the King's Couchee, that I submitted to the Instances made me to pass the rest of the Night at *St. Germain*. With what Diligence nevertheless should I not have posted to *Paris*, if I had had the least Suspicion of what had passed there in my Absence? Being in a Manner oppressed with Sleep I did not rise early enough in the Morning to get there before Mid-day. I went to alight at the Count's with all the Joy I ought to feel in having such happy News to communicate to him; but the Appearances of Grief and Trouble, which I observed in going into the House, made me judge all at once, that it was for Affliction and Patience I ought to prepare myself.

Having informed myself that the Count was at Home, I durst not interrogate the Servants further upon what I had to ask him. A Circumstance changed in their Mouths might unseasonably enlarge or diminish my Fears. I accosted the Count, and
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the Air with which he received me made me understand almost as much of what I wanted to know as his first Words: Judging by my Silence, that I had not yet been informed of any Thing; there have happened, said he, during your Absence very fatal Changes; *Fincer* died this Morning of an Apoplectick Fit, or rather of a Transport of Fury that stifled him suddenly; your Brother has disappeared, without leaving me a Possibility of yet hearing the Cause of his Escape, or what is become of him. My Wife, continued the Count, is with *Sarah*, whom I left myself but just now, and who yet is ignorant of her Father's Death, and the Flight of *Patrick*. It is to be feared that those two Pieces of News will finish the Ruin of the little Strength she has remaining. Go, take care of this unfortunate Lady: This Employment is fitter for you than me, added he, for I have not the Power of bearing the Sight of so many melancholy and moving Objects, which have pierced my Heart in that House.

He urged me to be gone; it would have been a Punishment had he endeavoured to have stopped me. In the Agitation of a thousand tumultuous Schemes, which such terrible Fears made me form in a Moment, I could have wished for the Power of removing myself on the Spot into a hundred Places, and to give myself up all at once to a thousand different Cares. But where could I stop among so many Wishes, that cruelly divided me? I had already gone out without any determined Resolution, when turning my Head at a Noise I heard behind me, I perceived *Patrick's* Valet de Chambre, who was running in haste to overtake me, and laid hold of my Arm to give himself time to take Breath, as if in the Joy he had to see me, he was afraid I might yet escape him. He had gone Post to *St. Germain*, where he had Hopes of finding me, and hastening my Return. I urged him to speak; but what he began to say, supposing me informed of what I was really ignorant of, I interrupted him, by demanding an exact Recital,

cital, which might be capable of regulating my Conduct ; we stopped at the Corner of a waste Street.

Your Presence, said he, would not have secured us from a Mischief, that all the Prudence of the World could not prevent, and which consequently it was impossible to avoid ; but it is so necessary to stop the Consequences of it, that I see no more than you, with what this strange Event may be attended. He continued to tell me, with what Measures and Caution he had executed the Orders I had given him the Evening before. *Mademoiselle de L——* had conceived but too speedily all the Sentiments which he laboured to inspire her with. In telling her with what Assiduity and Ardour *Patrick* employed his Cares about *Sarah*, he had affected to use such Terms, as were suitable to Love, and she did not listen to one of them, that did not sow some Seed of Jealousy in her Heart. When he had afterwards declared to her, that he had not only not brought her any Answer to her Letter, but that his Master had not given him in Charge even to make a common Apology, nor with the least Compliment to let her know that she was in his Thoughts, such an express Appearance of Indifference and Forgetfulness presently appeared in her Eyes as a manifest Treachery. Nevertheless, as if he had thought of nothing but justifying his Master, he had excused this Negligence by the Grief and Consternation with which he had seen him pierced. Every Stroke added to this Image had been, as it were, a Spark of Fire that inflamed all the Motions of *Mademoiselle de L——*, and from this first Account her Indignation and Passion had become so strong, that she had not Power to contain her Tears.

She had taken nevertheless something upon herself, and without yet suffering her Mistrust to appear too glaring, she chose immediately to write a second Letter to my Brother. This cunning Messenger received it, and coming back some Moments after with the same Answer he had brought to the first, he had re-

doubled a Flame, which could not but increase during his Absence. Then her Lamentations and Complaints had began to betray a Resentment, which she had no longer Power of keeping within Bounds. If after many Irresolutions she had taken up the Pen to write, it had been only to load Reproaches on an Ingrate; by which she expressed her Fear speedily to find him perfidious; and without leaving him any other Choice than Submission, she had required him to abandon on the Spot every Thing that had been capable of stopping him, and to bring with him immediately to the Convent such Explanations, which she would not put off even to the Morrow. This third Letter, and those that followed, met with the same Fate as the foregoing, with this Difference, that *Patrick's* Valet judging of the Contents of them by the Orders she gave in putting them into his Hands, added every Time some Circumstance to his Answer more properly adapted than before to the Effect he proposed. In fine, exceeding even the Bounds I had laid down for his Conduct, he had even feigned, that his Master had refused to receive her last Letter, and that he had complained of it as an Importunity, which he wished to see absolutely ended.

The Suspicions of *Mademoiselle de L——* were changed into a Certainty of her being shamefully betrayed. She then put no Bounds to her Expressions, even in the Presence of the Valet. The calm and scornful Air, affected by her, had been only a Disguise to an Excess of Fury. In this first Transport she had thought of nothing but to save her Honour by flying from a Place, where she expected to see herself soon a publick Town-talk. All her Preparations being made for her Journey to *Germany*, she had taken the Resolution of going off the Night following, and had chosen no other Confident than my Brother's Valet, to give Notice to her Servants of her Resolution.

The unravelling of this Plot, so little expected, would have been, as he imagined, the most precious Favour we could hope for from Heaven, if the Resentment of Mademoiselle de L—— had supported itself in the same Degree of Warmth to the Moment of the Execution. She would certainly have gone off with so much Pride and Disdain, that she would have looked upon it as an unworthy Baseness in her to give my Brother the least Notice of her Departure, but during some Hours required to put her Equipage in Order, she could not think that she was going to lose a Happiness, of which she thought herself so certain, and which she had purchased so dear, without feeling herself more softened by her Affliction, than irritated by her Fury and Indignation. If the Reflections, to which she abandoned herself, did not take away her Resolution of going away, it was impossible for her to leave *Paris*, without satisfying yet once more her Heart in remarking her last Sentiments to my Brother: And what must be a Letter inspired by so many Passions, under Circumstances so violent? But persuaded, as she was, that he had refused to read her last Billet, and fearing that this would meet with no better Reception, if he should receive it by the Hands of his Valet de Chambre, she intrusted it to a Person well affected to her Service, whom she had left at *Paris* to finish her Affairs. The Care she took in instructing him, and the Fervency she added to her Intreaties, inspired this new Messenger with so much Zeal, that he surmounted all Obstacles. She had recommended to him not only to force his way into *Fincer's* House in spite of all Opposition they might give to his Entrance, but to pretend in putting her Letter into *Patrick's* Hands, that it was from me he received it, and that it contained Matters of Importance. It may be she yet flattered herself, that the News of her Departure would make some Impression upon a Heart, from which the Memory of so much Love, and so many Oaths could not be in-

tirely effaced; and this Hope made so great a Progress in her Mind, that it obliged her to suspend her Resolution till the Morrow.

The only Point that escaped her Precautions was to inform her Confident, that she would in reality put off her Departure to the Day following. Having seen her determined to begone that Night, and finding her Servants and Coach at the Door of the Convent, when he went about executing his Orders, he considered the Commission he was charged with, as an Affair that might be put off to another Time, and which required less Diligence than Fidelity and Certainty; this did not hinder him nevertheless from appearing the same Night at *Fincer's* Door: But the Darkness making the Servants redouble their Care, he conceived he had no Hopes easily to do what he was sent about but in the Day-time. He therefore made no haste till the Morning, and while *Mademoiselle de L——* was dying with Impatience for his Return, he was employed about *Fincer's* House in finding some Means to deceive the Vigilance of the Porter.

In fine, getting in without being perceived, he went up Stairs by Chance into the first Chamber in his way, which was that of *Sarah*, where he could not fail of soon discovering *Patrick*. He found him there alone under a Dejectedness he must needs be in, from having passed a Day and two Nights without one Moment of Rest, and in a Manner without Nourishment. The Opinion of the Surgeons not having yet been more favourable, it seemed as if the Continuation of the Danger had invincibly fixed all his Attention upon the Object before his Eyes. He scarce perceived that the Messenger beckoned to him to step for a Moment into the Anti-Chamber. He went there nevertheless, as soon as he took Notice of the Person that called him, and far from refusing to receive the Letter presented to him, he opened it, without demanding the least Explanation.

It was certain, that notwithstanding all the Eagerness of his Care, notwithstanding the Grief he felt at his fatal Adventure, in fine, notwithstanding the Compassion that pierced him for *Sarah*, yet his Love for Mademoiselle *de L——* was the predominant Passion of his Heart, and what had been capable of suspending it, had not yet the Power of diminishing it one Moment. He had known, when she quitted her House, that she had chose to return to the Convent. He had approved of her Conduct, and fancying her to be quiet and undisturbed in this Retreat, he had followed only the Impulses of his own natural Goodness, and without doubt the Remorse for an involuntary Crime, in rendering to *Sarah* those Cares, from which he thought nothing ought to excuse him. What then was his Surprise at the first Words of a Letter, wherein he discovered the Language of Indignation and Fury? How then must this Surprise increase, when he saw himself reproached with Insults, with Treachery, with Perjury, and all the odious Sentiments, to which she ascribed a change whereof she thought him guilty? She spoke of ten Letters, of which he had not the least Notion, and of a new Passion, whereof she could not imagine herself to be the Object. Was this an Illusion of his Eyes, or of his Memory? In the Surprise, into which so many strange Accusations threw him, he had no Power to ask one Question of the Person who brought him her Letter. But with what Vivacity did he rouse himself out of this Languor, when, after a thousand Reproaches, he came to read, that she was determined to separate herself from him for ever? She did not mention this Resolution as a Menace. The Coach was ready; she burned with Impatience to begone, to break eternally with a perfidious Wretch. He cast a furious Eye on the Messenger, and urging him to tell him the meaning of such a terrible Declaration, his Transports knew no further Bounds, when he heard that Mademoiselle *de L——* was gone the Evening before, and that from the Impatience he had observed

in her of going out of the Kingdom, he was sure she must be already far on her Journey from *Paris*.

There could be no Motive found strong enough to moderate a Passion, which was come to so swift an Excess. The unfortunate *Sarah* was forgotten. Having roughly interrogated the Messenger upon those Letters, which she accused him of having refused to read, or to have received with Disdain, he would know who was the rash Man among *Fincer's* or his Servants, who had durst to charge him with such an Imposture. Not finding any Body belonging to him, by the Care they took of removing all his Servants, *Fincer* and all belonging to him could not but fall under strong Suspicions. He ran down Stairs to load with Reproaches and Injuries all the Servants of the House. The Noise having come unluckily to *Fincer*, who appeared immediately to enquire what was passing in his House, he did not treat him with more Caution, and without concealing from him the Cause of his Fury, he left him with Threats of Revenge.

Never were Transports of Passion so contagious, *Fincer* at first had shewed more of Surprize than Indignation; but when having heard the Reason of such great Fury, he saw my Brother fly out of his House, and hurry himself towards that wherein he imagined the Rival of his Daughter yet was, he was transported into such a furious excess of Rage, that neither his Strength nor Reason, giving any Resistance to it, he fell without Life into the Arms of his Servants. All helps were useless; he expired without having the Power of pronouncing one single Word. In these tragical Circumstances, the Goodness of Heaven inspired so much Presence of Mind into some one of the Servants, as to shut *Sarah's* Apartment, and conceal from her the Knowledge of a Disaster, which would have exposed her to the same Fate with her Father. With the like Prudence they immediately gave Notice to the Count and Countess of S——, that they could not come too speedily to her. They endeavoured to remove from her Eyes and
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her Mind every thing that was capable of disturbing the Rest, which was necessary for her.

During this Time, *Patrick* had stood in need of the same Care, and Assistance. He had so speedily gained the House of *Mademoiselle de L——*, that nobody thought of following him. He found it empty and forsaken; his *Valet de Chambre*, perpetually attentive to what happened, was the only one of his Servants that had not taken any Advantage of his Absence to go out of the Way: But having spied him from a Window, and not being able to guess what brought him over with so much Precipitation, he made no haste to appear. With Reason trembling at the Success of his Artifice, he rather chose to leave his Master Time to learn the Departure of *Mademoiselle de L——* from the Mouth of another, than for himself to undertake an Enterprize so delicate; but perswaded however, that she was gone the Evening before, perhaps he thought less of the Impression this News might make on his Master, than concealing from him the Means he had employed in the Conduct of his Intrigue. In the mean time, having been called several Times, he could not refuse to answer. The fearful Air with which he appeared might have raised in *Patrick* as many Suspicions as his Slowness; but if he gave any heed to them, these Marks of Embarrassment might pass in his Eyes as the common Effects of an Adventure, in which it was only natural for an affectionate Servant to appear to take some Interest.

As there remained some part of the Goods of *Mademoiselle de L——* at *Paris*, and that the Opinion of her Departure had yet made no Change in the Order of the House, *Patrick* possessed again his Chamber there. It was that he went into, without having given any other Order to the Porter, than to call his Servants. He threw himself into an Elbow Chair while he waited for them; and his Complaints were managed with so little Caution, that the *Valet de Chambre*, who had been so fearful in coming near him

him, had gathered enough from them to know, that he was already well informed of every thing. His Courage returned to this Lacquey upon seeing his Master demand of him all the Succours of his Wit and Zeal. He affected an Appearance of being disposed to render them to him ; and flattering the first Motions of his Master, from an Assurance of having afterwards a greater Ease in opposing them, he objected nothing to the Resolution he shewed of immediately taking Post, and following upon the Heels of *Mademoiselle de L—* even to *Germany*. However, when he saw my Brother's Reflections pass to the Circumstances of his Misfortune, and particularly to the Treachery with which he thought he had a Right to reproach *Fincer*, he interrupted him with divers Objections, as much to divert a Discourse which he could not hear without Confusion, as to bring him back to the Design he had of putting him off from his *German* Journey. He raised in him so many Doubts of the Road *Mademoiselle de L—* had taken, and consequently so many Difficulties against the Hopes of overtaking her, that he brought him to consent at least to defer his Departure till the next Day, to give him time, said the Valet, to dive into the Alterations she might have made not only in the Road she intended to take, but even in her Designs of settling herself. He intreated his Master to repose on him this Care, and having artfully confirmed him in all the Notions, which he had the Address to inspire him with, he left him under the Pretence of not losing a Moment in answering his Impatience.

It was his own Trouble and the Fear of betraying himself that caused in him so much Haste and Eagerness. Instead of the Care he had promised, of which he knew how useless it would be, he chose to stop the Suspicions of his Master, and to shelter himself from his Resentment. His first Step was to go to *Fincer's*, where he imagined he should learn by what Ways my Brother had received such faithful Informations. He there discovered nothing but the tragick Accident

Accident which yet held all the House in an Alarm ; and as he had taken Leave of Mademoiselle *de L—*, before she had taken the Resolution of writing for the last Time to *Patrick*, he drew little Information from the Description they gave him of the unknown Messenger, who got into the House with the fatal Letter, to which they ascribed all their Disorders. Nevertheless this Story caused him some Uneasiness. From whom could this Letter come, if not from Mademoiselle *de L—* ? And not being delivered above a Quarter of an Hour before, how could Mademoiselle *de L—* write it, if she had gone off in the Evening the Moment he had left her ? Under this Doubt, which was capable of giving him cruel Vexations, he chose to go to the Convent, where he had left her ready to be gone. The first Object that struck his Eyes was the Coach, which she had ordered to stay there at all Events, although she had sent back the Horses to the Post-house. As she had founded her Resolution on the Success of her Letter, she had waited Hour after Hour the Return of her Messenger ; and when she had in a Manner despaired of seeing him till the next Day, she ordered that her Servants should pass the Night near her, that she might not remain one Moment at *Paris*, after she should lose some feeble Remains of Hopes. This Sight froze him with Fear ; he thought himself undone without Remedy, and not doubting but that the Discovery of his Intrigue, which appeared to him from thenceforth to be inevitable, would make him detested equally by Mademoiselle *de L—* and his Master, he was tempted to betake him to Flight, to conceal himself eternally from their Eyes. In reflecting nevertheless on his Misfortune, he remembered that I had been concerned in some Part of his Conduct by the first Orders I had given him. Although he had executed them with a Boldness, to which I had never given my Consent, he yet placed so much Confidence in my Goodness, as still to depend upon my Protection. I was unluckily at *St. Germain* ; but hoping for nothing but my Assistance

stance, he abandoned all other Cares to join me there with an incredible Speed, and finding that I was above an Hour before gone to *Paris*, he returned with so much Diligence that he got there almost as soon as I.

Thus, although he had taken up his Story from the sorrowful Situation of his Master, I had no great Difficulty to discover, that the Heat of his Zeal had two Sources ; and what I could think most advantageous for his Character was ; to believe them pretty near equal. The doleful Impressions made on me by so many new Misfortunes, did not hinder me from observing to him at first Sight, that this Reflection had not escaped me ; and I even reproached him for having, as it were, turned his Back to the Interests of my Brother to put his own under Shelter. For in acquainting me with the dangerous State in which he had left him, of what use could so long a Story be to aid me in serving him ? I was ignorant what Mademoiselle de L—— thought of the Effects of her Letter, and what Confusion she had drawn from it for the Regulation of her Conduct. The Report of her Messenger might have appeared clear enough to have dissipated all her Doubts. Under this Supposition, had not she with the utmost haste given Notice to *Patrick*, that she was yet in *Paris*, or had she not immediately returned to her House to see him, and seal their Engagements by new Promises ? Who could even assure me that in the first Ardour of their Reconciliation, they had not determined upon the Spot to go off together ? Had I any Resolution to take, or what Side to chuse before I had procured all these Lights ? You need not doubt, said I, to the Valet de Chambre, but I will support your Interest with my Brother ; but render yourself worthy of the Protection you expect by a Renewal of your Zeal. Return to the Convent of Mademoiselle de L—— ; learn from herself or from her Servants, what has passed since your Departure, and give me such a clear and sure Account

count of those Things, that I may undertake nothing rashly. I gave him Orders to return to me to *Fincer's*, whereto I thought myself, as it were hurried by an Impulse more strong than either Curiosity or Compassion. It seemed to me, that the Care of *Sarah* was become a more indispensable Obligation on me than ever, since the Death of her Father. Whatever Circumspection they had shewed towards her, I could not imagine they could have long Power to conceal from her the Horror of her Situation; and I trembled for the first Impressions that the least Mistrust should produce on a Heart so sensible. I went into her under this Uncertainty.

The End of the Second Volume.



